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By - Prof. A. C. Whitman

January 2, 1864



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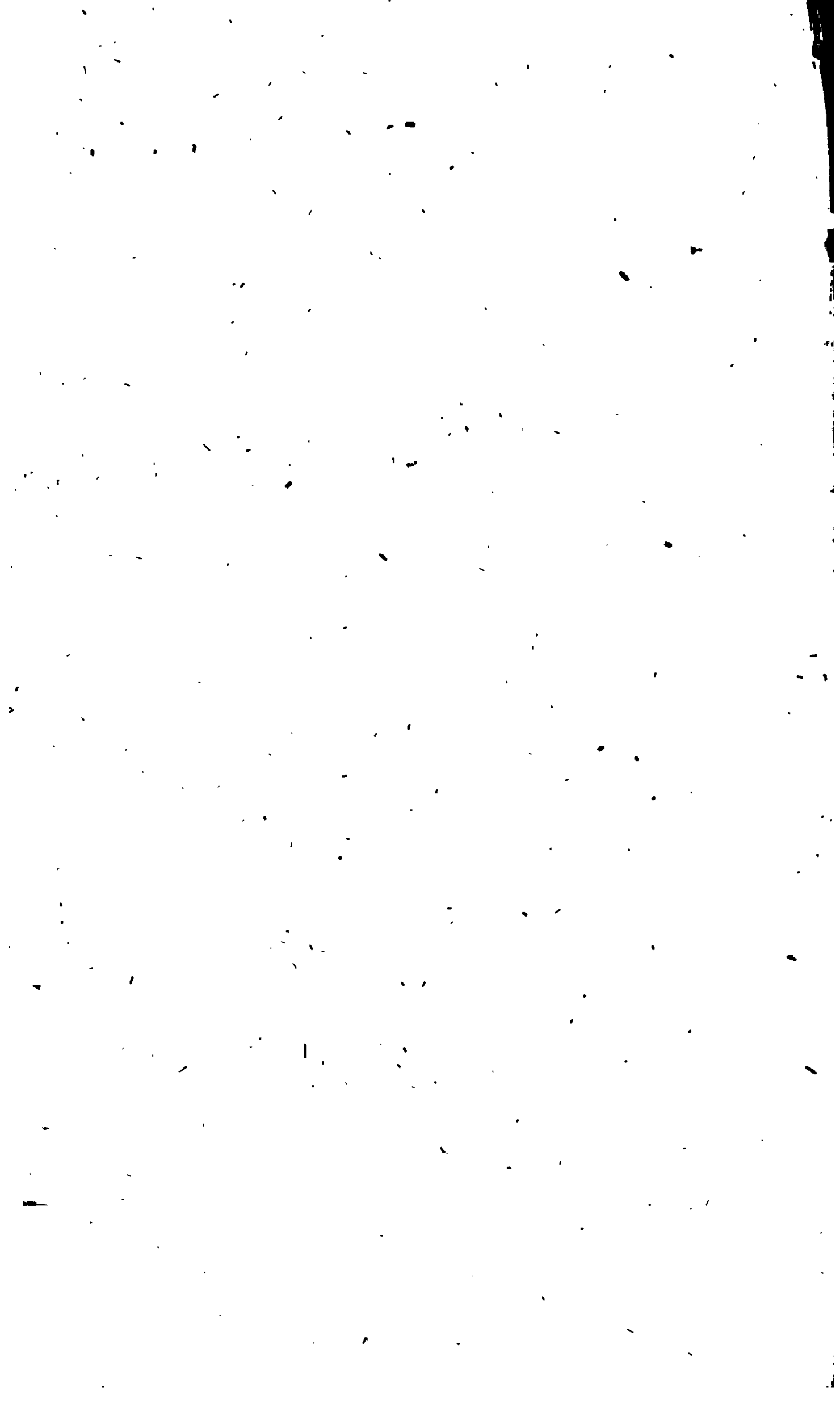
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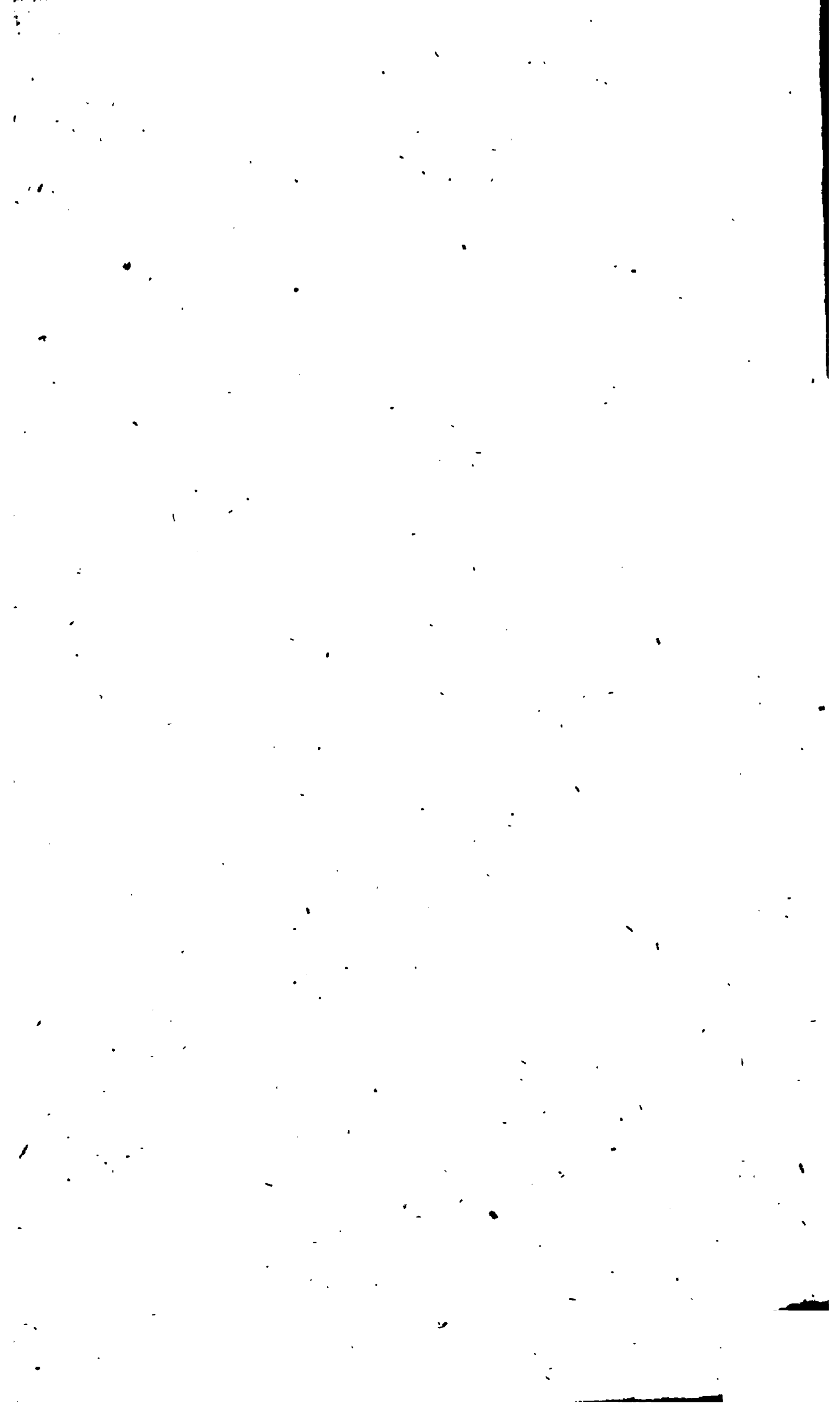
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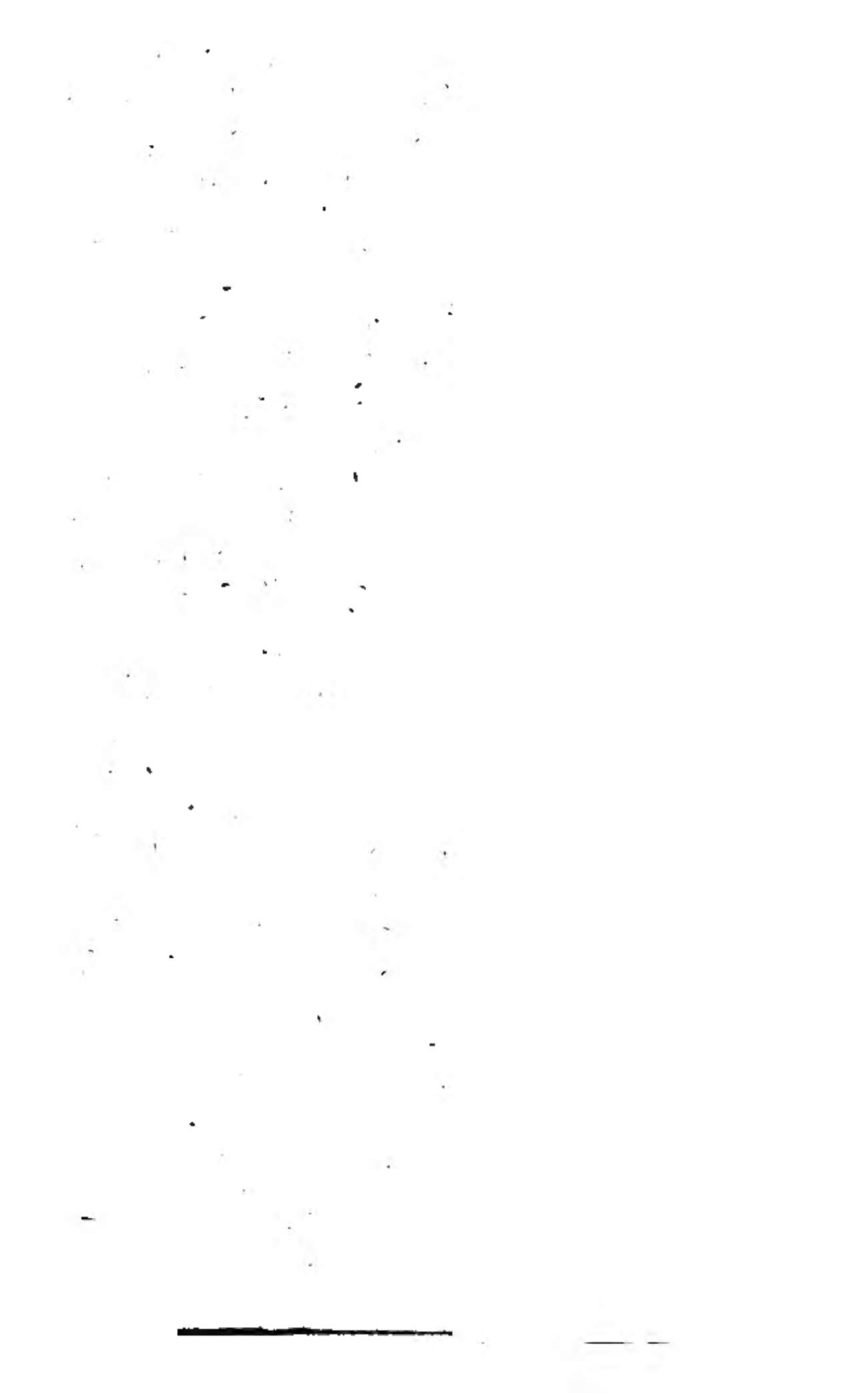
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A N
E X T R A C T

O F T H E

Rev. Mr. JOHN WESLEY's

J O U R N A L,

F R O M

February 16, 1755, to June 16, 1758.

X.

L O N D O N:

Printed and sold at the New Chapel, City-Road; and at
the Rev. Mr. WESLEY's Preaching-Houses in Town
and Country. 1788.

A N

E X T R A C T

O F T H E

Rev. Mr. JOHN WESLEY's

J O U R N A L.

February 16, 1755.

HAVING heard a confused account from a place near *Camelford*, in *Coruwall*, I wrote to a friend near it, and received the following answer.

“ According to your desire, I have enquired into the particulars of the late affair at *Dineboul* quarry. The rock is about thirty yards thick ; but the most valuable part of the stone lies undermost.

There were nine partners who shared the advantage of this part of the quarry. Being greedy of gain, they brought out as much of the under part as possible ; and the rather, because the time for which they had hired it was within a month of expiring.

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On

On Monday, Dec. 2. *William Lane*, *John Lane*, *William Kellow*, and five more of the partners, met in the morning, and sent one of their number, for *Theophilus Kellow*, to come to work. He came, but was so uneasy, he could not stay, but quickly returned home, *William Kellow* was sent for in haste, and went to look after his mare, which had cast her foal. The other seven continued labouring till twelve. All the workmen usually dine together. But these wrought on, when the rest withdrew, till in a moment, they were covered with rocks of all sizes, falling about ten yards, some of which were thought to be three ton weight. *William Lane* had some years since known the love of God. He was sitting, cleaving stones; when the rock claved in upon him, with a concave surface, which just made room for his body. Only one edge of it light upon him, and broke one of his thigh bones. When they dug away the stones, he was earnestly praying to God, and confessing his unfaithfulness. As soon as he looked up, he began exhorting all around, instantly to make their peace with God. His bone being set, he soon recovered both his bodily strength, and the peace and love which he had lost. Another who sat close by his side, was covered over and killed at once. Close to him *John Lane* (son of *William*) was standing: he was thrown upon his face, he knew not how, and a sharp-edged stone pitched between his thighs, on which a huge rock fell, and was suspended by it, so as to shadow him all over. The other five were entirely dashed in pieces." Doth not God save those that trust in him?

Tuesday, April 1. I rode from *Bristol* to a village named *Kingswood*, near *Wotton under-edge*. The church was exceeding full, and the congregation was serious and well-behaved. And I had since the satisfaction of being informed, that many of them are much changed, at least, in their outward behaviour.

Wednesday

Wednesday 2. With some difficulty we reached *Stanley*. There has been lately a great awakening in this country. I never saw such a congregation here before, notwithstanding the wind and rain. And all present seemed to receive the word with gladness and readiness of mind. There is a solid, serious people in these parts, who stand their ground against all opposition. The warmest opposers are the jacobites, who do not love us, because we love king *George*. But they profit nothing; for more and more people *fear God and honour the king*.

We rode on Thursday in the afternoon through heavy rain, and almost impassable roads to *Eversham*: and on Friday 4, to *Birmingham*, a barren, dry, uncomfortable place. Most of the seed which has been sown for so many years, the *wild boars* have rooted up: the fierce, unclean, brutish, blasphemous Antinomians have utterly destroyed it. And the *mystic foxes* have taken true pains to spoil what remained, with their new gospel. Yet it seems God has a blessing for this place still: so many still attend the preaching: and he is eminently present with the small number that is left in the Society.

Saturday 5. I preached at *Wednesbury*, and at eight on Sunday morning. But the great congregation assembled in the afternoon, as soon as the service of the church was over, with which we take care never to interfere. A solemn awe seemed to run all through the company in the evening, when I met the Society. We have indeed preached the gospel here with much contention. But the success overpays the labour.

Monday 7. I was advised to take the *Derbyshire* road to *Manchester*. We baited at an house six miles beyond *Litchfield*. Observing a woman sitting in the kitchen, I asked, "Are you not well?" And found she had just been taken ill (being on her journey) with all the symptoms of an approaching pleurisy. She was glad to hear of an easy, cheap,

and (almost) infallible remedy, an handful of nettles, boiled a few minutes, and applied warm to the side. While I was speaking to her, an elderly man pretty well drest, came in. Upon enquiry, he told us, he was travelling, as he could, towards his home, near *Hounslow*, in hopes of agreeing with his creditors, to whom he had surrendered his all. But how to get on he knew not, as he had no money, and had caught a Tertian Ague. I hope a wise providence directed this wanderer also, that he might have a remedy for both his maladies.

Soon after we took horse we overtook a poor man, creeping forward on two crutches. I asked whether he was going? He said toward *Nottingham*, where his wife lived. But both his legs had been broke while he was on shipboard. And he had now spent all his money. This man likewise appeared exceeding thankful, and ready to acknowledge the hand of God.

In the afternoon we came to *Barton-forge*, where a gentleman of *Birmingham* has set up a large iron-work, and five or six families, with a serious man over them, who lost near all he had in the great riot at *Wednesbury*. Most of them are seeking to save their souls. I preached in the evening, not to them only, but to many gathered from all parts, and exhorted them to love and help one another.

Tuesday 8. I had designed to go strait on to *Hayfield*. But one from *Ashbourn* prest me much to call there: which accordingly I did at seven in the morning, and preached to a deeply serious congregation. Seventeen or eighteen then desired to join in a Society, to whom I spoke severally, and was well pleased to find, that near half of them knew the pardoning love of God. One of the first I spoke to was Miss *Berrisford*: a sweet, but short-lived flower!

Through much hail, rain and wind, we got to Mr. B——'s at *Hayfield*, about five in the afternoon.

noon. His favourite daughter died some hours before we came: such a child as is scarce heard of in any century. All the family informed me of many remarkable circumstances, which else would have seemed incredible. She spake exceeding plain, yet very seldom; and then only a few words. She was scarce ever seen to laugh, or heard to utter a light or trifling word. She could not bear any that did, nor any one who behaved in a light or unserious manner. If any such offered to kiss or touch her, she would turn away, and say, "I do not like you." If her brother or sisters spoke angrily to each other, or behaved triflingly, she either sharply reprov'd (when that seemed needful) or tenderly intreated them to give over. If she had spoke too sharply to any, she would humble herself to them, and not rest till they had forgiven her. After her health declined, she was particularly pleased with hearing that hymn sung, "Abba, father:" and would be frequently singing that line herself, "Abba father, hear my cry."

On Monday, April 7. In the evening I preached at *Manchester*. The mob was tolerably quiet, as long as I was speaking, but immediately after, raged horribly. This I find, has been the manner for some time. No wonder: since the good Justice encourages them.

Thursday 10. I rode to *Hayfield* again, to bury Mr. B——'s child. Abundance of people were gathered together, and I found uncommon liberty in preaching. Who would have looked for such a congregation as this, in the *Peak of Derbyshire*?

I returned to *Manchester*, the next day, and had a quiet congregation both that evening and the following.

Sunday 13. I met the Society at five, and shewed them wherein I feared they had grieved the spirit of God, and provoked him to deliver them to be thus outraged by *the beasts of the people*. I then rode to *Hayfield* once more, where Mr. B—— read prayers, and preached a solemn and affecting sermon,

sermon, relative to the late providence. In the afternoon I again found great liberty of spirit, in applying those awful words, *What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?*

Monday 14. I rode by *Manchester*, (where I preached about twelve) to *Warrington*. At six in the morning, Tuesday 15. I preached to a large and serious congregation; and then went to *Liverpool*, one of the neatest, best-built towns I have seen in *England*. I think it is full twice as large as *Chester*. Most of the streets are quite strait. Two-thirds of the town we are informed, have been added, within these forty years. If it continues to increase in the same proportion, in forty years more it will nearly equal *Bristol*. The people in general are the most mild and courteous, I ever saw in a sea-port town: as indeed appears by their friendly behaviour not only to the Jews and Papists who live among them, but even to the Methodists, (so called.) The preaching-house is a little larger than that at *Newcastle*. It was thoroughly filled at seven in the evening. And the hearts of the whole congregation seemed to be moved before the Lord and before the presence of his power.

Every morning, as well as evening, abundance of people gladly attended the preaching. Many of them, I learned, were dear lovers of controversy. But I had better work. I pressed upon them all, *Repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ*.

Sunday 20. I explained, after the evening preaching, the Rules of the Society, and strongly exhorted the members to adorn their profession, by all holiness of conversation.

Monday 21. I rode to *Bolton*. Being now among those who were no *strangers to the covenant of promise*, I had no need to lay the foundation again, but exhorted them to *rejoice evermore*. Their number is a little reduced, since I was here before. And no wonder; while the sons of strife are on every

every side, some for Mr. *Bennet*, some for Mr. *Wh—*. The little flock notwithstanding hold on their way, looking strait to the prize of their high calling.

Thursday 24. We rode in less than four hours the eight miles (so called) to *Newell-hay*. Just as I began to preach, the sun broke out, and shone exceeding hot on the side of my head. I found if it continued, I should not be able to speak long, and lifted up my heart to God. In a minute or two it was covered with clouds, which continued till the service was over. Let any one who please, call this chance: I call it, an answer to prayer.

Friday 25. About ten, I preached near *Todmorden*. The people stood, row above row, on the side of the mountain. They were rough enough in outward appearance. But their hearts were as melting wax.

One can hardly conceive any thing more delightful than the vale through which we rode from hence. The river ran through the green meadows on the right. The fruitful hills and woods rose on either hand. Yet here and there a rock hung over: the little holes in which, put me in mind of those beautiful lines,

*Te, Domine, intonsi montes, te saxa loquentur
Summa Deum, dum montis amat jugapendulus hircus,
Saxorumque colit latebroso cuniculus antra !*

At three in the afternoon I preached at *Heptonstall*, on the brow of the mountain. The rain began almost as soon as I began to speak. I prayed, that if God saw best it may be stayed, till I had delivered his word. It was so, and then began again. But we had only a short stage to *Ewood*.

Saturday 26. I preached at seven to a large and serious congregation, and again at four in the afternoon. When I began, in a meadow near the house, the wind was so high, that I could hardly speak. But the winds too are in God's hand. In a few minutes

minutes that inconvenience ceased! And we found the Spirit of God breathing in the midst of us, so that great was our rejoicing in the Lord.

Sunday 27. A little before I took horse, I looked into a room as I walked by, and saw a good, old man bleeding almost to death. I desired him immediately to snuff vinegar up his nose, and apply it to his neck, face and temples. It was done: and the blood entirely stopped in less than two minutes.

The rain began about five, and did not intermit, till we came to *Harworth*: notwithstanding which a multitude of people were gathered together at ten. In the afternoon I was obliged to go out of the church, abundance of people not being able to get in. The rain ceased, from the moment I came out, till I had finished my discourse. How many proofs must we have, that there is no petition too little, any more than too great for God to grant?

Monday 28. I preached at *Kighley*: on Tuesday at *Bradford*, which is now as quiet as *Birstal*. Such a change has God wrought in the hearts of the people, since *John Nelson* was in the dungeon here. My brother met me at *Birstal* in the afternoon.

Wednesday 30. We began reading together, "A gentleman's reasons for his dissent from the church of *England*." It is an elaborate and lively tract, and contains the strength of the cause. But it did not yield us one proof, That it is lawful for us, (much less our duty) to separate from it.

Thursday, May 1. I finished the "Gentleman's reasons," (who is a Dissenting Minister at *Exeter*.) In how different a spirit does this man write, from honest *Richard Baxter*! The one dipping, as it were, his pen in tears, the other in vinegar and gall. Surely one page of that loving, serious christian weighs more, than volumes of this bitter, sarcastic jester.

Sunday 4. I preached at one, and again at five, to some thousands at the foot of the hill. I believe
this

this hollow would contain sixty thousand people, standing one above another. And a clear, strong voice may command them all: although if they stood upon a plain, I doubt whether any human voice could be distinctly heard by half the number.

Tuesday 6. Our Conference began at *Leeds*. The point on which we desired all the Preachers to speak their minds at large, was, "Whether we ought to separate from the church." Whatever was advanced on one side or the other, was seriously and calmly considered. And on the third day we were all fully agreed, in that general conclusion, That (whether it was lawful or not) it was no ways expedient.

Monday 12. We drove (my wife and I) to *Northallerton*.

Tuesday 13. I rode on to *Newcastle*. I did not find things here in the order I expected. Many were on the point of leaving the church, which some had done already: and, as they supposed on my authority! O how much discord is caused by one jarring string! How much trouble by one man, who does not walk by the same rule, and agree in the same judgment with his brethren!

May 18. Being Whitsunday, I preached about eight at *Gateshead Fell*, and returned before the service at *St. Andrew's* began. At the sacrament many found an uncommon blessing, and felt God has not yet left the church.

In the following week I spake to the members of the Society severally, and found far fewer than I expected prejudiced against the church: I think, not above forty in all. And I trust the plague is now stayed.

Wednesday 21. I preached at *Nafferton* near *Horsley*, about thirteen miles from *Newcastle*. We rode chiefly on the new Western road, which lies on the old *Roman* wall. Some part of this is still to be seen, as are the remains of most of the Towers, which were built a mile distant from each other,

other, quite from sea to sea. But where are the men of renown who built them, and who once made all the land tremble? Crumbled into dust! Gone hence, to be no more seen, till the earth shall give up her dead!

Thursday 22. Mr. *Wardrobe*, minister of *Bathgate* in *Scotland*, preached at the Orphan-house in the evening, to the no small amazement and displeasure of some of his zealous countrymen.

Saturday 24. I preached at *Sheephill*. The cold drove us into the house, which being much crowded, was as hot as an oven. Riding afterwards in the keen North wind, it seized upon my breast immediately. However I made a shift to preach at *Chester*, and then went on to *Sunderland*.

Sunday 25. I preached at eight, though not without pain, not having recovered my voice. We had an useful sermon at church. As soon as the sacrament was over, I preached in the High-street (it being Trinity Sunday) upon *There are three that bear record in heaven*. And my voice was so restored that I could command the whole congregation, though it was exceeding large.

Monday 26. I rode to *Morpeth* and preached in the Market-place, to a small, but quiet congregation. In the evening I preached in the New Room at *Alnwick*. But I could scarce be heard, my voice being very weak. In the morning it was stronger. So I preached with more ease at five. And then returned to *Newcastle*.

Thursday 29. I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. *Gillies* from *Glasgow*. He preached for me in the evening, to the still greater astonishment of the warm men, who "could never have thought it of him!" Shall we not have more and more cause to say,

"Names and sects and parties fall;
Thou, O Christ, art all in all."

Friday

Friday 30. I walked to the Infirmary. It is finely situated on the top of the hill: and is the best ordered of any place of the kind I have seen in *England*. Nor did I ever see so much seriousness in an hospital before: none were laughing or talking lightly: many were reading the Bible. And when I talked to and prayed with one, the whole ward listened with deep attention.

Monday, June 1. I left *Newcastle*, and came to *Durham*, just as *Jacob Rowell* had done preaching, or rather, attempting to preach, for the mob was so noisy, that he was constrained to break off. I reached *Osmotherly* in the evening, and found a large congregation waiting. I preached immediately, God renewing my strength, and comforting my heart.

Here I enquired of eye and ear-witnesses, concerning what lately occurred in the neighbourhood. On Thursday, March 25 last, being the week before Easter, many persons observed a great noise, near a ridge of mountains in *Yorkshire*, called *Black-hamilton*. It was observed chiefly in the South-west side of the mountain, about a mile from the course where the *Hamilton-races* are run; near a ridge of rocks, commonly called *Whitson-cliffs*; or *Whitson-white-mare*, two miles from *Sutton*, about five from *Thirsk*.

The same noise was heard on Wednesday by all who went that way. On Thursday, about seven in the morning, *Edward Abbot*, weaver, and *Adam Bosomworth*, bleacher, both of *Sutton*, riding under *Whiston-cliffs*, heard a roaring (so they termed it) like many cannons, or loud and rolling thunder. It seemed to come from the cliffs, looking up to which, they saw a large body of stone, four or five yards broad, split and fly off from the very top of the rocks. They thought it strange, but rode on. Between ten and eleven, a larger piece of the rock, about fifteen yards thick, thirty high, and
B between

between sixty and seventy broad, was torn off and thrown into the valley.

About seven in the evening, one who was riding by, observed the ground to shake exceedingly, and soon after several large stones or rocks of some ton weight each, rose out of the ground. Others were thrown on one side, others were turned upside-down, and many rolled over and over. Being a little surprized, and not very curious, he hastened on his way.

On Friday and Saturday the ground continued to shake, and the rocks to roll over one another. The earth also clave asunder in very many places, and continued so to do till Sunday morning.

Being at *Osmotherly*, seven miles from the cliffs, on Monday, June 1, and finding *Edward Abbot* there, I desired him the next morning to shew me the way thither. I walked, crept and climbed round and over great part of the ruins. I could not perceive by any sign, that there was ever any cavity in the rock at all; but one part of the solid stone is cleft from the rest, in a perpendicular line, and smooth as if cut with instruments. Nor is it barely thrown down, but split into many hundred pieces, some of which lie four or five hundred yards from the main rock.

The ground nearest the cliff, is not raised, but sunk considerably beneath the level. But at some distance it is raised in a ridge of eight or ten yards high, twelve or fifteen broad, and near an hundred long. Adjoining to, this lies an oval piece of ground thirty or forty yards in diameter, which has been removed whole as it is, from beneath the cliff, without the least fissure, with all its load of rocks, some of which were as large as the hull of a small ship. At a little distance is a second piece of ground, forty or fifty yards across, which has been also transplanted entire, with rocks of various sizes upon it, and a tree growing out of one of them. By the removal of one or both of these, I suppose the *Hollow* near the cliff was made.

All

All round them lay stones and rocks, great and small, some on the surface of the earth, some half sunk into it, some almost covered, in variety of positions. Between these the ground was cleft asunder, in a thousand places. Some of the apertures were nearly closed again, some gaping as at first. Between thirty and forty acres of land, as is commonly supposed, (though some reckon above sixty) are in this condition.

On the skirts of these, I observed in abundance of places, the green turf (for it was pasture land) as it were pared off, two or three inches thick, and wrapt round, like sheets of lead. A little farther it was not cleft or broken at all, but raised in ridges, five or six foot long, exactly resembling the graves in a church-yard. Of these there is a vast number.

That part of the cliff from which the rest is torn, lies so high, and is now of so bright a colour, that it is plainly visible to all the country round, even at the distance of several miles. We saw it distinctly not only from the street in *Thirsk*, but for five or six miles, as we rode towards *York*. So we did likewise, in the great North-road, between *Sandhutton* and *North-Allerton*.

But how may we account for this phenomenon? Was it effected by a merely natural cause? If so, that cause must either have been fire, water, or air. It could not be fire; for then some mark of it must have appeared, either at the time, or after it. But no such mark does appear, nor ever did: not so much as the least smoke, either when the first or second rock was removed, or in the whole space between Tuesday and Sunday.

It could not be water; for no water issued out, when the one or the other rock was torn off. Nor had there been any rains some time before. It was in that part of the country a remarkable dry season. Neither was there any cavity in that part of the rock, wherein a sufficient quantity of water might have lodged. On the contrary, it was one

single, solid mass, which was evenly and smoothly cleft in sunder.

There remains no other natural cause assignable, but imprisoned air. I say, *imprisoned*: for as to the fashionable opinion, that the exterior air is the grand agent in earthquakes, it is so senseless, unmechanical, unphilosophical a dream, as deserves not to be named, but to be exploded. But it is hard to conceive, how even imprisoned air could produce such an effect. It might indeed shake, tear, rise or sink the earth: but how could it cleave a solid rock? Here was not room for a quantity of it, sufficient to do any thing of this nature; at least unless it had been suddenly and violently expanded by fire, which was not the case. Could a small quantity of air, without that violent expansion, have torn so large a body of rock from the rest, to which it adhered in one solid mass? Could it have shivered this into pieces, and scattered several of those pieces, some hundred yards round? Could it have transported those promontories of earth, with their incumbent load, and set them down, unchanged at a distance? Truly I am not so great a volunteer in faith, as to be able to believe this: he that supposes this, must suppose air to be not only a very strong, (which we allow) but a very wise agent; while it bore its charge with so great caution, as not to hurt or dislocate any part of it.

What then could be the cause? What indeed, but God, who arose to shake terribly the earth: who purposeily chose such a place, where there is so great a concourse of nobility and gentry every year; and wrought in such a manner, that many might see it and fear, that all who travel one of the most frequented roads in *England*, might see it, almost whether they would or no, for many miles together. It must likewise for many years, maugre all the art of man, be a visible monument of his power. All that ground being now so incumbered with rocks and stones, that it cannot be either
ploughed

ploughed or grazed. Nor can it well serve any use, but to tell all that see it, who can stand before this great God?

Hence we rode to *Thirsk*, where I met the little Society, and then went on to *York*. The people had been waiting for some time. So I began preaching without delay, and felt no want of strength; though the room was like an oven, through the multitude of people.

Friday 6. I read Dr. *Sharp's* elaborate tracts on the Rubricks and Canons. He justly observes, with regard to all these, 1. That our Governors have power to dispense with our observance of them; 2. That a tacit dispensation is of the same force with an explicit dispensation: 3. That their continued contrivance at what they cannot but know, is a tacit dispensation. I think, this is true. But if it be, he has himself answered his own charge against the Methodists (so called.) For suppose the Canons did forbid field-preaching, as expressly as playing at cards and frequenting taverns, yet we have the very same plea for the former, as any Clergyman has for the latter. All our Governors, the King, the Archbishop and Bishops, connive at the one, as well as the other.

Saturday 7. One of the Residentaries sent for Mr. *Williamson*, who had invited me to preach in his church, and told him, "Sir, I abhor persecution: but if you let Mr. *Wesley* preach, it will be the worse for you." He desired it nevertheless: but I declined. Perhaps there is a providence in this also. God will not suffer my little remaining strength to be spent on those who will not hear me, but in an honourable way.

Sunday 8. We were at the Minster in the morning, and at our parish church in the afternoon. The same gentleman preached at both; but though I saw him at the church, I did not know I had ever seen him before. In the morning he was all life and motion: in the afternoon he was as quiet

as a post. At five in the evening the rain constrained me to preach in the oven again. The patience of the congregation surprized me. They seemed not to feel the extreme heat: nor to be offended at the close application of those words, *Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.*

Monday 9. I took my leave of the richest Society, number for number, which we have in *England*. I hope this place will not prove (as *Cork* has some time done) the *Capua* of our Preachers. When I came to *Epworth*, the congregation was waiting. So I went immediately to the cross: and great was our *glorying in the Lord.*

Tuesday 10. I met the Stewards of the *Lincolnshire* Societies, who gave us an agreeable account of the work of God in every place.

Wednesday 11. I preached in a meadow at *Misferton*, to a larger congregation than ever met there before.

Thursday 12. At eight I preached at *Clayworth*, and at *Rotherham* in the evening. Here likewise was such a number of people assembled, as was never before seen in that town. Is not this one clear proof of the hand of God, That although the novelty of the preaching is over, yet the people flock to hear it in every place, far more than when it was a new thing?

Friday 13. In the evening I preached at *Sheffield*. In the morning I examined the members of the Society, and was agreeably surprized to find, that though none had visited them, since I did it myself, two years ago, yet they were rather increased than diminished in number, and many of them growing in grace.

Monday 16. I preached in the evening at *Nottingham*, and on Thursday afternoon reached *London*. From a deep sense of the amazing work which God has of late years wrought in *England*, I preached in the evening on those words (*Psal. cxlvii. 20.*) *He hath not dealt so with any nation: no, not even with Scotland or New-England.* In both these
God

God has indeed made bare his arm; yet not in so astonishing a manner as among us. This must appear to all who impartially consider, 1. The number of persons on whom God has wrought: 2. The swiftness of his work in many, both convinced and truly converted in a few days: 3. The depth of it in most of these, changing the heart, as well as the whole conversation: 4. The clearness of it, enabling them boldly to say, "Thou hast loved me, thou hast given thyself for me." 5. The continuance of it. God has wrought in *Scotland* and *New-England*, at several times, for some weeks or months together. But among us, he has wrought for near eighteen years together, without any observable intermission. Above all let it be remarked, That a considerable number of the regular Clergy were engaged in that great work in *Scotland*: and in *New-England*, above an hundred perhaps as eminent as any in the whole province, not only for piety, but also for abilities both natural and acquired: whereas in *England* there were only two or three inconsiderable Clergymen, with a few, young, raw, unlettered men; and these opposed by well nigh all the Clergy, as well as the Laity in the nation. He that remarks this must needs own, both that this is a work of God; and that *he hath not wrought so in any other nation.*

Monday 23. I was considering, What could be the reasons why the hand of the Lord (who does nothing without a cause) is almost entirely stayed in *Scotland*, and in great measure in *New-England*? It does not become us to judge peremptorily: but perhaps some of them may be these. 1. Many of them became *wise in their own eyes*: they seemed to think, They were the men, and there were none like them. And hence they refused God the liberty of sending by whom he would, and required him to work by men of learning, or not at all. 2. Many of them were bigots, immoderately attached either to their own opinions or mode of worship.

worship. Mr. *Edwards* himself was not clear of this. But the *Scotch* bigots were beyond all others; placing Arminianism (so called) on a level with Deism, and the church of *England* with that of *Rome*. Hence they not only suffered in themselves and their brethren a bitter zeal, but applauded themselves therein: in shewing the same spirit against all who differed from them, as the Papists did against our forefathers. 3. With pride, bitterness and bigotry, self-indulgence was joined: self-denial was little taught and practised. It is well if some of them did not despise, or even condemn all self-denial in things indifferent, as in apparel or food, as nearly allied to Popery. No marvel then that the spirit of God was grieved. Let us profit by their example.

Tuesday 24. Observing in that valuable book, Mr. *Gillies's* Historical Collections, the custom of christian congregations in all ages, to set apart seasons of solemn thanksgivings; I was amazed and ashamed that we had never done this, after all the blessings we had received. And many to whom I mentioned it, gladly agreed to set apart a day for that purpose.

Monday 30. I set out for *Norwich* and came thither the next evening. As a large congregation was waiting, I could not but preach, though weary enough. The two following days, I spoke to each member of the Society: and on Friday, July 4, took horse again, though how I should ride five miles, I knew not. But God so strengthened both man and beast, that I reached *Bury* the same night, and *London* the next, far less tired, than when I set out from *Norwich*.

Monday 7. Was our first day of solemn thanksgiving, for the numberless spiritual blessings we have received. And I believe it was a day which will not soon be forgotten.

Thursday 17. One spent the evening with us, who is accounted both a sensible and a religious man. What a proof of the fall! Even with all
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the advantages of a liberal education, this person, I will be bold to say, knows as much of heart-religion, of scriptural christianity, the religion of love, as a child three years old of Algebra. How much then may we suppose a Turk or Heathen to know? Hardly more: perhaps just as much.

Tuesday 22. To oblige a friendly gentlewoman I was a witness to her will, wherein she bequeathed part of her estate to charitable uses; and part, during his natural life, to her dog *Toby*. I suppose, though she should die within the year, her legacy to *Toby* may stand good. But that to the poor is null and void, by the statute of *Mortmain*!

Sunday 27. I buried the body of *Ephraim B—*, once a pattern to all that believed. But from the time he left off fasting and universal self-denial, in which none was more exemplary for some years, he sunk lower and lower, till he had neither the power, nor the form of religion left. In the beginning of his illness he was in black despair. But much prayer was made for him. Toward the close of it, it pleased God to restore to him the light of his countenance. So, I trust, his back-sliding only cost him his life: and he may yet live with God for ever.

I was much affected about this time by a letter sent from a gentleman in *Virginia*. Part of it runs thus, "The poor negro slaves here, never heard of Jesus or his religion, till they arrived at the land of their slavery in *America*, whom their masters generally neglect, as though immortality was not the privilege of their souls in common with their own. These poor *Africans* are the principal objects of my compassion, and I think the most proper subject of your compassion.

"The inhabitants of *Virginia* are computed to be about three hundred thousand; and the one half of them are supposed to be negroes. The number of these who attend on my ministry at particular times, is uncertain. But I think there are about three hundred, who give a stated attendance.
And

And never have I been so much struck, with the appearance of an assembly, as when I have glanced my eye on one part of the house, adorned (so it appeared to me) with so many black countenances, eagerly attentive to every word they heard, and some of them covered with tears. A considerable number of them, about an hundred, have been baptized, after they had been fully instructed in the great truths of religion, and had evidenced their sense of them by a life of the strictest virtue. As they are not sufficiently polished, to dissemble with a good grace, they express the sensations of their hearts, so much in the language of simple nature, and with such genuine indications of earthless sincerity, that it is impossible to suspect their professions, especially when attended with a suitable behaviour.

“Mr. Todd, minister of the next congregation, has near the same number under his care. And several of them also, he informs me, discover the same seriousness. Indeed there are multitudes of them in various parts, who are eagerly desirous of instruction. They have generally very little help to read: and yet to my agreeable surprize, sundry of them, by dint of application, in their very few leisure hours, have made such a progress, that they are able to read their Bible, or a plain author, very intelligibly. But a few of their masters will be at the expence of furnishing them with books. I have supplied them to the utmost of my ability. They are exceedingly delighted with *Watt's* songs. And I cannot but observe that the negroes, above all of the human species I ever knew, have the nicest ear for music. They have a kind of extatic delight in psalmody: nor are there any books they so soon learn, or take so much pleasure in, as those used in that heavenly part of divine worship.”

Sunday, August 3. I dined with one who lived for many years with one of the most celebrated beauties in Europe. She was also proud, vain and

and nice to a very uncommon degree. But see the end! After a painful and nauseous disease, she rotted away above ground: and was so offensive for many days before she died, that scarce any could bear to stay in the room.

Monday 4. Hearing my old friend, Mr. H——s, was now a beggar and forsaken of all, I called (after a separation of sixteen years) at his lodgings, to offer him any service in my power. I was pleasingly surprized, to find him reading the Bible! But still I am afraid, all is not right. For the hand of God seems to be upon him still: and his mind is so hurried, he can settle to nothing. O what a pattern of holiness and stability of mind, was this very man, till he was stolen away by the men *whose swords are smoother than oil*. But were they not to him *very swords*?

Wednesday 6. I mentioned to the congregation another means of encreasing serious religion, which had been frequently practised by our forefathers, and attended with eminent blessing: namely, the joining in a covenant to serve God, with all our soul. I explained this for several mornings following: and on Friday, many of us kept a fast unto the Lord, beseeching him to give us wisdom and strength, to *promise unto the Lord our God and keep it*.

Monday 11. I explained once more the nature of such an engagement, and the manner of doing it acceptable to God. At six in the evening we met for that purpose, at the *French* church in *Spitalfields*. After I had recited the tenor of the covenant proposed, in the words of that blessed man *Richard Allen*, all the people stood up, in testimony of assent, to the number of about eighteen hundred persons. Such a night I scarce ever saw before. Surely the fruit of it shall remain for ever.

Saturday 6. I buried the remains of a rough, honest, friendly man, Capt. *Edward Stotesbury*. But the lion was become a lamb, before God took him to himself.

Sunday

Sunday 17. I took my leave of the congregation in *Moorfields*, by applying those awful words, *It is appointed for men once to die*: and early in the morning set out for *Cornwall*. In the evening I preached to a sleepy congregation at *Reading*, on *It is a fearful thing, to fall into the hands of the living God*: and to much such another on Tuesday evening at *Salisbury*, on *Harden not your hearts*.

On Wednesday 20, at noon I preached at *Shaftsbury*, to a much more lively people. In the afternoon both my fellow-traveller and I were fairly worn out. We betook ourselves to prayer, and received strength. Nor did we faint any more, till on Friday 22, we reached *Plymouth-Dock*. And I found myself less weary then, than on Monday when I came to *Colebrook*.

Having spent two days comfortably, and I hope, usefully, on Monday 25. I rode over the mountains, close by the sea to *Loo*, a town near half as large as *Islington*, which sends four members to the parliament! and each county in *North-Wales* sends one! At *Fowey* a little company met us, and conducted us to *Luxillian*. Between six and seven I preached in what was once the Court-yard of a rich and honourable man. But he and all his family are in the dust, and his very memory is almost perished. The congregation was large and deeply serious. But it was still larger on Tuesday evening, and several seemed to be cut to the heart. On Wednesday they flocked from all parts. And with what eagerness did they receive the word? Surely many of these last will be first!

Thursday 28. I preached at *St. Mewan's*. I do not remember ever to have seen the yard in which I stood quite full before. But it would not now contain the congregation. Many were obliged to stand without the gate. At five in the morning I preached at *St. Austle's*, to more than our room could contain. In the evening I was at *St. Ewe*. One or two felt the edge of God's sword, and sunk to the ground. And indeed it seemed as if God
would

would suffer none to escape him; as if he both heard and answered our prayer,

“ Dart into all the melting flame
Of love, and make the mountains flow.”

Saturday 30. As I was riding through *Truro*, one stopped my horse, and insisted on my alighting. Presently two or three more of Mr. *Walker's* Society came in: and we seemed to have been acquainted with each other many years. But I was constrained to break from them. About five, I found the congregation waiting, in a broad, convenient part of the street in *Redruth*: I was extremely weary. And our friends were so glad to see me, that none once thought of asking me to eat or drink. But my weariness vanished when I began to speak. Surely God is in this place.

Saturday 31. Understanding there were many present, who did once run well, I preached at eight, (the rain ceasing just in time) on, *How shall I give thee up Ephraim?* Many endeavoured, but in vain, to hide their tears. I was agreeably surprised at church, to hear the prayers read, not only with deliberation, but with uncommon propriety. At one, the congregation was nearly double to what it was in the morning. And all were still as night. Surely these are patient hearers: God grant they may be fruitful ones!

At five I preached in *Gwenap*, to several thousands; but not one of them light or inattentive. After I had done, the storm arose, and the rain poured down, till about four in the morning. Then the sky cleared, and many of them that feared God, gladly assembled before him.

Monday, Sept. 1. I preached at *Penryn*, to abundantly more than the house could contain.

Tuesday 2. We went to *Falmouth*. The town is not now what it was ten years since. All is quiet from one end to the other. I had thoughts
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of preaching on the hill near the church. But the violent wind made it impracticable: so that I was obliged to stay in our room. The people could hear in the yard likewise, and the adjoining houses: and all were deeply attentive,

Wednesday 3. At four, Mrs. M. came into my room, all in tears, and told me, "She had seen, as it were, our Lord standing by her, calling her by her name; and had ever since been filled with joy unspeakable." Soon after came her sister, in almost the same condition, and afterwards her niece: who likewise quickly melted into tears, and refused to be comforted. Which of these will endure to the end? Now at least God is among them.

After preaching again to a congregation who now appeared ready to devour every word, I walked up to *Pendennis* castle, finely situated on the high point of land which runs out between the bay and the harbour, and commanding both. But might easily be made exceeding strong. But our wooden castles are sufficient.

In the afternoon we rode to *Helston*, once turbulent enough, now quiet as *Penryn*. I preached at six, on a rising ground, about a musket shot from the town. Two drunken men strove to interrupt: but one soon walked away. The other leaned on his horses' neck and fell fast asleep.

What has done much good here, is the example of *W— T—*. He was utterly without God in the world when his father died, and left him a little estate, encumbered with a huge debt. Seven or eight years ago he found peace with God. He afterwards sold his estate, paid all his debts, and with what he had left, furnished a little shop. Herein God has blest him in an uncommon manner. Meantime all his behaviour is of a piece: so that more and more of his neighbours say, "Well, this is a work of God!"

Thursday 4. In the evening, heavy rain began, just as I began to give out the hymn. But it ceased

ceased before I named my text. I spoke very plain, and it seemed to sink into many hearts: as they shewed by attending at five in the morning; when we had another happy and solemn hour.

About noon, Friday 5, I called on *W. Row*, in *Breag*, in my way to *Newlin*. "Twelve years ago, he said, I was going over *Gulvan Downs*, and I saw many people together. And I asked, what was the matter? And they told me, "A man going to preach." And I said, to be sure it is some mazed man. But when I saw you, I said, "Nay, this is no mazed man." And you preached on God's raising the dry bones. And from that time I could never rest, till God was pleased to breathe on me, and raise my dead soul!

I had given no notice of preaching here. But seeing the poor people flock from every side, I could not send them empty away. So I preached at a small distance from the house, and besought them to consider our *great High priest, who is passed through into the heavens*. And none opened his mouth: for the lions of *Breag* too, are now changed into lambs. That they were so fierce ten years ago is no wonder. Since their wretched minister told them from the pulpit (seven years before I resigned my fellowship) "That *John Wesley* was expelled the College for a base child, and had been quite mazed ever since: that all the Methodists at their private Societies, put out the lights, &c." with abundance of the same kind. But a year or two since, it was observed, he grew thoughtful and melancholy. And about nine months ago, he went into his own necessary house, and hanged himself.

When we came to *Newlin* we were informed, that a strong, healthy man, was the morning before found dead in his bed. Many were startled: so I endeavoured to deepen the impression by preaching on these words, *There is no work, no device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest.*

Saturday 6. In the evening I preached at St. *Just*. Except at *Gwenap*, I have seen no such congregation in *Cornwall*. The sun (nor could we contrive it otherwise) shone full in my face, when I began the hymn. But just as I ended it, a cloud arose, which covered it till I had done preaching. Is any thing too small for the providence of him, by whom our *very hairs are numbered*?

Sunday 7. Last year, a strange letter, written at *Penzance*, was inserted in the public papers. To day I spoke to the two persons, who occasioned that letter. They are of St. *Just*'s parish, sensible men, and no Methodists. The name of one is *James Tregeer*, of the other *Thomas Sackerly*. I received the account from *James* two or three hours before *Thomas* came. But there was no material difference. "In July was twelvemonth, they both said, as they were walking from St. *Just* church toward *Sanchrist*, *Thomas* happening to look up, cried out, "*James*, look, look! What is that in the sky?" The first appearance, as *James* expressed it was, Three large columns of horsemen swiftly pressing on, as in a fight, from South-west to North-east, a broad streak of sky passing between each column. Sometimes they seemed to run thick together; then to thin their ranks. Afterward they saw a large fleet of three mast ships, in full sail towards the *Lizard Point*. This continued above a quarter of an hour. Then all disappearing, they went on their way." The meaning of this, if it was real, (which I do not affirm) time only can shew.

I preached at eight in the morning, and five in the afternoon, and then hastened to St. *Ives*. But we did not reach it, till between nine and ten. So I delayed visiting Mr. *K.* till the morning. He is a young Attorney, who for some time past has frequently attended the preaching. On Saturday morning he fell raving mad. I never saw him till this morning. He sung, and swore, and screamed, and cursed, and blasphemed, as if possessed by
Legion.

Legion. But as soon as I came in, he called me by my name, and began to speak. I sat down on the bed, and he was still. Soon after he fell into tears and prayer. We prayed with him, and left him calm for the present.

Tuesday 9. I desired as many of our brethren as could, to observe Wednesday the 10th, as a day of fasting and prayer. Just as we were praying for him, (we were afterwards informed) he left off saving, and broke out, "Lord! How long? Wilt thou hide thy face for ever? All my bones are broken. Thy wrath lieth heavy on me: I am in the lowest darkness and in the deep. But the Lord will hear; he will rebuke thee thou unclean spirit. He will deliver me out of thy hands." Many such expressions he uttered for about half an hour, and then raved again.

Thursday 11. He was more outrageous than ever. But while we were praying for him in the evening, he sunk down into a sound sleep, which continued for ten hours. Nor was he furious any more: although the time of deliverance was not come.

Saturday 13. I preached once more at St. *Just*, on the first stone of their new Society house. In the evening as we rode to *Cambourn*, *John Pearse* of *Ridpath*, was mentioning a remarkable incident. While he lived at *Helston*, as their Class was meeting one evening, one of them cried with an uncommon tone, "We will not stay here: we will go to such an house," which was in quite a different part of the town. They all rose immediately, and went; though neither they, nor she, knew why. Presently after they were gone, a spark fell into a barrel of gun-powder, which was in the next room, and blew up the house. So did God preserve those that trusted in him, and prevent the blasphemy of the multitude.

Sunday 14. I preached about eight at *Bray*, to a very numerous congregation. And I believe God spoke to the hearts of many: of *backsliders* in particular.

ticular. Soon after ten we went to *Redruth* church. A young gentlewoman in the next pew, who had been laughing and talking just before, while the confession was reading, seemed very uneasy; then screamed out several times, dropped down and was carried out of church. Mr. *Colins* read prayers admirably well, and preached an excellent sermon, on *Christ also suffered, leaving us an example, that we should tread in his steps.*

At one I preached on faith, hope and love. I was surprized at the behaviour of the whole multitude. At length God seems to be moving on all their hearts. About five I preached at *St. Agnes*, where all received the truth in love, except two or three, who soon walked away. Thence I rode on to *St. Cubert*. At noon I was much tired. But I was now as fresh as in the morning.

Monday 15. We walked an hour near the sea-shore, among those amazing caverns, which are full as surprizing as *Pool's-Hole*, or any other in the *Peak of Derbyshire*. Some part of the rock in these natural vaults, glitters as bright and ruddy as gold. Part is a fine sky blue: part green, part enamelled, exactly like *Mother o'Pearl*. And a great part, near the *Holy Well*, (which bubbles up on the top of a rock, and is famous for curing either scorbutic or scrophulous disorders) is crusted over, wherever the water runs, with an hard white coat, like alabaster.

At six in the evening I preached at *Port Isaac*. The next day I rode to *Camelford*, and preached in the Market-place about six, on *Ye must be born again*. Some were much afraid there would be disturbance. But the whole congregation was quiet and attentive.

Thursday 18. Just as we came in at *Lanceston*, the heavy rain began. Between five and six I preached in a gentleman's dining room, capable of containing some hundreds of people. At five in the morning I preached in the Town-hall, and soon after took my leave of *Cornwall*.

Friday

Friday 19. In the evening I reached *North-Moulton*. But being wet and tired, and the people not having notice, I did not preach till the morning. A few, I found, stand steadfast here also, though a neighbouring gentleman, has threatened them much, unless they will leave this way, has turned many out of their work or farms, and headed the mob in person.

On Saturday evening I preached at *Tiverton*, to a well established people.

Sunday 21. I rode to *Collumpton*, where the minister preached an excellent, practical sermon. At one I preached on the parable of the sower; and about five in the Market-house at *Tiverton*. The congregation was larger than for some years. Yet all behaved as though they really desired to save their souls.

Monday 22. It rained the greater part of the day, which lessened the congregation at *Charlton*.

Tuesday 23. We walked up to *Glastonbury-Tower*, which a gentleman is now repairing. It is the steeple of a church, the foundation of which is still discernible. On the West side of the Tower there are niches for images, one of which, as big as the life, is still entire. The hill on which it stands is extremely steep, and of an uncommon height, so that it commands the country on all sides, as well as the *Bristol* channel. I was weary enough when we came to *Bristol*. But I preached till all my complaints were gone. And I had now a little leisure to sit still, and finish the *Notes on the Testament*.

Friday, October 3. I rode over to *Pill*, a place famous from generation to generation, even as *Kingswood* itself, for stupid, brutal, abandoned wickedness. But what is all the power of the world and the devil, when the day of God's power is come? Many of the inhabitants now seem desirous of turning from the power of Satan to God.

Sunday

Sunday 5. I preached on the South-west side of *Bristol*. I suppose a considerable part of the congregation, had hardly ever heard a sermon in the open air before. But they were all, rich and poor, serious and attentive. No rudeness is now at *Bristol*.

Thursday 9. I preached on the Green, near *Pill*, to a large and serious congregation. It rained most of the time; but none went away, although there were many genteel hearers.

Monday 13. I preached about noon at *Shepton-Mallet*, and in the evening at *Coleford*: where the congregation is so increased, that they must enlarge the house.

Tuesday 14. About one I preached near *Bradford*, and again in the evening.

Wednesday 15. I preached at *Bath*. Even here a few are joined together, and hope they shall be scattered no more.

I dined with some serious people, in a large, stately house, standing on the brow of a delightful hill. In this paradise they live, in ease, in honour, and in elegant abundance. And this they call *retiring from the world*! What would *Gregory Lopez* have called it?

In the evening the Society met at *Bristol*. I had desired again and again, that no person would come, who had not calmly and deliberately resolved, to give himself up to God. But I believe not ten of them were wanting. And now we solemnly and of set purpose, by our own free act and deed, jointly agreed, to take the Lord for our God. I think, it will not soon be forgotten: I hope, not to all eternity.

Sunday 19. I preached once more in *Stokes-croft*, to a deeply serious congregation.

Monday 20. I left *Bristol*: and taking several Societies in the way, on Thursday 23, preached at *Reading*. Several soldiers were there, and many more the next night, when I set before them the terrors of the Lord. And I scarce ever saw so much.

much impression made, on this dull, senseless people.

Saturday 25. I reached *London*, notwithstanding all the forebodings of my friends, in at least as good health as I left it.

Sunday 26. I entered upon my *London*-duty, reading prayers, preaching, and giving the sacrament, at *Snowfields* in the morning: preaching and giving the sacrament at noon, at *West Street* chapel: meeting the Leaders at three, burying a corpse at four, and preaching at five in the afternoon. Afterwards I met the Society, and concluded the day with a general love-feast.

Monday 27. We set out for *Leigh* in *Essex*. But being hindered a little in the morning, the night came on without either moon or stars, when we were about two miles short of *Raleigh*. The ruts were so deep and uneven, that the horses could scarce stand, and the chaise was continually in danger of overturning: so that my companions thought it best, to walk to the town, though the road was both wet and dirty. Leaving them at *Raleigh*, I took horse again. It was so thoroughly dark, that we could not see our horses heads. However by the help of him, to whom the night shineth as the day, we hit every turning, and without going a quarter of mile out of our way, before nine came to *Leigh*.

Wednesday 29. I returned to *London*. In my scraps of time, on this and two or three other days, I read over (what I had often heard much commended) Lord *Anson's* voyage. What pity he had not a better historian? One who had eyes to see, and courage to own, the hand of God.

Thursday, November 5. Mr. *Whitefield* called upon me. Disputings are now no more. We love one another and join hand in hand, to promote the cause of our common master.

In the afternoon I buried the remains of *Samuel Larwood*, who died of a fever on Sunday morning: deeply convinced of his unfaithfulness, and yet hoping

hoping to find mercy. He had lately taken and repaired a building in *Southwark*, called by the venerable man who built it, *Zoar*. His executor offering it to me, on the evening of Friday 6, that solemn day, which we observed with fasting and prayer for our king and country, I preached there to a large and quiet congregation. But most of them appeared wild enough. And such were we, till grace made the difference.

Monday 10. I preached at the *Wells*. And I did not wonder, that God gave an uncommon blessing, to those who then assembled in his name, considering the difficulties they had broke through. The frost was very severe, accompanied with such a fog, as perhaps the oldest man there never saw before. The lamps could not be seen across the street, and hardly the ground by those who had lights in their hands. Many lost their way, when they were just at their own doors. And it was almost as hard to breathe as to see. How easy it is for God to punish a sinful nation, even without employing an arm of flesh?

Monday 17. As we were walking towards *Wapping*, the rain poured down with such violence, that we were obliged to take shelter till it abated. We then held on to *Gravel lane*: in many parts of which the waters were like a river. However we got on pretty well, till the rain put out the candle in our lantern. We then were obliged to wade through all, till we came to the chapel yard. Just as we entered it, a little streak of lightning appeared in the South-west. There was likewise a small clap of thunder, and a vehement burst of rain, which rushed so plentifully through our shattered tiles, that the veltry was all in a float. Soon after I began reading prayers, the lightning flamed all around it, and the thunder rolled just over our heads. When it grew louder and louder, perceiving many of the strangers to be much affrighted, I broke off the prayers, after the collect, "Lighten our darkness we beseech thee O Lord," and

and began applying, *The Lord sitteth above the waterflood: the Lord remaineth a king for ever.* Presently the lightning, thunder and rain ceased, and we had a remarkably calm evening.

It was observed, That exactly at this hour, they were acting *Macbeth*, in *Drury-Lane*: and just as the mock-thunder began, the Lord began to thunder out of heaven. For awhile it put them to a stand. But they soon took courage and went on. Otherwise it might have been suspected, that the fear of God had crept into the very theatre!

Tuesday 18. We had a solemn watch-night at *Zoar*.

Wednesday 26. Being much importuned thereto, I wrote "Serious Thoughts on the Earthquake at *Lisbon*:" directed, not as I designed at first, to the small vulgar, but the great: to the learned; rich and honourable heathens, commonly called Christians.

Tuesday, Dec. 2. I received a remarkable letter, part of which I have here subjoined.

"It may seem strange, Sir, that I whom you have no personal knowledge of, should write with the freedom I am now going to take. But I trust, you desire as much to instruct, as I to be instructed. I have long laboured under a disease, which comes the nearest to that which is named scepticism. I rejoice at one time, in the belief, that the religion of my country is true. But how transient my joy! While my busy imagination ranges through nature, books and men, I often drop into the horrible pit of deism, and in vain bemoan my fall. The two main springs which alternately move my soul to these opposite opinions are, First, can it be, that the great God of the boundless universe, containing many thousand better worlds than this, should become incarnate here, and die on a piece of wood?" There I lose my belief of Christianity.

But on the other hand I think, well, let me examine the fitness of things which deism boasts of. And certain it is, I discern nothing but beauty and wisdom

wisdom in the inanimate parts of the creation. But how is the animate side of nature ! It shocks me with powerful cruelty, and bleeding innocence. I cannot call the earth (as *Fontenelle* does) "A great rolling globe, covered over with fools:" but rather, a great rolling globe, covered over with slaughter-houses: where few beings can escape but those of the butcher-kind, the lion, wolf or tyger. And as to man himself, he is undoubtedly the supreme lord, nay, the uncontrollable tyrant of this globe. Yet survey him in a state of deism, and I must pronounce him a very poor creature. He is then a kind of Jack-catch, an executioner-general. He may, nay he must destroy. for his own subsistence, multitudes of beings that have done him no wrong. He has none of that heavenly power to restore life. And can he be fond of the permission to take it away ? One who like me, is subject to the tender passions, will never be proud of this.

No dying brute I view in anguish here,
But from my melting eye descends a tear.

The very beasts are entitled to my compassion: but who can express the anxieties I feel, for the afflictions sustained by virtuous men, and my abhorrence of the cruel ? Yet in deism I can discern no reward for the one, or punishment for the other. On this view of things, the *Castilian* king might well say, "He could have directed God to amend his creation."

I think upon the whole, the God of wisdom would not have made a world, so much in want of a Redeemer as this, and not give it one: therefore at present, I am again a Christian. O that the Son of God would confirm me his ! As yet my soul is like a weather-beaten bird, that hovers over the great ocean, tired and afraid of dropping: death and eternity are ready to receive it, the pleasant
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land is out of sight, hid by fogs and mists, and the way unknown, to gain the happy groves.

I was formerly apt to mention my scepticism, both to Clergymen and Laymen, with a view of lessening the evil. But they rather increased it. Few Clergymen cared to discourse on the subject: and if they did, they generally expected, that a few weak reasons should eradicate at once strong and deep-rooted prejudices. And most laymen discovered an utter ignorance of the religion they pretended to believe; and looked upon me as if I had the plague, for owning I did not believe it. What method could I take? I long avoided speaking of religion to any but its great author: who I hope, has at least led me to one that is capable of removing my spiritual darkness. May the giver of all goodness reward you in that day, when (according to the prophet *Daniel*) *The wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever!*"

Friday 12. As I was returning from *Zoar*, I came, as well as usual to *Moorfields*, but there my strength entirely failed, and such a faintness and weariness seized me, that it was with difficulty I got home. I could not but think, how happy it would be (suppose we were ready for the bridegroom) to sink down and steal away at once, without any of the hurry and pomp of dying! Yet it is happier still, to glorify God, in our death, as well as our life.

About this time I received a serious, sensible letter, the substance of which was as follows.

"Scarce any nation passes a century, without some remarkable fluctuation. How should it be otherwise? For how can that be perpetually stable, wherein man, full of instability, is principally concerned? It is certain therefore, that all the quiet in a nation is ordered by divine wisdom: as all the confusions and convulsions are permitted by divine justice. Let us view the present state of *Great-Britain* in this light: resting assured, that all

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which befalls us, is intended to promote our good, in this world, and that which is to come.

“ This land is ripe for judgments. How few are there herein, who ever intend to please God in all they do? And all besides are subjects of divine wrath. For all who live without any regard to God, are wilful sinners against God, and every hour liable to the stroke of his offended justice.

“ And what shall these do, when visited by the sword, the plague the famine, or the furious elements? O that they would turn to God, thro’ the Saviour of sinners! Surely then they would find mercy! Yea, and probably see the salvation of God, even in the land of the living.

“ But what shall the Christians do in the time of public calamities? Be still, look up, and follow providence. Be still, O my soul, in the midst of tumults and the distress of nations. Take no comfort in any thing but in the consciousness of divine love. Listen to his voice, and quietly wait to see the hand of God over all. If you are uncertain what to do, look up, and expect wisdom from above. If you fear, look up for courage and faith, to act well on all occasions. If the sword is at your throat, look up for submission to the wise and gracious will of God. Look up for power to pray without ceasing, and in every thing to give thanks. Follow providence. Do not run before, but after the hand that leads the simple-hearted, with a steady attention, and a determinate purpose to do what is pleasing to him.

“ But what shall the Christians do, if the storm come, if our country be actually invaded? The general answer must be the same, Be still; look up; follow providence. A particular answer is hard to give yet. Only so far one may say, 1. We must take great care of our spirits. If we sink into the world’s fears or joys, we shall lose our hold on God. The spirit of the Christians and the spirit of the world are entirely different. They can never agree in what appertains to the
work.

work of God, either in his dispensations of grace or justice. 2. Every one should deeply consider what he is called to. Some may think it would be a sin to defend themselves. Happy are they, if they can refrain from judging or condemning those that are of a different persuasion. Certain it is, some have fought and died in a just cause, with a conscience void of offence. To some therefore it may be matter of duty, to repel the common enemy. 3. They who believe they are called to this, should proceed in all things in a Christian spirit. They should if possible join in one body. They should endeavour to avoid trifling company and conversation. They should learn the exercise with prayers and hymns. But who of us is sufficient for these things?"

Sunday 14. The minds of many people being deeply affected with a prospect of public calamities, I explained those comfortable words in the first lesson, Isa. xxvi. 20. *Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee: hide thyself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast.*

Tuesday 16. I set out for *Lewisham*, appointing one to meet me with my horse at the *Stones-End*. But he mistook his way, and so left me to walk on, in my boots and great coat. When I came within a quarter of a mile of *Lewisham Bridge*, a coach drove swiftly by me. I wondered why the coachman stopped, till he called, and desired me to come up to him. The reason then appeared: the low grounds were quite covered with water, so that I could not have attempted to reach the bridge, without hazarding my life.

Tuesday 23. I was in the Robe-chamber, adjoining the house of lords, when the king put on his robes. His brow was much furrowed with age, and quite clouded with care. And is this all the world can give even to a king? All the grandeur it can afford? A blanket of ermin round his shoulders, so heavy and cumbersome he can

scarce move under it ! An huge heap of borrowed hair, with a few plates of gold and glittering stones upon his head ! Alas, what bauble is human greatness ? And even this will not endure ! Cover the head with ever so much hair and gold : Yet

*Scit te Proserpina canum ;
Personam capiti detrahet illa tuo.*

January 1, 1756. We had a large congregation at four in the morning. How much are men divided in their expectations, concerning the ensuing year ? Will it bring a large harvest of temporal calamities ? or of spiritual blessings ? Perhaps of both : of temporal afflictions preparatory to spiritual blessings.

Monday 5. This week I wrote "An Address to the Clergy : " which, considering the situation of public affairs, I judged would be more serviceable and more easily borne, at this time than at any other.

Wednesday 14. Mr. *Walsh* wrote to me as follows :

Rev. and very dear Sir,

"In Mr. *B——*'s letter are many palpable falsehoods. But what exasperated him so, he does not tell. It was my opposing his Arian principles : my telling him, I had the same arguments to prove the divinity of Christ, as to prove the Godhead of the Father. 1. The Father is called God אלהים : so is the Son, *Is. ix. 6.* 2. The Father is called אלהים. So is the Son, *Hosea i. 7.* The Father is called אלהים. So is the Son, *Jer. xxiii. 6.* The Father is said to be *from everlasting.* So the Son is called אלהים *Is. ix. 6.* Not, the *everlasting fire* ; but the *father or author of eternity.* 4. The Father is said to create all things. So is the Son, *Job i. and Col. i. 5.* The Father is said to be Almighty :
so

so is the Son, Mat. xviii. 20. 6. The Father is omniscient: so is the Son, Rev. ii. 7. The Father forgives sins: so does the son, Mark ii. 8. The Father is judge of all: so is the Son.

“ But still he disputed, Whether any man should pray to Christ? I gave these reasons for it. 1. All men are bound to honour the Son, *as they honour the Father*. But we are to honour the Father, by praying to him. Therefore we should so honour the Son. 2. God commands. *Let all the angels of God worship him*. This is done, Rev. v. And it is certain praise and thanksgiving, are superior rather than inferior to prayer. 3. St. Paul prayed to him, 2 Cor. xii. 8; 9. 4. St. Stephen prayed to him, Acts vii. 59. (The word, God, is not in the original.) 5. All believers in the Apostolic age prayed to him, 1 Cor. i. 2. For what is, to *call upon his name*, but to pray to him? ”

“ When he could not answer these reasons, he called them *cant*, and said, “ Much learning has made thee mad.” What he calls “ Contempt,” was confronting him with the Scripture and reason, in defence of the Godhead of Christ. I acknowledge, I have been an opposer of Arianism, ever since I knew what I was: but especially since my late illness, during which I had such glorious evidences of the eternal power and Godhead of my great Redeemer. I bless God, I love Mr. B—— as well as all mankind. But it grieves me to see the people led in the high road to hell, instead of heaven: especially at a time which calls upon all, to awake and *prepare to meet their God*.”

Saturday 17. And in the spare hours of the following days I read over Mr. Pike's *Philosophia Sacra*, a Treatise admirably well wrote, by an ingenious man, who says all that can be said, for Mr. Hutckinson's Hypothesis. But it is only an Hypothesis still: much supposition, and little proof.

Monday 26. I rode to *Canterbury* and preached in the evening to such a congregation as I never saw there before. In which were abundance of the soldiers, and not a few of their officers.

Wednesday 28. I preached about noon at *Dover*, to a very serious, but small congregation. We afterwards walked up to the castle, on the top of a mountain. It is an amazingly fine situation. And from hence we had a clear view of that vast piece of the cliff, which a few days ago, divided from the rest, and fell down upon the beach.

Friday 30. In returning to *London*, I read the life of the late Czar, *Peter* the Great. Undoubtedly he was a soldier, a general and a statesman, scarce inferior to any. But why was he called a Christian? What has Christianity to do either with deep dissimulation or savage cruelty?

Friday, February 6. The fast-day was a glorious day: such as *London* has scarce ever seen since the restoration. Every church in the city was more than full: and a solemn seriousness sat on every face. Surely God heareth the prayer: and there will yet be a lengthening of our tranquility.

Even the Jews observed this day with a peculiar solemnity. The form of prayer, which was used in their Synagogue; began, "Come, and let us return unto the Lord; for he hath torn and he will heal us:" and concluded with those remarkable words: "Incline the heart of our sovereign lord king *George*, as well as the hearts of his lords and Counsellors, to use us kindly, and all our brethren, the children of *Israel*: that in his days and in our days, we may see the restoration of *Judah*, and that *Israel* may dwell in safety, and the Redeemer may come to *Zion*. May it be thy will! And we all say, Amen."

Monday 23. I paid another visit to *Canterbury*, but came in too late to preach.

Tuesday

Tuesday 24. Abundance of soldiers and many officers came to the preaching. And surely the fear and love of God will prepare them either for death or victory.

Wednesday 25. I dined with Col. ——— who said, "No men fight like those who fear God: I had rather command five hundred such, than any regiment in his Majesty's army."

Thursday 26. I had so severe a cold, that I could hardly speak to be heard. However I preached morning and evening as I could, and the next day returned to *London*.

Monday, March 1. I set out for *Bristol*. Some time after, I received the copy of another letter, dated March 2, from the Rev. Mr. *Davies* in *Virginia*, part of which I have subjoined.

"When the books arrived, I gave public notice after sermon, and desired such Negroes as could read, and such white people as would make good use of them, and were not able to buy, to come to my house. For some time after, the poor slaves, whenever they could get an hour's leisure, hurried away to me, and received them with all the genuine indications of passionate gratitude. All the books were very acceptable, but none more so than the psalms and hymns, which enabled them to gratify their peculiar taste for psalmody. Sundry of them lodged all night in my kitchen. And sometimes when I have awaked, at two or three in the morning, a torrent of sacred psalmody has poured into my chamber. In this exercise some of them spend the whole night.

"The good effects of this charity are already apparent. It convinces the heathen, that however careless about religion, the generality of the white people are, yet there are some, who think it a matter of importance. It has excited some of their masters to emulation, and they are ashamed, that strangers on the other side the *Atlantic* ocean, should be at such pains to teach their domestics,
while

while themselves are negligent about it. Such of the Negroes as can read already, are evidently improving in knowledge. It has excited others to learn to read: for as I give books to none but such as can read, they consider them as a reward for their industry. And I am told, that in almost every house in my congregation, and in many other places they spend every leisure hour, in endeavouring to learn. Many do this, from a sincere desire to know the will of God. And if some should do it from the meaner principle of vanity or curiosity, yet I cannot but rejoice, that it renders them the more capable of receiving instruction. To all this I may add, that the very distributing these books, gives me an opportunity of speaking seriously, and with particular application to many who would not otherwise come in my way.

“ There are thousands of Negroes in this colony, who still continue in the grossest ignorance, and are as rank Pagans now, as they were in the wilds of *Africa*. Not a few of these are within the bounds of my congregation. But all are not of this character. Upon some my ministry of late has been successful. Two Sunday's ago I had the pleasure of seeing forty black faces at the Lord's table, several of whom give unusual evidence of their sincerity in religion. Last Sunday, I baptized seven or eight, who had been catechized for some time. Indeed many of them appear determined to press into the kingdom, and I am persuaded will find an abundant entrance, when many of the children of the kingdom are shut out.

“ I have distributed some of the books among the poor white people, with a charge to circulate them among such of their neighbours, as would seriously read them, that they might be as extensively serviceable as possible. And some of them have since discovered to me, what solemn impressions they received in reading them.

“ I sent

"I sent a few of each sort to my friend Mr. *Waight*, minister of *Cumberland*, about ninety miles hence, where there are not a few Negroes thoughtful about Christianity, and sundry real converts. And he informs me they have met with a very agreeable and promising reception. He takes much pains in instructing them, and has set up two or three schools among them: where they attend on Sundays, before and after sermon; for they have no other leisure time."

Wednesday 3. I found *Bristol* all in a flame, voters and non-voters being ready to tear each other in pieces. I had not recovered my voice, so as either to preach, or speak to the whole Society: but I desired those members who were freemen, to meet me by themselves: whom I mildly and lovingly informed how they ought to act, in this hour of temptation. And I believe the far greater part of them received, and profited by the advice.

Thursday 11. I rode to *Pill*, and preached to a large and attentive congregation. A great part of them were sea-faring men. In the middle of my discourse, a press-gang landed from a man of war, and came up to the place. But after they listened awhile, they went quietly by, and molested no body.

Monday 15. I rode to the *Old Passage*. But finding we could not pass, we went to *Purton*, which we reached about four in the afternoon. But we were no nearer still: for the boat-men lived the other side, and the wind was so high, we could not possibly make them hear. However we determined to wait a while: and in a quarter of an hour, they came of their own accord. We reached *Coleford* before seven, and found a plain, loving people, who received the word of God with all gladness.

Tuesday 16. Examining the little Society, I found them grievously harraßt by disputations, Baptists on one side and Quakers on the other. And

And hereby five or six persons have been confuted. But the rest cleave so much the closer together. Nor does it appear, that there is now one trifler, much less a disorderly walker among them.

Wednesday 17. I learned the particulars of that surprizing storm, which was here the year before last. It began near *Cheltenham*, on June 14, 1754, and passed on over *Coleford*, in a line about three miles broad. It was rain mixt with hail. The hail broke all the windows it had access to, stript all the trees both of fruit and leaves, and destroyed every green thing. Many of the stones were as large as hen-eggs; some were fourteen or fifteen inches round. The rain occasioned such a torrent of water in the street, as bore away man and beast. A mile or two farther it joined with the waters of a mill-dam, which it broke down and carried away several houses. How frequent would accidents of this kind be, if chance, not God, governed the world?

Thursday 18. We rode through hard rain to *Brecknock*, and just came at the hour appointed for preaching. The Town-hall, in which I was desired to preach, is a large and commodious place: and the whole congregation (one poor gentleman excepted) behaved with seriousness and decency.

Friday 19. I rode over to *Howell Harris*, at *Trevecka*, though not knowing how to get any further. But he helped us out of our difficulties, offering to send one with us, who would shew us the way, and bring our horses back. So I then determined to go on to *Holyhead*, after spending a day or two at *Brecknock*.

Saturday 20. It being the day appointed for the justices and commissioners to meet, the town was extremely full. And curiosity (if no better motive) brought most of the gentlemen to the preaching. Such another opportunity could not have been, of speaking to all the rich and great of the country.
And

And they all appeared to be serious and attentive. Perhaps one or two may lay it to heart.

Sunday 21. I delayed preaching till nine, for the sake of the tender and delicate ones. At two we had near the whole town, and God reserved the great blessing for the last. Afterward we rode to *Trevecka*. But our guide was ill. So in the morning we set out without him.

Before I talked with him myself, I wondered *Howell Harris* did not go out and preach, as usual. But he now informed me, he preached till he could preach no longer, his constitution being entirely broken. While he was thus confined, he was pressed in spirit, to build a large house, though he knew not why or for whom. But as soon as it was built, men, women and children, without his seeking, came to it from all parts of *Wales*. And except in the case of the orphan-house at *Hall*, I never heard of so many signal interpositions of divine providence.

Monday 22. It continued fair, till we came to *Builth*, where I preached to the usual congregation. Mr. *Phillips* then guided us to *Royader*, about fourteen *English* miles. It snowed hard behind us and on both sides, but not at all where we were.

Tuesday 23. When we took horse, there was nothing to be seen but a waste of white, the snow covering both hills and vales. As we could see no path, it was not without much difficulty, as well as danger, that we went on. But between seven and eight the sun broke out, and the snow began to melt. So we thought all our difficulty was over, till about nine the snow fell faster than ever. In an hour, it changed into hail, which as we rode over the mountains drove violently in our face. About twelve this turned into hard rain, followed by an impetuous wind. However we pushed on through all, and before sunset came to *Dollygelle*.

Here

Here we found every thing we wanted except sleep, of which we were deprived by a company of drunken, roaring Sea-captains, who kept possession of the room beneath us, till between two and three in the morning. So that we did not take horse till after six: and then we could make no great speed, the frost being exceeding sharp, and much ice in the road. Hence we were not able to reach *Tannabull*, till between eleven and twelve. An honest *Welchman* here gave us to know (though he spoke no *English*) that he was just going over the sands. So we hastened on with him, and by that means came in good time to *Carnarvon*.

Here we past a quiet and comfortable night, and took horse about six in the morning. Supposing after we rode near an hour, that a little house on the other side was the ferry-house, we went down to the water, and called amain: but we could not procure any answer. In the mean time it began to rain hard, though the wind was extremely high. Finding none would come over, we went to a little church which stood near for shelter. We had waited about an hour, when a woman and girl came into the church-yard, whom I did not mind, supposing they could speak no *English*. They were following a sheep, which ran close to us. I then asked, "Is not this *Baldon Ferry*?" The girl answered, "*Baldon Ferry*! No. The ferry is two miles further." So we might have called long enough. When we came to *Baldon*, the wind fell, the sky cleared up, the boat came over without delay, and soon landed us in *Anglesey*. On our way to *Holyhead*, one met and informed us, The *Pacquet* sailed the night before. I said, "Perhaps it may carry me, for all that." So we pushed on and came thither in the afternoon. The *Pacquet* did sail the night before, and got more than half the seas over. But the wind turning against them and blowing hard, they were glad to get back this afternoon.

I scarce

I scarce ever remember so violent a storm as blew all the night long. The wind continued contrary the next day.

Sunday 27. About nine in the morning, I spent some time with a few serious people, and gave notice of preaching at four in the afternoon, as soon as the evening service was ended. It began soon after three: ten minutes before four, Mr. E. began catechizing the children in *Welch*. I stayed till after five. As there was no sign of his concluding, I then went home, and found the people waiting: to whom I expounded those solemn words, *Watch and pray always, that ye may be counted worthy to escape all these things which are coming upon the earth.*

Monday 29. We left the harbour about twelve, having six or seven officers, and abundance of passengers on board. The wind was full West, and there was a great probability of a stormy night. So it was judged best, to put back: but one gentleman making a motion, to try a little longer, in a short time brought all over to his opinion. So they agreed, to go out, and "look for a wind."

The wind continued Westerly all the night. Nevertheless in the morning we were within two leagues of *Ireland*! Between nine and ten I landed at *Hoath*, and walked on for *Dublin*. The congregation in the evening was such as I never saw here before. I hope this also is a token for good.

Wednesday 31. In conversing with many, I was surprized to find, that all *Ireland* is in perfect safety! None here has any more apprehension of an invasion, than of being swallowed up in the sea: every one being absolutely assured, that the *French* dare not attempt any such thing!

Thursday, April 1. I bought one or two books at Mr. Smith's, on the *Blind Quay*. I wanted change for a guinea, but he could not give it; so I borrowed some silver of my companion. The next
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evening a young gentleman came from Mr. Smith's, to tell me, I had left a guinea on his counter. Such an instance of honesty I have rarely met with, either in *Bristol* or *London*.

Saturday 4. I went to the College chapel, at which about forty persons were present. Dr. K. preached a plain, practical sermon, after which the sacrament was administered. I never saw so much decency, at any chapel in *Oxford*, no, not even at *Lincoln-college*. Scarce any person stirred, or coughed, or spit, from the beginning to the end of the service.

In the evening our house was crowded above and below : yet many were obliged to stand without. The whole congregation appeared stayed and solid. Do even the people of *Dublin* know the day of their visitation?

Monday 5. Enquiring for one whom I saw three or four days ago in the height of a violent pleurisy, I found he was perfectly recovered, and returned into the country. A brimstone-plaister in a few minutes took away both the pain and the fever. O why will the Physicians play with the lives of patients! Do not others (as well as old Dr. Cockburn) know, that "no end is answered by bleeding in a pleurisy, which may not be much better answered without it?"

To-night the sleepers here began to open their eyes, it being rumoured, that an express was come to the Lord Lieutenant, to inform, "The *French* were hastening their preparation, being determined to land in *Ireland*." And so they will—if God gives them leave. But he has the reins in his own hand.

Tuesday 6. One was informing me of an eminent instance of the power of faith. "Many years ago, said she, I fell and sprained my ankle, so that I never expected it would be quite well. Seven years since last September, I was coming home from the preaching in a very dark night, and stumbling over a piece of wood, fell with the whole

whole weight of my body upon my lame foot. I thought, O Lord, I shall not be able to hear thy word again for many weeks. Immediately a voice went through my heart, name the name of Christ, and thou shalt stand. I leaped up, and stretched out my foot and said, "Lord Jesus Christ, I name thy name, let me stand." And my pain ceased. And I stood up. And my foot was as strong as ever."

Friday 9. I spent an hour with Dr. ———, a sensible, agreeable man. He said, "Six weeks ago, the ——— informed the ———, that he had express orders from his Majesty, to put this kingdom into a posture of defence against the intended invasion. And he was impowered to raise what men he pleased. And nothing has ever been done since. So that we conclude the whole to be a grimace, a mere trick of state."

Sunday 11. I met about an hundred children, who were catechized publicly twice a week. *Thomas Walsh* began this some months ago; and the fruit of it appears already. What a pity, that all our Preachers in every place, have not the zeal and wisdom to follow his example?

Tuesday 13. I breakfasted with one of the most lovely old men I ever saw, *John Garret*, a Dutchman, by birth, and a speaker among the Quakers.

Thence we went to a poor, dying backslider. When we came in, he was crying to God out of the deep. But before we left him, his heaviness was gone, and he desired nothing but to be with Christ.

Wednesday 14. I looked over a celebrated book, *The fable of the Bees*. Till now I imagined there had never appeared in the world such a book as the works of *Machiavel*. But Dr. *Mandevile* goes far beyond it. The *Italian* recommends a few vices, as useful to some particular men, and on some particular occasions. But the Englishman loves and cordially recommends vice of every kind: not only as useful now and then, but as

absolutely necessary, at all times for all communities! Surely *Voltaire* would hardly have said so much! And even Mr. *Sandiman* could not have said more!

April 16. Being Good-Friday, near four hundred of the Society met, to follow the example of their brethren in *England*, and renew their covenant with God. It was a solemn hour. Many mourned before God, and many were comforted.

In the following week all our Preachers met. I never before found such unanimity among them. They appeared not only to be of one heart, but likewise of one mind and judgment.

Sunday 25. One of the *Germans* stumbled in, while I was expounding, *Is Christ the minister of sin?* For a time she seemed greatly diverted. But the application spoiled her mirth. She soon hung down her head, and felt the difference between the chaff and the wheat.

Monday 26. I set out for *Corke*, purposing to see as many Societies as I could in the way. In the afternoon I came to *Edinderry*, where the little Society have built a commodious preaching-house. I had designed to preach abroad; but the keen North wind drove us into the house. The congregation (though they had no previous notice) filled it from end to end. But some of them found it too hot, and hurried out, while I applied, *Ye must be born again.*

About this time I received the following letter:

Reverend Sir,

I once through the influence of those about me, was ready to join the common cry against you, not knowing what I did. But since, by hearing your discourses with some of Mr. *Walsk's*; and by reading your *Sermons* and *Appeals*, I have learned a better lesson, I have learned, that true christianity
consists,

consists, not in a set of opinions, or of forms and ceremonies, but in holiness of heart and life, in a thorough imitation of our divine Master. And this I take to be the doctrine of the church of *England*, nor do I apprehend you differ from her at all in doctrine. And I am grieved to know, you have too much cause to differ from many of her present Clergy. Why then should I cavil with you for feeding those sheep, that are starved by their own shepherds? For endeavouring to recover them from their stupid lethargy and open wickedness, which involve the generality of mankind? This is your happiness: would to God it could be mine! I have often had a strong desire for it; and would now gladly dedicate my life to it, if my poor abilities and mean education, together with the twenty-third article of our church, did not crush the thought. However, as I do not see, you vary from the doctrine of the church, I should not scruple to join with you. My chief motives (beside that strong desire) are, first, I reflect, there is scarce a station in life, at least in the trading world, without its attendant frauds or vices, which are now scarce separable from it. Secondly, I am at present of no use in Society: so that on account of any advantage which now accrues from me to the public, I need not scruple giving myself to my darling employment. Thirdly, I am convinced, a man may instruct and reform himself, by instructing and reforming others. But may I attempt this, otherwise than by the ordinary method of admitting labourers into the Lord's vineyard? Your thoughts on this subject would be received as a singular favour: for which I shall impatiently wait, who am, Reverend Sir,

Your affectionate and ready servant.

E 3

Wednesday

Wednesday 28. I rode to *Tullamore*: where one of the Society, *Edward Wallis*, gave me a very surprising account of himself. He said, "When I was about twenty years old, I went to *Waterford* for business. After a few weeks I resolved to leave it, and packed up my things, in order to set out the next morning. This was Sunday; but my landlord prest me much not to go till the next day. In the afternoon we walked out together, and went into the river. After awhile, leaving him near the shore, I struck out into the deep. I soon heard a cry, and turning saw him rising and sinking in the channel of the river. I swam back with all speed, and seeing him sink again, dived down after him. When I was near the bottom, he clasped his arm round my neck, and held me so fast that I could not rise. Seeing death before me, all my sins came into my mind, and I faintly called for mercy. In awhile my senses went away, and I thought I was in a place full of light and glory, with abundance of people. While I was thus, he who held me died, and I floated up to the top of the water. I then immediately came to myself, and swam to the shore, where several stood who had seen us sink, and said, "They never knew such a deliverance before: for I had been under the water full twenty minutes. It made me more serious for two or three months. Then I returned to all my sins."

"But in the midst of all, I had a voice following me every where, "When an able minister of the gospel comes, it will be well with thee?" Some years after I entered into the army: our troop lay at *Phillips-Town*, when Mr. *W.* came. I was much affected by his preaching, but not so as to leave my sins. The voice followed me still: and when Mr. *J. W.* came, before I saw him I had an unspeakable conviction, that he was the man I looked for. And soon after I found peace with God, and it was well with me indeed."

Thursday

Thursday 29. I preached on one side the Market-place, to a numerous congregation. I was afterwards invited by some of the officers, to spend an hour with them at the Barracks. It at least freed them from prejudice against the present work of God, if it answered no farther end.

Friday 30. I was prest to turn aside to *Athlone*, a gentlewoman of *Barbadoes*, who was obliged to return thither shortly, having a great desire to see me. So I went to *Athlone*, and spent one or two hours in close conversation with her and with her husband. We had a comfortable meeting in the evening; and most of the gentry in the town were present: but who can warn them to flee from the wrath to come? They are *increased in goods and need nothing!*

Saturday, May 1. I rode to *Birr*, through rain, hail, and snow, such as is usual on the first of January. I had designed to preach abroad; but the wind was too sharp to be borne either by me or the people.

Sunday 2. We rode to *Mountmelick*. About five I preached in the Market-place. I was on the point of concluding when a violent storm came. Till then *the bottles of heaven were stayed*.

Thursday 4. We rode to *Portarlinton*: where on Wednesday 5, at the desire of several which could not attend the early preaching, I preached in the assembly room at ten, on *Ye must be born again*. Many of *the best in the town* (so called) were present, and seemed not a little amazed. Many more came in the evening, among whom I found an unusual liberty of spirit. For the present most of them seemed much affected. But how soon will the thorns grow up?

Thursday 6. I rode to *Kilkenny*. One of the dragoons, who were quartered here, soon found us out. A few both of the army and of the town, are joined and constantly meet together. I preached in the Barracks, in one of the officer's rooms. Still, in *Ireland*, the first call is to the soldiery.

Friday

Friday 7. We rode to *Waterford*, where after preaching, I earnestly exhorted the Society, *To love as brethren*. On the same subject I preached in the morning, and spent great part of the day, in striving to remove misunderstandings and offences. It was not lost labour. Six and twenty were left in the morning: before night seven and fifty were joined together.

T. Walsh preached at 5: but the room being too small they were obliged to go into the yard. In the evening we had high and low, rich and poor, both in the yard and adjoining gardens. There seemed now to be a general call to this city. So I thought it best the next morning, Monday 10, to leave *Mr. Walsh* there, while I went forward to *Clonmell*, the pleasantest town beyond all comparison, which I have seen in *Ireland*. It has four broad, strait streets of well-built houses, which cross each other in the center of the town. Close to the walls, on the South side, runs a broad, clear river. Beyond this rises a green and fruitful mountain, and hangs over the town. The vale runs many miles both East and West, and it is well cultivated throughout.

I preached at five in a large loft, capable of containing five or six hundred people. But it was not full: many being afraid of its falling, as another did some years before: by which several of the hearers were so much hurt, and one so bruised, that she died in a few days.

Tuesday 11. I was at a loss, where to preach, the person who owned the loft refusing to let me preach there, or even in the yard below. And the commanding officer being asked for the use of the Barrack yard, answered, "It was not a proper place. Not, said he, that I have any objection to *Mr. Wesley*. I will hear him if he preach under the gallows." It remained, to preach in the street: and by this means the congregation was more than doubled. Both the officers and soldiers gave great attention, till a poor man, special drunk, came

came marching down the street, attended by a Popish mob, with a club in one hand, and a large cleaver in the other, grievously cursing and blaspheming, and swearing, "He would cut off the Preacher's head." It was with difficulty that I restrained the troopers, especially them that were not of the Society. When he came nearer, the Mayor stepped out of the congregation, and strove by good words to make him quiet. But he could not prevail; on which he went into his house, and returned with his white wand. At the same time he sent for two constables, who presently came with their staves. He charged them not to strike the man, unless he struck first: but this he did immediately, as soon as they came within his reach, and wounded one of them in the wrist. On this the other knocked him down, which he did three times, before he would submit. The Mayor then walked before, the constables on either hand, and conducted him to the goal.

Wednesday 12. In the evening I preached in the new house at *Corke*, very near as large as that in *Dublin*; and far better finished in every respect, though at four hundred pounds less expence.

Monday 17. Walking up the *Red-house walk* (which runs between two rows of meadows, with the river winding through them, and a chain of fruitful hills on the right hand and on the left) I saw the plain reason, why strangers usually complain, of the unwholesomeness of the water in *Corke*. Many women were filling vessels with the river water, (which is that commonly used in the city, for tea and most other purposes) when the tide was at the height. Now although this is not salt, yet it cannot but affect both the stomach and bowels of tender persons.

Wednesday 19. I preached in the evening on *Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling-block and to the Greeks foolishness*: while I was speaking, a gentleman in the gallery, cried out with a loud voice, and swore to it, "I am of the church: I stand

stand up for the church : I will shed my blood for the church." But finding none to contradict him, he sat down, and I finished my discourse.

Thursday 20. One came in a great consternation, to inform us, Capt. F. (the gentleman who spoke) was raising a mob against the evening congregation. But no mob appeared, nor was there any disturbance, but such a blessing as we have seldom found : I suppose, in answer to the prayers of many, who had been crying unto God.

On Sunday last I was desired by one to call on her dying father, though she said he was speechless and senseless. But as soon as I spoke, he appeared sensible : while we prayed, he recovered his speech. The next day he was able to walk abroad, but continued deeply serious. On Friday 21, his illness returned, and he lay down and died in peace.

Monday 24. I preached in the Market-place at *Kinsale*.

Tuesday 25. I walked to the fort. It commands the entrance of the harbour, and has three tier of guns, one over the other. It is built upon the firm rock, is of a large extent, and the upper part of a great height from the water. But all is out of repair : many of the cannon are dismounted : most of them unfit for service : so that many think a second rate man of war, might take it in a few hours time.

At one I preached in the Exchange. Abundance of soldiers, and the Colonel with several officers were present. So that I conceived some hopes that the seed sown even at *Kinsale*, will not all be lost.

At five I preached in the Market-house at *Innishannon*, to a very large and well-behaved congregation, and then went on to *Bandon*.

Friday 28. I rode out with Mrs. Jones, as I did every day, to save her life, if possible. From the hill we had a fair view of *Castle Barnard*, with the park adjoining : in which, a few years ago, Judge
Barnard

Barnard used to take such delight. Indeed it is a beautiful place in every respect. The house is one of the most elegant I have seen in the kingdom, both as to the structure and the situation, standing on the side of a fruitful hill, and having a full command of the vale, the river and the opposite mountain. The ground near the house is laid out with the finest taste, in gardens of every kind, with a wilderness, canals, fish-ponds, water-works, and rows of trees in various forms. The Park includes part of each hill, with the river between, running through the meadow and lawns, which are tufted over with trees of every kind, and every now and then a thicket or grove. The Judge finished his plan, *called the land after his name*, and dropped into the dust.

Sunday 30. I returned to *Corke*. About that time I received a letter from Mr. *Gillies*, part of which follows.

"The Lord hath been pleased to inflict a heavy stroke upon us, by calling home his faithful servant Mr. *Wardrobe*. Concerning his death, a Christian friend writes thus, "May 7, Four in the morning.

"I am just come from witnessing the last sighs of one dear to you, to me and to all that knew him. Mr. *Wardrobe* died last night. He was seized on Sabbath last, just as he was going to the Kirk, with a most violent cholic, which terminated in a mortification of his bowels. The circumstances of his death are worthy to be recorded. With what pleasure he received the message, and went off in all the triumph of a conqueror! Crying out, "*My warfare is accomplished: I have fought the good fight: my victory is completed. Crowns of grace shall adorn this head (taking off his cap) and palms be put into these hands. Yet a little while and I shall sing for ever. I know that my Redeemer liveth.*" When he was within a few moments of his last, he gave me his hand, and a little after said, "*Now lettest thou*

thou thy servant depart in peace ; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Were I to repeat half what he spoke I should write you three hours. It shall suffice at this time to say, that as he has lived the life, so he died the death of a Christian. We weep not for him : we weep for ourselves. I wish we may know how to improve this awful judgment, so as to be also ready, not knowing when our Lord cometh."

Mr. Adams, minister of *Falkirk* writes thus :
 " On Friday night, about ten, I witnessed Mr. *Wardrobe* of *Bathgate's* entrance into the joy of his Lord. But ah ! Who can help mourning the loss to the church of Christ ? His amiable character gave him a distinguished weight and influence ; which his Lord had given him to value, only for its subservency to his honour and glory. He was suddenly taken ill on the last Lord's-day, and from his first moment believed it was for death. I went to see him on Thursday evening, and heard some of the liveliest expressions of triumphant faith, zeal for the glory of Christ and the salvation of souls, mixt with the most amiable humility and modesty. Yet a little while, said he, and this mortal shall put on immortality. Mortality shall be swallowed up of life : this vile body fashioned like to his glorious body ! O for the victory ! I shall get the victory. I know in whom I have believed. Then with a remarkable audible voice, lifting up his hands he cried out, O for a draught of the well of the water of life, that I may begin the song before I go off to the church triumphant ! I go forth in thy name, making mention of thy righteousness, even thine only. I die at the feet of mercy." Then stretching out his arms, he put his hand upon his head, and with the most serene and steady, majestic eye I ever saw, looking upwards, he said, Crowns of grace, crowns of grace, and palms in their hands ! O Lord God of truth, into thy hands I commend my spirit ! After an unexpected revival, he said, O, I fear his tarrying, lest the prospect become more dark. I sometimes fear he
 may

may spare me to live, and be less faithful than he has helped me to be hitherto. He said to me, You that are ministers, bear a proper testimony, against the professors of this age, who have a form of godliness without the power. Observing some of his people about his bed, he said, May I have some seals among you! O where will the ungodly and sinners of Bathgate appear? Labour to be in Christ. Then he stretched out his hand to several and said, Farewell, farewell, farewell! And now, O Lord, what wait I for? My hope is in thee! Once or twice he said, Let me be laid across the bed to expire, where I have sometimes prayed and sometimes meditated with pleasure." He expressed his grateful sense of the assiduous care which Mr. Wardrobe of Cult had taken of him: and on his replying, "Too much could not be done for so valuable a life," said, O speak not so, or you will provoke God. Glory be to God, that I have ever had any regard paid me, for Christ's sake." I am greatly sunk under the event. O help by your prayers, to get the proper submission and improvement."

Thursday, June 3. I received a remarkable letter from a Clergyman, with whom I had been a day or two before. Part of it ran thus.

"I had the following account from the gentleman herself, a person of piety and veracity. She is now the wife of Mr. J—— B——, silversmith of Corke.

"About thirty years ago I was addressed by way of marriage, by Mr. Richard Mercier, then a volunteer in the army. The young gentleman was quartered at that time at Charleville, where my father lived, who approved of his addresses, and directed me to look upon him as my future husband. When the regiment left the town, he promised to return in two months and marry me. From Charleville he went to Dublin, thence to his father's, and from thence to England: where his father having bought him a cornet's horse, he purchased many ornaments for the wedding; and returning

to *Ireland* let us know, that he would be at our house in *Charleville*, in a few days: on this the family was busied to prepare for his reception, and the ensuing marriage; when one night, my sister *Molly* and I being asleep in our bed, I was awakened by the sudden opening of the side-curtain, and starting up saw Mr. *Mercier*, standing by the bedside. He was wrapt up in a loose sheet, and had a napkin folded like a night-cap on his head. He looked at me very earnestly, and lifting up the napkin which much shaded his face, shewed me the left side of his head, all bloody and covered with his brains. The room mean time was quite light. My terror was excessive, which was still increased by his stooping over the bed, and embracing me in his arms. My cries alarmed the whole family, who came crowding into the room. Upon their entrance, he gently withdrew his arms, and ascended as it were through the cieling. I continued for some time in strong fits. When I could speak, I told them what I had seen. One of them a day or two after, going to the Post-master for letters, found him reading the news-papers, in which was an account, that cornet *Mercier*, going into Christ-church belfry, in *Dublin*, just after the bells had been ringing, and standing under the bells, one of them which was turned bottom upwards, suddenly turning again, struck one side of his head, and killed him on the spot. On further enquiry, we found he was struck, on the left side of his head."

Sunday 6. I gave my last exhortation to the Society in *Corke*, and setting out early on Monday 7, in the evening came to *Limerick*.

Saturday 8. The account which one of our sisters gave of *Ann Beauchamp* was as follows:

August 8, 1753. I went to see *S. Beauchamp*, who had been ill for about a week. I asked her, in what state she found her soul? She answered, I am quite happy. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and has taken away all my sins.
And

And my heart is comforted with the presence of God: I long to die, that I may be with him. I asked, But are you resigned, either to live or die, as he shall see fit? She answered, I cannot say, I am willing to live; it would go hard with me to live now. Pray that the Lord may perfect his work of sanctification in my soul.

Being asked, if she could freely part with all her friends? She said, Yes: and as to my children, I have cast them upon the Lord. I know he will take care of them, and I give them freely up to him, without one anxious thought. She then prayed for her friends and acquaintance, one by one, and afterward fervently with tears, for each person in her Band: then for Mr. *John Wesley*, desiring she might be found at his feet in the day of the Lord.

"Soon after she called her mother, desired forgiveness for any thing wherein she had ignorantly offended her, and exhorted her, not to grieve; adding God will comfort you, and give you strength to bear your trial. It is your loss; but it is my everlasting gain; and I am going a little before you. She then prayed over her, and kissing her, took her leave. In the same manner she took leave of all about her, exhorting, praying for, and kissing them, one by one. Afterward she called for, and took her leave of her servants.

Seeing one of her neighbours in the room, she called her and said, O *Mary*, you are old in years, and old in sin. The Lord has borne long with you, and you know not the day or the hour when he will call you. I am young, and he is calling me away: and what should I do without an interest in Christ? Was my work now to do, it would never be done: but blessed be God, it is not. I know the Lord hath washed me from my sins in his own blood, and is preparing me for himself. O fly from the wrath to come, and never rest, till you rest in the wounds of Jesus! I am almost

spent: but had I strength, I could exhort you all till morning.

To another she said, *Martha, Martha!* Thou art careful and troubled about many things. But one thing is needful. And this one thing you have neglected: O seek God, and he will supply all your wants. It is time for you to begin: your glass is almost run, and what will all your toil profit, when you come to be as I am now? Find time for this, whatever goes undone. My neighbours used to wonder, how I could find time, and think me foolish for spending it so. But now I know it was not foolishness. Soon I shall receive an exceeding great reward.

Perhaps some of you will say, you was never called. Then remember, I call you now. I exhort every one of you, to seek the Lord, while he may be found. Think not to make excuses in that day: God will have his witnesses. And I shall appear as a witness against you. If you repent not, these my dying words will rise up in judgment against you.

To her — she said, I forgive you all that you have done against me. And I have prayed the Lord to forgive you. Return to him now, and he will receive you: for he desires not the death of a sinner. I am a witness of this: for he has forgiven all my sins. O! I want strength to sing his praise! But I am going where I shall sing his praise for ever.

Then calling for her husband, she said, My dear, God has given you many calls even in dreams. And when we will not hear his call, it is often his way to make us feel his rod by removing our darling from us. I was your darling. And seeing you refused the many calls of God, he is now taking me away from you, if by any means he may bring you to himself. She then prayed for, and took her leave of him.

The next day when I came in, and asked, How do you find yourself now? She answered, Blessed be God, very well. I know that my Redeemer lives. He is dear to me, and I am dear to him. I know he is preparing me for himself, and I shall soon be with him.

She then prayed earnestly for entire sanctification; till a friend coming in, she said, The Lord has brought you and all my dear friends to my remembrance: I have not forgotten you in my prayers. You must come and pray my last prayer. When you see me near my deliverance; go all to prayer, and continue therein, till my spirit is gone. Let there be no crying over me, but all of you sing praises and rejoice over me.

She never once complained of her pain; but behaved from the beginning with that patience, sweetness and love to all, that bespoke a soul which knew herself just entering into the joy of her Lord. This she did the next morning, August the 20th, after crying out as in an extacy.

“ Behold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown through Christ my own.”

Wednesday 16. I rode over to *New-Market* and preached to an earnest congregation of poor people. In the morning, at the request of some of the neighbouring gentry, I deferred preaching till ten o'clock. Many of them were then present and seemed not a little astonished: perhaps they may remember it—a week.

In the afternoon I rode to *Ballygarrane*, a town of *Palatines*, which came over in *Queen Anne's* time. They retain much of the temper and manner of their own country, having a resemblance of those among whom they live. I found much life among this plain, artless, serious people. The whole town came together in the evening, and praised God for the consolation. Many of those

who are not outwardly joined with us, walk in the light of God's countenance: yea, and have divided themselves into Classes, in imitation of our brethren, with whom they live in perfect harmony.

Friday 18. In examining the Society, I was obliged to pause several times. The words of the plain, honest people, came with so much weight, as frequently to stop me for awhile, and raise a general cry among the hearers. I rode back thro' *Adare*, once a strong and flourishing town, well-walled and full of people: now without walls and almost without inhabitants: only a few poor huts remain. At a small distance from these are the ample ruins of three or four convents, delightfully situated by the river, which runs through a most fruitful vale.

Monday 21. I talked with one who was in deep distress. She had been represented to me, as in despair. But I soon found her disorder (natural or preternatural) had nothing to do with religion. She was greatly troubled, but knew not why: not for her sins, they scarce came into her mind. I know not that prayer will avail for her, till she is troubled in quite another manner: till she cries out from her inmost soul, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

Tuesday 22. I called on Mrs. *A* whom I saw some years since in despair of quite another kind. Between nine and ten years ago, her daughter married without her consent. This was followed by other distressing circumstances, in the midst of which she cried out, "God has forsaken me." She was immediately seized with violent pain. She could not see the sun, or the light, only a dim twilight. She could not taste her meat or drink, any more than the white of an egg. She had a constant impulse to kill herself, which she believed she must do, and attempted several times. After having continued thus three years and an half, she resolved to endure it no longer. Accordingly she

she procured a knife to cut her throat; and did cut through the skin, but could get no further. It seemed to her as if the flesh were iron. She threw down the knife, burst into tears, fell upon her knees, and began (what she had not done all the time) to pour out her soul before God. Fear and sorrow fled away. She rejoiced in God. She saw the light of the sun. Her natural taste returned. And she has been ever since in health of body and peace of mind.

Wednesday 23: I took my leave of *Limerick*, and rode to *Six Mile-bridge*. There I left *T. Walsh* to preach in *Irish* and went on to *Rathlahine*.

Thursday 24. I went on to *Ennes*, a town consisting almost wholly of Papists, except a few Protestant gentlemen. One of these, (the chief person in the town) had invited me to his house, and walked with me to the court-house, where I preached to an huge, wild, unawakened multitude; Protestants and Papists, many of whom would have been rude enough if they durst.

Friday 25. Mr. *Walsh*, preached at six, first in *Irish* and then in *English*. The Papist priest had contrived to have his service at the same hour. And his man came again and again with his bell; but not one in ten of his people would stir. At eight I preached to a far more serious congregation. And the word seemed to sink into their hearts.

We took horse about ten, and rode through the fruitful and pleasant country of *Galway*. After having heard so much of the barrenness of this county, I was surprized to observe, in riding almost the whole length of it, from South-east to North-west, to find only four or five miles of rocky ground, like the West of *Cornwall*: all the rest exceeded most that I have seen in *Ireland*. We came to *Galway* pretty well tired, and would willingly have rested at the Inn where we alighted from our horses: but the landlord informed us, he had no room; both his house and stables were full. Two regiments of soldiers passing through the

the town, and had taken up all the Inns. However we procured a private lodging which was full as agreeable.

The town is not ill built, most of the houses being of stone, and several stories high. It is encompassed with an old, bad wall, and in no posture of defence, either toward the land, or toward the sea. Such is the supine negligence of both *English* and *Irish*!

Five or six persons, who seemed to fear God, came to us at our lodgings. We spent a little time with them in prayer, and early in the morning set out for *Castlebarr*.

This day likewise I was agreeably surprised at the pleasantness and fruitfulness of the country. About noon two or three friends met us, and begged us to turn aside to *Hollymount*, a town twelve miles from *Castlebarr*, where the minister readily consented to my preaching in the church. Many Papists as well as Protestants were there, and my heart was much enlarged toward them. Through a delightful mixture of vales and gentle-rising hills, we then rode on to *Castlebarr*.

Sunday 27. The Rector having left word, that I should have the use of the church, I preached there morning and afternoon, to such a congregation as (they said) was never there before. And surely the word of God had free course: I saw not one light or inattentive hearer. Mr. *Walsh* afterward preached in the Sessions' house, to another large and serious congregation. On Tuesday 29. being *St. Peter's* day, I read prayers and preached to as large a congregation as on Sunday. In the afternoon I rode over to *Newport*, eleven miles from *Castlebarr*. About thirty years ago, a little company of Protestants settled here, by a river-side, on the very extremity of the land, and built a small town. It has a fruitful hill on each side, and a large bay to the West, full of small fertile islands, containing from one to several thousand acres. Of these they compute above three hundred; and
near

near an hundred are inhabited: but by Papists alone, there not being so much as a single Protestant among them! I went directly to the Rector's, who had before given me an invitation. Between seven and eight, I preached to (I suppose) more than all the Protestants in the town. Deep attention sat on every face. Perhaps God touched some hearts.

Wednesday 30. At eleven Mr. H. read prayers, and I preached on Gal. vi. 14. The church stands at a distance from the town, and it rained hard; but that could not stop the congregation. In the afternoon, I returned to *Castlebarr*.

Thursday, July 1. There is just such a work here as was some years since at *Athlone*. The whole town is pleased, but few are convinced. The stream runs very wide, but very shallow.

Sunday 4. I read prayers and preached at *Ballyhean*, Mr. E——'s other church. The congregation at *Castlebarr* in the afternoon, was larger than ever before. In the morning, Monday 5. The greater half of them were present, and we had a solemn parting. In the afternoon we came to *Hollymount*, some years since one of the pleasantest places in *Ireland*. Dr. Vesey, then Archbishop of *Tuam*, fixt on this spot, nine miles from his See, built a neat commodious house on a little eminence, laid out fruit and flower-gardens round it, brought a river to run through them, and encompassed the whole with walks and groves of stately trees: When he had finished his plan, round a stone-pillar which stands in a basin, surrounded by a small green plat of ground, he placed the following inscription:

*Liquenda tellus, and domus, and placens.
Uxor, cum numerosa et Speciosa prole,
Chara charæ Matris sobole:*

*Neque harum quas colis arborum
Te præter invisam cupressum
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur!*

I was.

I was just going to preach in the church-yard ; when Mr. C. sent his son with the key of the church. Almost half the congregation were Papists, whom all the threats of their Priests could not keep away. Not expecting to see any of them again, I spake very plain once for all.

In the morning we rode through *Tuam*, a neat little town, scarce half so large as *Islington* : nor is the cathedral half so large as *Islington* church. The old church at *Kilconnel*, two miles from *Aghrim*, is abundantly larger. If one may judge by the vast ruins that remain (over all which we walked in the afternoon) it was a far more stately pile of building, than any that is now standing in *Ireland*. Adjoining to it are the ruins of a large monastery ; and many of the cells and apartments are pretty entire. At the West end of the church lie abundance of skulls, piled one upon another ; with innumerable bones round about, scattered as dung upon the earth. O sin what hast thou done ?

Wednesday 7. I preached at *Aghrim*, morning and evening, and then rode on to *Castlebarr*. Mr. M. has now lost both his brother and his two daughters, two of the most agreeable women in the kingdom, caught away in the full bloom of youth and beauty : if they can be termed lost, who all committed their souls unto him they loved, in the full triumph of faith.

Thursday 8. A coach-full of us, with several horse-men, and others on foot, went to *Ahaskra* in the morning. The rest of the congregation were mostly Papists. But all heard with earnest attention. I preached in the evening at *Athlone*, where on Friday 9. we had a solemn watch-night.

Sunday 11. We had a blessed opportunity in the evening on the *Connaught* side of the river. Almost all the Protestants in the town were present, with abundance of Papists. And many of them acknowledged the doctrine of Christ crucified to be the power of God and the wisdom of God.

Monday

Monday 12. After preaching at *Abidarrig* about noon I went on to *Longford*. Many supposed the mob would be too violent there, to allow me a peaceable hearing. I began at five in the yard of the *Old Barrack*. An huge croud soon flocked in: but most of the Papists stood at the gate, or just without the wall. They were all as still as night: nor did I hear an uncivil word while we afterwards walked from one end of the town to the other.

Tuesday 13. A large congregation was present at five, and stood unmoved, notwithstanding some heavy showers. At noon I preached at *Cleg-hill*; at five in the Barrack-yard again, where the concourse of people was greater than before. Mr. P. the minister of a neighbouring parish, and another clergyman who came with him, received the truth in love; Mrs. P. (his wife) found rest to her soul.

But how is it, that almost in every place, even where there is no lasting fruit, there is so great an impression made at first, upon a considerable number of people? The fact is this. Every where the work of God rises higher and higher, till it comes to a point. Here it seems for a short time to be at a stay. And then it gradually sinks again.

All this may easily be accounted for. At first curiosity brings many hearers: at the same time God draws many by his preventing grace to hear his word, and comforts them in hearing. One then tells another. By this means on the one hand, curiosity spreads and increases: and on the other drawings of God's spirit touch more hearts; and many of them more powerfully than before. He now offers grace to all that hear; most of whom are in some measure affected, and more or less moved with approbation of what they hear. Desire to please God, and good-will to his messenger, These principles variously combined and increasing, raise the general work to its highest point.

point. But it cannot stand here. For in the nature of things curiosity must soon decline. Again, the drawings of God are not followed, and thereby the spirit of God is grieved. The consequence is, He strives with this and this man, no more, and saw his drawings end. Thus both the natural and supernatural power declining, most of the hearers will be less and less affected. Add to this, that in the process of the work, *it must be, that offences will come.* Some of the hearers, if not Preachers also, will act contrary to their profession. Either their follies or faults will be told from one to another, and lose nothing in the telling. Men once curious to hear, will now draw back : men once drawn, having stifled their good desires, will disapprove what they approved before, and feel dislike instead of good-will, to the Preacher. Others who were more or less convinced, will be afraid or ashamed to acknowledge that conviction. And all these will catch at ill stories (true or false) in order to do justice to their charge. When by this means, all who do not savingly believe, have quenched the spirit of God, the little flock goes on from faith to faith ; the rest sleep on and take their rest. And thus the number of hearers in every place, may be expected, first to increase, and then decrease.

Wednesday 14. At noon I preached at *Coolylough*, where the Preachers and Stewards met.

Thursday 15. In the evening I preached at *Tullamore* in Barrack street. And many who never had so much curiosity, as to walk an hundred yards to hear the preaching, vouchsafed to hear it at their own doors. In the middle of the sermon came a Quarter-master very drunk, and rushed in among the people. In a short time, he slipped off his hat, and gave all the attention of which he was capable. So did many of the soldiers and many officers. O let some lay it to heart !

Friday

Friday 16. We walked down to Lord *Tullamore's*, (That was his title then) an old mile from the town. His gardens are extremely pleasant. They contain groves, little meadows, kitchen gardens, plats of flowers, and little orchards, intermixt with fine canals, and pieces of water. And will not all these make their-owner happy! Not if he has one unhappy temper! Not unless he has in himself a fountain, springing up into everlasting life.

About this time I received a letter without a name, part of which I have subjoined.

Sir,

“Having observed your Christian condescension in those labours of love, so truly calculated for the use of *common people*, I presume to beg your pen in behalf of the *next class* of God's creatures. And I would ask, if nature, reason and revelation do not all plead in favour even of the *brute creation*? Is it not unnatural and inhuman, to put them to more pain than is necessary for the service of man? Can reason consent to the making sport with the life or misery of any creature? May not the great law of equity, doing as we would be done to, be extended even to them? May we not suppose ourselves in their place, and thence determine, what they may fairly expect from us? Hath not the supreme Being given injunctions against cruelty toward them, and commanded, that they should enjoy the rest of his day? Did he not rebuke the prophet, for smiting his beast without cause? And mention the *much cattle*, as one motive to the divine compassion, in sparing the *great city*? The Scripture saith, *a good man his merciful to his beast*. And can he be a good man that is not so, if goodness consists in imitating him, whose *mercy is over all his works*? For *he openeth his hand, and satisfieth the desire of every living thing*.

If tenderness, mercy and compassion to the brute creatures were impressed on the infant breast, and conducted into action according to its little power, would it not be confirmed in the human heart? And might not this early prepossession be for ever established there, and through an happy bias extend its benevolence to the whole creation?

Does not experience shew the sad effects of a contrary education? while children instead of being taught benevolence to irrationals, are suffered to torment first poor, little insects, and then every helpless creature that comes in their way: can it be expected, that being thus inured to cruelty and oppression even in their tender years, they should relent when they come to age, and be susceptible of compassion, even to rationals? It cannot. For is pity shewn to man, only because he has reason? If so, those would lose their claim to our compassion who stand in the greatest need of it, namely children, idiots and lunatics. But if pity is shewn to all that are capable of pain, then may it justly be expected that we should sympathize with every thing that has life.

I am persuaded you are not insensible of the pain given to every Christian, every human heart, by those savage diversions, bull-baiting, cock-fighting, horse-racing and hunting. Can any of these irrational and unnatural sports appear otherwise than cruel, unless through early prejudice, or entire want of consideration and reflection? And if man is void of these, does he deserve the name of a man? Or is he fit for Society? And besides; how dreadful are the concomitant and the consequent vices of these savage routs? Yet such cowards are we grown, that scarce any man has courage to draw his pen against them!"

Saturday 17. I preached in *Tyrrels-pass* at five, and *T. Walfsh* at eight. Hence we rode to *Ballybeg*, near *Drumcree*, where we found a little company of earnest people, most of them rejoicing in the love of God. To these were added a few from
the

the county of *Cavan*. *Joseph Charles* going thither, some time since, on temporal business, occasionally spoke of the things of God. Many believed his report: and some found his words *the power of God unto salvation*.

Sunday 18. A little before twelve (the usual hour in *Ireland*) the morning service began at *Rosemead* church, where Mr. *Booker* preached an useful sermon. I preached at five to abundance of plain country people, and two coach-full's of gentry. O how hard is it for these to enter into the kingdom of heaven?

Monday 19. No sooner did we enter *Ulster*, than we observed the difference. The ground was cultivated just as in *England*, and the cottages not only neat, but with doors, chimnies and windows. *Newry*, the first town we came to (allowing for the size) is built much after the manner of *Liverpool*. I preached soon after seven to a large congregation, and to great part of them at five in the morning. Afterwards I spoke to the members of the Society, consisting of Churchmen, Dissenters and Papists (that were.) But there is no striving with them, unless to enter in at the strait gate.

Wednesday 21. In the morning there was such violent lightening, thunder and rain, that the very beasts ran out of the fields, and the birds flew from their usual coverts, to take shelter in the houses. But before we took horse, the sky cleared up, and we had a pleasant ride to *Terrynugan*, near *Scarva*. The road lay on the edge of a smooth canal, with fruitful, gently rising hills on either side. We were at a lone house: but the people found their way thither in the evening from all quarters. I preached in the evening near the house, the congregation sitting on the grass. And surely they had ears to hear. God give them hearts to understand!

Thursday 22. We rode through heavy rain to *Lisburn*. I preached in the Market-house at seven. One man only gainfayed: but the by-standers

used him so roughly, that he was soon glad to hold his peace.

Friday 23. The Rector with his Curate called upon me, candidly proposed their objections, and spent about two hours in free, serious, friendly conversation. How much evil might be prevented or removed, would other Clergymen follow their example?

I rode in the afternoon to *Belfast*, the largest town in *Ulster*. Some think it contains near as many people as *Limerick*: it is far cleaner and pleasanter. At seven I preached in the Market-house to as large a congregation as at *Lisburn*: and to near the same number in the morning. But some of them did not stay till I concluded. They went away in haste when I shewed, how *Christ crucified* is to the *Greeks* foolishness.

Hence we rode along the shore to *Carrickfergus*, said to be the most antient town in *Ulster*. The walls are still as it were, standing; and the castle built upon a rock. But it is little more than a heap of ruins, with eight or nine old, dismounted, rusty cannon. What it was, in the reign of its founder, king *Fergus*, does not much concern us to know.

I preached in the Sessions-house at seven, to most of the inhabitants of the town. But Satan had prepared one of his instruments when I had done, to catch the seed out of their hearts. A poor Enthusiast began a dull, pointless harangue, about hirelings and false prophets. But the door-keeper crying out, "I am going to lock the doors," cut his discourse short.

Sunday 25. I preached at nine in the upper-court house, which was considerably larger than the other. *James Reley* began his bad work again, as soon as I had done speaking. But I walked quietly away; as did also the congregation.

At eleven I went to church, to the surprize of many, and heard a lively, useful sermon. After dinner one of our brethren asked, "If I was
ready

ready to go to the meeting?" I told him, "I never go to meeting." He seemed as much astonished as the old Scot at *Newcastle*, who left us, "Because we were mere *church of England* men." We are so: although we condemn none, *who have been brought up* in another way.

About five, even the larger court house being too small to contain the congregation, I the more readily complied with the desire of the prisoners to preach in the street, near the prison door. I spoke as plain and home as ever I did in my life, on *Ye must be born again*. Poor *James* was now resolved to speak, and got on a little eminence on purpose. And what could hinder him? Why

Vox faucibus hæsit!

He cawed and cawed, but could utter nothing, hardly three words together. This also hath God wrought. He hath stopped the mouth of the gainsayer, and preserved the weak from being offended.

Monday 26. Mr. *Walsh* met me at *Belfast*, and informed me that the day before he was at *Newtown* intending to preach. But while he was at prayer, Mr. M——r came with a drunken mob, seized him by the throat, and dragged him along, till a stout man constrained him to quit his hold. Mr. *W.* having refreshed himself at a friend's house, began a second time. But in a quarter of an hour, Mr. *M.* having rallied his mob, came again: on which Mr. *W.* gave him the ground, and walked away over the fields.

In the evening I spoke very plain at *Lisburn*, both to the great, vulgar and the small. But between Seceders, old self-conceited Presbyterians, New-light men, Moravians, Cameronians, and formal church-men, it is a miracle of miracles if any here bring forth fruit to perfection.

The country between *Lisburn* and *Moyra*, is much like *Berkshire*, having fruitful vales on each side the road, and well wooded hills running even with them, at a small distance. At seven I preached in the Market-house at *Lurgan*. Many of the gentry were met in the room over it, it being the time of the assembly. The violins were just tuning. But they ceased till I had done: and the novelty (at least) drew and fixt the attention of the whole company.

Wednesday 28. I read Mr. *Barton's* ingenious Lectures on *Lough Neagh*, near *Lurgan*, which turns wood into stone, and cures the king's evil, and most cutaneous distempers. Under part of this lake, there is first a stratum of firm clay, and under that a stratum of trees four feet thick all compacted into one mass, doubtless by the pressure of the incumbent earth (perhaps water too) which it has probably sustained ever since the general deluge.

In the evening we had the largest congregation which I have seen since we left *Corke*. It was almost as large at five in the morning. Why should we despair of doing good at *Lurgan* also?

Thursday 29. I preached at *Newry*, and the three following days; on Monday, August 1. I returned to *Rosmide*.

Tuesday 3. We rode to *Tullamore* through heavy rain, which a strong wind drove full in our face. The only *wild Irish* whom I have seen yet, a knot of officers, were present at preaching in the evening, and behaved tolerably well.

Wednesday 4. I preached at *Portarlinton* in the evening, and was going to take horse in the morning, when a gentleman came and said, he was just setting out for *Dublin*, and would be glad of my company in his chariot. I accompanied him to *Johnstown* where we dined; and then took horse and rode on to *Dublin*.

Friday

Friday 6. On this and the next day I finished my business in *Ireland*, so as to be ready to sail at an hour's warning.

Sunday 8. We were to sail, the wind being fair; but as we were going aboard, it turned full East. I find it of great use, to be in suspense. It is an excellent means of breaking our will. May we be ready either to stay longer on this shore, or to launch into eternity.

On Tuesday evening I preached my farewell-sermon. Mr. *Walsh* did the same in the morning. We then walked to the Key. But it was still a doubt, whether we were to sail or no: Sir T. P. having sent word to the Captain of the *Pacquet*, that if the wind was fair, he would go over; and it being his custom (*Hominis Magnificentiam*!) to keep the whole ship to himself. But the wind coming to the East, he would not go: so about noon we went on board. In two or three hours we reached the mouth of the harbour. It then fell calm. We had five cabin passengers, beside Mr. *Walsh*, *Haughton*, *Morgan* and me. They were all civil, and tolerably serious; the sailors likewise behaved uncommonly well.

Thursday 12. About eight we begun singing on the quarter-deck, which soon drew up all our fellow-passengers, as well as the Captain, with the greatest part of his men. I afterwards gave an exhortation. We then spent some time in prayer. They all kneeled down with us. Nor did their seriousness wear off all the day. About nine we landed at *Holyhead*, after a pleasant passage of twenty-three hours.

Friday 13. Having hired horses for *Chester*, we set out about seven. Before one we reached *Bangor*, the situation of which is delightful beyond expression. Here we saw a large and handsome cathedral, but no trace of the good old Monks of *Bangor*, so many hundreds of whom fell a sacrifice at once to cruelty and revenge. The county from hence to *Penmenmaur* is far pleasanter than any garden.

garden. Mountains of every shape and size, vales clothed with grass or corn, woods and smaller tufts of trees, were continually varying on the one hand, as was the sea prospect on the other. *Penmenmaur* itself rises almost perpendicular to an enormous height from the sea. The road runs along the side of it, so far above the beach, that one could not venture to look down, but that there is a wall built all along, about four foot high. Mean time the ragged cliff hangs over one's head, as if it would fall every moment. An hour after we had left this awful place, we came to the antient town of *Conway*. It is walled round. And the walls are in tolerably good repair. The castle is the noblest ruin I ever saw. It is four square, and has four large round towers, on each side, the inside of which have been stately apartments. One side of the castle is a large church, the windows and arches of which have been curiously wrought. An arm of the sea runs round two sides of the hill on which the castle stands: once the delight of kings, now overgrown with thorns, and inhabited by doleful birds only.

About eight we reached *Place-bagh*, where as soon as I named my name, *William Roberts* received us with all gladness. But neither he nor any of his family, could speak one sentence of *English*. Yet our guide helped us out pretty well: after supper we sung and went to prayers. Though they could not speak it, most of them understood *English*. And God spoke to their hearts.

Saturday 14. Several of the neighbours came early in the morning, and gladly received a few words of exhortation. We then rode on, through one of the pleasantest countries in the world, by *Holywell*, to *Chester*. Here we had a comfortable meeting in the evening; as well as the next day, both in the room, and in the square.

Monday 16. The rain was suspended, while I preached to a large and quiet congregation.

Tuesday

Tuesday 17. I rode to *Bolton*. Though I came unexpected, the house was well filled. After resting a day, on Thursday 19. I went on to *Manchester*, and preached in the evening to a large congregation, without the least disturbance. The tumults here are now at an end; chiefly through the courage and activity of a single constable.

Friday 20. I rode to *Chelmorton* in the *Park*. Although the poor people had no previous notice, they supplied the want of it, by sending quickly to the neighbouring villages. Between seven and eight the house was pretty well filled. And many of them were extremely thankful.

Saturday 21.. We set out early and after spending an hour at *Ashbourn*, hastened on to *Litchfield*. But it was not without difficulty, the waters being out, to a very uncommon degree, in many places. About eight we reached *Wednesbury*, tired enough. There we stayed the next day.

Monday 23. We rode forward to *Redditch*. It had rained all the way, so that Mr. *Walsk* was obliged to go to bed, as soon as we came in. Having dried some of our clothes, Mr. *Bruce* and I took horse again about two: having one with us who knew the by-roads, the common road being unpassable through the floods. About five we came to a broad water, which our guide did not care to pass. Mr. *Bruce* seeing a foot-bridge, walked over it, leading his horse by a long rein through the water. But in an instant the horse disappeared. However he soon emerged and gained the bank. I rode through at a small distance very safely, and in the evening preached at *Evesham*.

Tuesday 24. Finding we could not ride the usual way, we procured another guide and rode by *Andover ford* to *Stroud*. Mr. *Jones* and my brother met us here.

Wednesday 25, we rode on to *Bristol*.

Thursday 26. About fifty of us being met, the Rules of the Society were read over, and carefully considered

considered one by one. But we did not find any that could be spared. So we all agreed, to abide by them all, and to recommend them with our might.

We then largely considered, the necessity of keeping in the church, and using the Clergy with tenderness. And there was no dissenting voice. God gave us all to be of one mind and of one judgment.

Friday 27. The Rules of the Bands were read and considered, one by one: which after some verbal alterations, we all agreed to observe and enforce.

Saturday 28. The Rules of *Kingswood* school were read and considered, one by one. And we were all convinced, they were agreeable to scripture and reason. In consequence of which it was agreed;

1. That a short account of the design and present state of the school be read by every Assistant in every Society: and

2. That a subscription for it be begun in every place, and (if need be) a collection made every year.

My brother and I closed the Conference by a solemn declaration, of our purpose, never to separate from the church. And all our brethren concurred therein.

For a few days I was laid up with a flux. But on Sunday, September 5. I crept out again and preached at *Kingswood* in the morning, and *Stokes-croft* in the afternoon.

Monday 6. I set out in the Machine, and on Tuesday evening came to *London*.

Wednesday and Thursday I settled my temporal business. It is now about eighteen years, since I began writing and printing books. And how much in that time have I gained by printing? Why, on summing up my accounts, I found that on March 1, 1756, (the day I left *London* last)

I had

I had gained by printing and preaching together, a debt of twelve hundred and thirty-six pounds.

Friday 10. I preached at a famous place, commonly called *The Bull and Mouth Meeting*, which had belonged, I suppose, near an hundred years, to the people called Quakers. As much of real religion as was ever preached there, I trust, will be preached there still: and perhaps in a more rational, scriptural and intelligible manner.

Saturday 11. I read over Mr. *Fry's* "Case of Marriage between near relations, considered." And two points, I think, he has fully proved, 1. That many marriages commonly supposed to be unlawful, are neither contrary to the law of nature, nor the revealed law of God, nor the law of the land: 2. That ecclesiastical courts have no right to meddle with cases of this kind.

Thursday 16. I walked over to Bishop *Banner's*, and preached to a large and serious congregation. I found some faintness, the sun being extremely hot; but more in walking from thence to *Westminster*, where I preached at seven. In the night my old disorder returned, and gradually increased, in spite of all medicines. However on Sunday and Monday it was so far suspended, that I abated nothing of my usual employment.

Wednesday 22. I was considering I had not asked help of the great Physician, and I resolved to delay no longer. In that hour I felt a change. I slept sound that night, and was well the next day.

Sunday, October 3. My disorder returned as violent as ever. But I regarded it not, while I was performing the service at *Snowfields* in the morning, or afterward at *Spitalfields*, till I went to the Lord's table in order to administer. A thought then came into my mind. "Why do I not apply to God, in the beginning rather than the end of an illness?" I did so and found immediate relief, so that I needed no farther medicines.

Tuesday

Tuesday 5. I wrote a second letter to the authors of the *Monthly Review*; ingenious men, but no friends to the Godhead of Christ. Yet upon farther consideration, I judged it best, to drop the controversy. It is enough that I have delivered my own soul: *If they scorn, they alone shall bear it.*

Sunday 10. I preached to an huge multitude in *Moorfields*, on *Why will ye die, O house of Israel?* It is field-preaching which does the execution still. For usefulness there is none comparable to it.

Monday 11. I went to *Leigh*. Where we dined, a poor woman came to the door, with two little children. They seemed to be half starved, as well as their mother, who was also shivering with an ague. She was extremely thankful for a little food, and still more so for a few pills, which seldom fail to cure that disorder.

In this little journey I read over a curiosity indeed, a *French* heroick poem: *Voltaire's Henriade*. He is a very lively writer, of a fine imagination; and allowed, I suppose, by all competent judges, to be a perfect master of the *French* language. And by him I was more than ever convinced, That the *French* is the poorest, meanest language in *Europe*: that it is no more comparable to the *German* or *Spanish*, than a bag-pipe is to an organ: and that with regard to poetry in particular, considering the incorrigible uncouthness of their measure, and their always writing in rhyme, (to say nothing of their vile double rhymes, nay and frequent false rhymes) it is as impossible to write a fine poem in *French*, as to make fine music upon a Jew's-harp.

Saturday 16. I baptized *Hannah C——*, late a Quaker. God, as usual, bore witness to his ordinance. A solemn awe spread over the whole congregation, and many could not refrain from tears.

Wednesday

Wednesday 20. I received the following letter.

Rev. Sir,

“ The glory of God and the good of mankind are the motives that induce me to write the following—As it is our duty to do all we can to make all around us happy, I think there is one thing which may be done to promote so blessed an end, which will at the same time be very advantageous to them that practise it, namely, To efface all the obscene words which are written on houses, doors, or walls, by evil minded men. This which I recommend to others I constantly practise myself: and if ever I omit doing it, I am severely checked, unless I can produce some good reason for that omission. I do it with a sponge, which for that purpose I carry in my pocket. The advantages I reap from hence are, 1. Peace of conscience in doing my duty. 2. It helps me to conquer the fear of man, which is one of my greatest trials. 3. It is matter of joy, that I can do any, the least service to any one. And as all persons, especially the young, are liable to temptations to impurity, I cannot do too much to remove such temptations, either from myself or others. Perhaps too, when the unhappy writers pass by, and see their bad labours soon effaced, they may be discouraged from pursuing so shameful a work, yea, and brought to a better mind.

“ Perhaps in some places it might not be amiss in the room of what is effaced, to write some serious sentence, or short text of Scripture. And wherever we do this, would it not be well to lift up our heart to God, in behalf of those sinners, in this or the like manner, “ Lord lay not this sin to their charge: Father forgive them: for they know not what they do.”

Monday 25. I began reading that excellent book, *The Gospel-Glass*, to the morning congregation:

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a method which I find more profitable for instruction in righteousness, than any other manner of preaching.

Tuesday 26. I began reading over with the Preachers that were in town, Mr. *Pike's Philosophia Sacra*. It contains the marrow of Mr. *Hutchinson's* Philosophy clearly and modestly proposed. But upon a close examination, I found the proofs were grievously defective. I shall never receive Mr. *Hu*————'s creed, unless *ipso dixit* pass for evidence.

Saturday 30. I yielded to importunity, and spent an hour with poor Mr. *V*——, who was awakened and soon after turned Quaker. I did wonder at it once, but I do not now. One so full of himself might turn Papist or Mahometan.

Monday, November 1. Was a day of triumphant joy, as *All saints* day generally is. How superstitious are they who scruple giving God solemn thanks for the lives and deaths of his saints!

Tuesday 9. Having procured an apparatus on purpose, I ordered several persons to be electrified, who were ill of various disorders: some of whom found an immediate, some a gradual cure. From this time I appointed, first some hours in every week, and afterward some hours in every day, wherein any that desired it, might try the virtue of this surprising medicine. Two or three years after, our patients were so numerous, that we were obliged to divide them: so part were electrified in *Southwark*, part at the *Foundery*: others near *St. Paul's*; and the rest near the *Seven-dials*: the same method we have taken ever since. And to this day, while hundreds, perhaps thousands, have received unspeakable good, I have not known one man, woman or child, who has received any hurt thereby. So that when I hear any talk of the danger of being electrified, (especially if they are medical men who talk so) I cannot but impute it to great want, either of sense or honesty.

Friday

Friday 12: I read over *Leusden's* Dissertation, in defence of the *Hebrew* points, and was fully convinced, there is at least as much to be said, on this as on the other side of the question. But how is it, that men are so positive on both sides, while demonstration is to be had on neither? Certainly to be peremptory and dogmatical can never be so inexcusable, as in a point so doubtful as this!

Monday 22. I read with the Preachers this week the *Glasgow Abridgment* of Mr. *Hutchinson's* works: wherein the abridgers have expressed with surprising exactness, not only his sense, but his very spirit. But in truth I cannot admire either. Nay, I admire his hypothesis less and less: as I see the whole is unsupported by Scripture; very ingenious, but quite precarious.

Wednesday, December 1. One or two remarkable letters were put into my hands. Part of the first ran thus.

"Blessed be God, who desireth not the death of a sinner! It pleased him, not to cut off my son in his sins. He gave him time to repent, and not only so, but a heart to repent. He shewed him his lost estate by nature, and that unless he was reconciled to God by his son, and washed in his blood from all his sins, he could never be saved. After he was condemned at *York* for a robbery on the highway, I attended him in the condemned room. And blessed be God, he enabled me to preach the everlasting gospel to him. It was on Saturday he was condemned. It was on the Saturday following the Lord touched his heart. He then began to wrestle with God in prayer, and left not off till Sunday in the afternoon, when God who rich in mercy, applied the blood of his Son, and convinced him, he had forgiven him all his sins. He felt his soul at peace with God, and longed to depart and to be with Christ. The following week his peace increased daily, till on Saturday, the day he was to die, he came out of the condemned room, clothed in his shroud, and went into the cart.

As he went on, the cheerfulness and composure of his countenance were amazing to all the spectators. At the place of execution, after he had spent some time in prayer, he rose up, took a cheerful leave of his friends, and said, "Glory be to God for free grace." His last words were, "Lord Jesus receive my soul."

Part of the other letter wrote by himself to his wife, was as follows.

"My Dear,

Righteous is the Lord, and just are his judgments! His hand of justice cuts my life short, but his hand of mercy saves my soul. You for one are a witness of the course of life I led. Were it in my power I would gladly make amends, to you and every one else that I have wronged. But seeing it is not, I hope that God and you, and every one else, will accept of my willing mind. In a few hours now I shall be delivered out of this miserable world. But glory be to God, he has given repentance and remission of sins to me, the worst of sinners. He has taken away the sting of death, and I am prepared to meet my God. Let my example encourage every sinner, to forsake sin and come to God through Jesus Christ. As a dying man I give you this advice, Give yourself wholly up to God. Pray to him and never rest, till you have secured an interest in the blood of Christ. Live in his fear, and you (as well as I) shall die in his favour. So no more from,

York Castle,

August 20.

Your dying husband,

Richard Varley."

Monday 6. I began reading to our Preachers the late Bishop of *Corke's* excellent Treatise on *Human Understanding*: in most points far clearer and more judicious than *Mr. Locke's*, as well as designed to advance a better cause.

Friday

Friday 10. A person who was dying of a cancer in her breast, and deeply convinced of sin, sent a post-chaise in which I went to her at *Epsom*. I left her on Saturday morning, in strong hope, she should not go hence, till her eyes had seen his salvation.

In my fragments of time, in the following week, I read Mr. *Hanway's* accurate history of *Shah Nadir*, commonly called *Kouli Khan*: a scourge of God indeed! A prodigy of valour and conduct, but an unparalleled monster of rapine and cruelty. *Alexander the Great*, yea *Nero* or *Domitian*, was an innocent in comparison of him.

Sunday 26. I buried the remains of *Joseph Yarnier*, an Israelite indeed. The peace which filled his heart during his last hours, gave such a bloom to his very countenance, as remained after death, to the surprize of all who remembered the cloud that used to hang upon it.

Monday, January 3, 1757. I visited a poor dying backslider, full of good resolutions. But who can tell, when these imply a real change of heart? And when they do not, when they spring from fear only, what will they avail before God?

Monday 10. I walked to Bishop *Bonner's*, with Mr. D——, lately entered at *Cambridge*, full of good resolutions. May God continue him humble and simple of heart! Then his sense and learning will do him good. But how great are the odds against him?

Saturday 22. I called upon one who did run well for several years. But for a considerable time he had cast off the very form of religion. Yet his heart was utterly hardened. He determined to set out once more. And since that time, he has been more confirmed in walking suitably to the gospel.

Friday 28. Mr. *Meier*, chaplain to one of the *Hanoverian* regiments, called and spent an hour with me. I am surprized at the seriousness of all the German ministers, with whom I have had

occasion to converse: entirely different from that periness and affectation of wit, which is too common in our own country.

The following letter (which I received two or three months after) was dated on this day.

“ Though you and I may differ in some little things, I have long loved you and your brother, and wished and prayed for your success, as zealous revivers of experimental christianity. If I differ from you in temper and design, or in the essentials of religion, I am sure the error must lie on my side. Blessed be God for hearts to love one another!

As I knew your correspondence must be very extensive, and your labours various and incessant, I intended to have kept my peculiar love for you a secret, till we arrived where seas shall no more roll between us. But your late pious charity constrains me to give you the trouble of a letter. I am confident God will attend it with his blessing, and render you useful at the distance of near four thousand miles.

How great is the honour God has conferred upon you, in making you a restorer of declining religion? And after struggling through so much opposition, and standing almost single, with what pleasure must you behold so many raised up, zealous in the same cause, though perhaps not ranked under the same name, nor openly corrected with you!

I am endeavouring in my poor manner, to promote the same cause in this part of our guilty globe. My success is not equal to my wishes; but it vastly surpasses both my deserts and my expectation. I have baptized near an hundred and fifty adult Negroes, of whom about sixty are communicants. Unpolished as they are, I find some of them have the heart to dissemble. But, blessed be God, the generality of them, as far as I can learn, are real Christians. And I have no doubt, but sundry of them are genuine children of
Abraham.

Abraham. Among them; in the first place, and then among the poor white people, I have distributed the books you sent me.

- I desire you to communicate this to your brother, as equally intended for him. And let me and my congregation, particularly my poor Negro converts, be favoured with your prayers. In return for which, I hope neither you nor your cause will be forgotten, by

Reverend Sir,

Your affectionate Fellow-labourer;

Hanover (in Virginia,)

and obliged Servant,

Jan. 28, 1757.

Samuel Davis.

Sunday 30. Knowing God was able to strengthen me for his own work, I officiated at *Snowfields*, as usual, before I went to *West-street*, where the service took me up between four and five hours. I preached in the evening and met the Society; and my strength was as my day. I felt no more weariness at night, than at eight in the morning.

Sunday, February 6. The number of communicants at *Spitalfields*, made this Lord's day a little more laborious than the former. But God added proportionably to my strength. So I felt no difference.

Thursday 10. At the request of the author, I took some pains, in correcting an ingenious book, shortly to be published. But the more I consider them, the more I doubt, of all systems of astronomy. I doubt whether we can certainly know, either the distance or magnitude of any star in the firmament. Else why Astronomers so immensely differ, even with regard to the distance of the sun from the earth? Some affirming it to be only twelve, other ninety millions of miles!

About this time the following note was given into my hand at *Wapping*.

John

" *John White*, master at Arms, aboard his Majesty's ship *Tartar*, now at *Plymouth*, desires to return Almighty God thanks, for himself and all the ship's company, for their preservation in four different engagements they have had with four privateers which they had taken: particularly the last, wherein the enemy first boarded them. They cleared the deck, boarded in their turn, and took the ship, thirty of the enemy being killed, and fifty more wounded. Only two of our crew were wounded, who it is hoped, will recover."

Wednesday 16. Calling on a friend, I found him just seized with all the symptoms of a pleurisy. I advised him to apply a brimstone-plaister, and in a few hours he was perfectly well. Now, to what end should this patient have taken a heap of drugs, and lost twenty ounces of blood? "To what end? Why, to oblige the Doctor and Apothecary." Enough! Reason good!

Tuesday 22. I preached at *Deptford*. Even this wilderness does at length *bloſſom and bud as the roſe*. Never was there such life in this flock before, nor such an increase in the number of hearers.

The following letter was wrote on Saturday 28.

" Rev. and dear Sir,

" When I was at *Freshford*, on January 30, in the morning, I scrupled singing those words,

Ye now afflicted are,
And hated for his name,
And in your bodies bear
The tokens of the lamb.

I thought I was not afflicted or hated for the name of Christ, But this scruple was soon removed. For at *Bradford*, in the evening, I was prest for a soldier, and carried to an Inn, where the gentlemen were. Mr. *Pearse* hearing of it, came, and offered bail for my appearance the next day.
They

They said, "They would take his word for ten thousand pounds. But not for me: I must go to the Roundhouse:" the little stone-room on the side of the bridge. So thither I was conveyed by five soldiers. There I found nothing to sit on but a stone, and nothing to lie on but a little straw. But soon after a friend sent me a chair, on which I sat all night. I had a double guard, twelve soldiers in all: two without, one in the door, and the rest within. I passed the night without sleep, but not without rest; for, blessed be God, my peace was not broken a moment. My body was in prison; but I was Christ's freeman: my soul was at liberty. And even there I found some work to do for God: I had a fair opportunity, of speaking to them who durst not leave me. And I hope it was not in vain.

In the morning I had leave to go to a private house, with only one soldier to guard me. About three in the afternoon I was carried before the Commissioners, and part of the Act read, which impowered them to take "Such able-bodied men, as followed no business, and had no lawful or sufficient maintenance." Then I said, "If these are the men you are to take, I am not a proper person. For I do follow a lawful calling in partnership with my brother, and have also an estate." The justice said, "If you will make oath of that, I think we must let you go." But the Commissioners said, "No man could swear for himself." I said, "Gentlemen, give me time, and you shall have a full proof." After a long debate they took a fifty pound bond, for my appearance on that day three weeks. All the time I could bless God that he counted me worthy to suffer for his name's sake.

"The next day I set out for *Cornwall*. I tarried at home four days, and then setting out with my brother *James*, came to *Bradford* last Saturday. On Monday in the afternoon I appeared before the Commissioners, with the writings of my estate. When

When the justice had perused them, and my brother had taken his oath, I was set at liberty. So the fierceness of man turns to God's praise, and all this is for the furtherance of the gospel. I hope you will return God thanks for my deliverance out of the hands of unreasonable and wicked men.

William Hitchens."

Sunday 27. After the service at *Snowsfields*, I found myself much weaker than usual, and feared I should not be able to go through the work of the day, which is equal to preaching eight times. I therefore prayed that God would send me help: and as soon as I had done preaching at *West-street*, a Clergyman who came to town for a few days, came and offered me his service. So when I asked for strength, God gave me strength: when for help, he gave this also.

I had been long desired to see the little flock at *Norwich*. But this I could not decently do, till I was able to rebuild part of the Foundery there, to which I was engaged by my lease. A sum sufficient for that end was now unexpectedly given me, by one of whom I had no personal knowledge. So I set out on Monday 28, and preached in *Norwich* on Tuesday evening. Mr. *Walsh* had been there twelve or fourteen days; and not without a blessing. After preaching I entered into contract with a Builder, and gave him part of the money in hand. On Wednesday and Thursday I settled all our spiritual and temporal business, and on Friday and Saturday returned with Mr. *Walsh* to *London*.

Sunday 6. I had no help, and I wanted none; for God renewed my strength. But on Sunday 13, finding myself weak at *Snowsfields*, I prayed (if he saw good) that God would send me help at the chapel. And I had it. A Clergyman whom I never saw before, came and offered me his assistance. And as soon as I had done preaching,
Mr,

Mr. *Fletcher* came, who had just been ordained Priest, and hastened to the chapel, on purpose to assist, as he supposed me to be alone.

Monday 14. I went with *T. Walsk* to *Canterbury*, where I preached in the evening with great enlargement of spirit: but with greater in the morning, being much refreshed at the sight of so large a number of soldiers. And is not God able to kindle the same fire in the fleet, which he has already begun to kindle in the army?

Wednesday 16. I had the satisfaction to find an old stout-hearted sinner, who had been defying God for near fourscore years, now become as a little child, and complaining of his own ignorance and ingratitude to God.

Friday 18. I returned to *London*.

Sunday 20. Mr. *Fletcher* helped me again. How wonderful are the ways of God! When my bodily strength failed, and none in *England* were able and willing to assist me, He sent me help from the mountains of *Switzerland*! And an help meet for me in every respect: where could I have found such another?

Friday 25. After I had read to a serious Clergyman, the conclusion of "The doctrine of original sin, he moved, that we might spend some time in prayer." And I found great liberty of spirit, in praying for Dr. *Taylor*, and a strong hope, that God would shew him *the truth as it is in Jesus*.

About this time, many of the children of God rested from their labours.

On Sunday 13, I buried *Elizabeth Langdon*, who after severe inward trials, was for several days in great pain, but in great peace.

On Sunday, 20 I buried *Hannah Lee*, a pattern of industry, meekness and patience.

And on Sunday 27, I buried *Mary Naylor*, who for several years was a most eminent pattern, of truly Christian courage, plainness of speech, and plainness of apparel. A week before, I had an opportunity of telling her all that was in my heart, concerning

concerning her change, (not for the better) in all these particulars. In the beginning of her illness, she was in great darkness and distress of soul. But while prayer was made for her, her bodily pain ceased, and her soul received comfort.

And on Monday 21, Just at midnight, she quietly fell asleep.

Wednesday 30. I rode to a gentleman's near *Beconsfield* and preached at six in the evening, in a large, convenient place, filled with serious hearers, several of whom had come five or six miles.

Saturday 31. I was earnestly importuned, to go over to *High Wycombe*. I went and preached there at noon, on *the parable of the sower*. Perhaps some of the seed which has been sown here for many years, will at length bring forth fruit.

At six it seemed as if the whole town of *Beconsfield* was assembled together. And I bear them witness, they gave earnest heed, high and low, to the things which were spoken. A large number of them were present in the morning.

On Friday, April 1. Fair beginnings these! But *he that endureth to the end, shall be saved*.

In returning to *London*, I read a Tract on "the Law of Nature," wrote by a Counsellor of *Geneva*. I am sorry to find Dr. *Taylor's* poison, spread to the *Alps* also! And even printed and published at *Genoa*, without any hindrance or animadversion!

Sunday 3. I paid one more visit to *Thomas Singleton*, an amiable young man, called away at five and twenty, in the dawn of a flourishing business. The next day his spirit returned to God.

On Good-Friday in the evening at the meeting of the Society, God was eminently present with us. I read over and enlarged upon *Joseph Alleine's* Directions for a thorough conversion to God; and desired, that all who were able would meet me on Monday, that we might *perform our vows unto the Lord*.

Monday

Monday 11. At five in the evening about twelve hundred of the Society met me, at *Spitalfields*. I expected two to help me, but none came. I held out till between seven and eight. I was then scarce able to walk or speak : but I looked up and received strength. At half an hour after nine, God broke in mightily upon the congregation. *Great indeed was our glorying in him : we were filled with consolation.* And when I returned home between ten and eleven, I was no more tired than at ten in the morning.

Tuesday 12. I set out at five for *Bedford*. About seven the rain began, It did not intermit till noon, and was driven upon us by a most furious wind. In the afternoon we had some intervals of fair weather, and before five we reached *Bedford*.

Mr. *Parker*, now Mayor, received us gladly. He hath not borne the sword in vain. There is no cursing or swearing heard in these streets : no work done on the Lord's-day. Indeed there is no open wickedness of any kind now to be seen in *Bedford*. O what may not one Magistrate do, who has a single eye and a confidence in God ?

Both in the evening and the following morning, I preached the law, as well as the gospel. The next evening I preached on, *All things are ready : come ye to the marriage.* And God eminently confirmed his word. It seemed as if not one would be left behind.

Wednesday 14. We rode to *Leicester*, where *John Brandan* has gathered a small Society. I preached at seven. The house (supposed to contain a thousand people) was thoroughly filled. I believe there were forty or fifty soldiers : and all heard, as for life.

Thursday 15. Being informed the strait road to *Birmingham* was scarce passable, we went round by *Coventry*. Before six we reached *Birmingham*.

Saturday 16. I spoke to each member of the Society. What havock have the two opposite extremes, mysticism and antinomianism made, among this once earnest and simple people! Had it not been good for those men, not to have been born, by whom these little ones have been offended?

In the afternoon I rode to *Dudley*, where the work of God increases greatly, notwithstanding the immense scandal which has been given, by those who once rejoiced in the love of God. One of these has lately killed his own child, by a blow upon the head. After preaching I talked with *M. B.* who has been long *a mother in Israel*. "I was under strong convictions, said she, when twelve or thirteen years old, and soon after found peace with God. But I lost it by degrees, and then contented myself with living a quiet, harmless life, till *Mr. Charles Wesley* came to *Wensbury*, in the year 1742. Soon after this my convictions returned though not with terror, as before, but with strong hope, and in a little time, I recovered peace and joy in believing. This I never lost since, but for forty-eight hours (by speaking angrily to my child.) Not long after, *Mr. Jones* talked particularly with me, about the wickedness of my heart. I went home in great trouble, which did not cease, till one day, sitting in my house, I heard a voice say, in my inmost soul "Be ye holy; for I am holy." From that hour for a year and a quarter, (though I never lost my peace) I did nothing but long, and weep, and pray, for inward holiness. I was then sitting one day, Aug. 23, 1744, about eight in the morning, musing and praying as usual, when I seemed to hear a loud voice, saying at once to my heart and to my outward ears, "This day shall salvation come to this house." I ran up stairs and presently the power of God, came upon me, so that I shook all over like a leaf. Then a voice said, "This day is salvation come to this house." At the instant I felt an entire change. I was full of love, and full of

of God. I had the witness in myself, That he had made an end of sin, and taken my whole heart for ever. And from that moment, I have never lost the witness, nor felt any thing in my heart but pure love."

Sunday 17. The rain constrained me to preach within at eight, though the house would ill contain the congregation: but we prayed, that God, if he saw good, would *stay the bottles of heaven*, for the sake of that at *Wednesbury*. And before we came thither, the rain stayed, so that I proclaimed Christ crucified, in the open air, to such a congregation as no house could have contained. At five I preached to a still larger congregation, on *He that believeth shall be saved*. As soon as I had done, the rain returned, and continued great part of the night.

Monday 18. In the evening I preached at *Bilbrook*, to an earnest congregation, and joined twenty of them in a Society: one of whom had Christ clearly revealed in him, thirty years ago. But he could find none who understood what he said, till the Methodists, (so called) came. He clave to them immediately, rejoicing with them and over them, who were partakers of like precious faith.

Tuesday 19. Between *Nantwich* and *Poole*, a thick, black cloud came across us, out of which issued such a violent wind, as was ready to bear us off our horses. But in five minutes time, the wind fell, and the cloud bore clear away.

Wednesday 20. The congregation at *Chester* in the evening was as quiet and serious as that at the *Foundery*: and the Society was near a third part larger, than when I was here in Autumn.

Thursday 21. I rode to *Liverpool*, where I found about half of those I left in the Society. *James S——*, had swept away the rest, in order to which he had told lies innumerable. But none who make lies their refuge will prosper. A little while and his building will moulder away.

Sunday 24. We had two very useful sermons at St. Thomas's church: the one, on *counting the cost*, before we *begin to build*; the other on, *Be ye angry, and sin not*. And both of them were exactly suitable to the present case of many in the congregation.

The upper part of the high spire of the church, was blown down in the late storm. The stones being bound together by strong iron-cramps, hung waving in the air for some time. Then they broke through roof, gallery, pews and pavement, and made a deep dint in the ground.

Monday 25. I walked to the Infirmary, standing on a hill, at the North-end of the town. The seamen's hospital is joined to it, on each side, by semi-circular piazzas. All is extremely clean and neat, at least equal to any thing in London. The old seamen have smaller or larger allowance, according to their families. So that nothing is wanting to make their lives easy and comfortable—but the love of God.

I afterward spent an hour with Mr. *Peter Whitfield*, a man of strong understanding and various learning. His dissertation in defence of the *Hebrew* points (which he sent me the next morning) is far more satisfactory than any thing, which I ever heard or read upon the subject.

Thursday 28. I talked with one, who by the advice of his pastor, had very calmly and deliberately, beat his wife with a large stick, till she was black and blue, almost from head to foot. And he insisted, "It was his duty so to do, because she was surly and ill-natured. And that he was full of faith all the time he was doing it, and had been so ever since!"

Saturday 30. I took a view of the Free-school, a truly noble benefaction. Here seventy boys and thirty girls are entirely provided for. The building forms three sides of a square, and is rather elegant than magnificent. The children are taught to work, in their several ways, as well as to read
and

and write. The school, the dining-rooms and the lodgings are all plain and clean. The whole was the gift of one man, Mr. *Blundell*, a merchant of *Liverpool*.

Monday, May 2. I preached at *Warrington* about noon, to a wild, staring people (very few excepted) who seemed just ripe for mischief. But the *bridle* was in *their jaws*. In the evening I preached at *Manchester*.

Wednesday 4. I rode over to *Hayfield*, and preached at one in the church, to a congregation, gathered from all parts.

Thursday 5. I enquired of *John Johnson*, concerning *Miss Berresford*. The sum of his account was this. She was always an innocent, sober young woman, having the form of godliness, till she was convinced of sin, and soon after justified. She was a pattern both of piety and industry. Notwithstanding her fortune and her sickness, she was never unemployed; when she had no other work, working for the poor. And the whole tenor of her conversation was such, that it is still a common saying, "If *Miss Berresford* is not gone to heaven, no body ever will."

She had a vehement love to the word of God, and spared no pains in order to hear it. Frequently she would not go to bed all night, lest she should miss the morning preaching. She lost no opportunity of meeting with her brethren, to whom her heart was closely united: nor was she afraid or ashamed to own the poorest of them, wherever she met them, and whatever company she was in. The very sight of them occasioned joy in her soul, which she neither could, nor desired to hide.

When her weakness confined her to her room, she rejoiced with joy unspeakable: more especially when she was delivered from all her doubts, concerning Christian perfection. Never was any one more athirst for this, for the whole mind that was in Christ. And she earnestly exhorted all her brethren, vehemently to press after it.

The more her bodily strength decayed, the more she was strengthened in spirit. She called upon all that were with her, "Help me to rejoice; help me to praise God." Having no fear, but a jealousy over herself, lest she should exceed in her desire to be with Christ.

As soon as I came to *Ashbourn*, she sent for me and broke out, "I am just at my journey's end. What a mercy, that I who have done so little for God, should be so soon taken up to him! O, I am full of the love of God: I dare not exercise my faith fully upon God: the glory of the Lord is so great, that I cannot bear it. I am overwhelmed. My natural life is almost gone, with the brightness of his presence. Sometimes I am even forced to cry out, "Lord, stay thy hand, till I come into glory." I asked, "Have you lately felt any remains of sin in you?" She said I felt pride some weeks ago." And it seems, this was the last time she added, I have now no will: the will of God is mine. I can bring my dearest friends before the Lord. And while I am praying for them, the glory of the Lord so overpowers me, that I am lost, and adore in silence the God of heaven." She cried out, "Tell all from me, That perfection is attainable, and exhort all to press after it. What a blessing is it, that I have no weary hours? Tho' I am confined to my bed, night and day, and can take scarce any thing but water to refresh me, yet I am like a giant refreshed with wine."

Afterward she broke out, If I had lived in what the world calls pleasure, what a miserable creature should I have been now? What should I be, if I had no God on my side? When the fire has made me bright, then shall I go to my God."

She prayed largely for all states of mankind; but particularly, for the prosperity of the church; and for the Society at *Ashbourn*, that God would continue and increase his work among them.

When

When she altered for death, she called for her mother and brothers, to each of whom she gave an earnest exhortation. Then she said, "Now I have no more to do here. I am ready to die. Send to Mr. W. and tell him, I am sorry, I did not sooner believe the doctrine of perfect holiness. Blessed be God, I now know it to be the truth!" After greatly rejoicing in God for two days more, she said one morning, "I dreamed last night, I heard a voice, 'Christ will come to-day for his bride. It is for me. He will come for me to-day.'" And a few hours after, without one struggle, or sigh, or groan, she sweetly fell asleep.

One who was intimately acquainted with her, writes thus: Glory be to God for the blessed privilege I enjoyed, of being with her, night and day, for a month before she died. When I went to her first, she had kept her bed some days, and was extremely weak. And yet she spoke considerably plainer, than ever I heard her in my life. She called as soon as I entered the room, "My dear friend, give me your hand. Let us rejoice that my time is so near approaching. Do not mourn: you know it is what we expected." I was soon brought to wish her safe on the happy shore. She said, "This is true friendship. But how is it that I do not feel greater transports of love, now I am so near the time of seeing my Lord face to face? Indeed I am ashamed to approach him, before whom the angels veil their faces!" She often said, "I take it as a fresh token of his love, that he sent you to me at this time." Her pains were great: but she bore all with invincible patience and resignation, and often said, "I find it good for me to be afflicted: in his time I shall come out thoroughly purified." Afterward she said, "I experience more upon this bed, of my own nothingness, and the free grace of God in Christ, than ever I did in all my life." The best of my performances would be damnable without Christ.

Several

Several days before her death, her love was so great that she cried, "I am overcome, I am overcome, I am overcome." And when she had strength to speak, she praised God in a wonderful manner. Even when she was light headed, her talk was wholly concerning the things of God. She called to Mr. *Wesley*, as if he had been by her, and said, "O Sir, how hard it is for the rich to enter into the kingdom of heaven? I am saved. But I am but just saved." When her fever abated, she told me, "She had dreamed that she was with him." And sometimes I could scarce persuade her but he had been there.

She after asked, "If I saw no more appearance of death in her face yet?" When I told her, there was, she begged I would indulge her with a looking-glass. And looking earnestly into it, she said with transport, "I never saw myself with so much pleasure in my life."

On Saturday morning at six she said, "My Saviour will come to-day, and fetch his bride." Yet about eight she said, "If you had felt what I have done this morning, it would have killed you. I had lost sight of God." (Perhaps in the last conflict *with principalities and powers*) From this time she was filled with joy, but spoke little. Her eyes were lifted up to heaven, till her soul was released, with so much ease, that I did not know when she drew her last breath.

So died *Judith Berresford*, as it were an hundred years old, at the age of four and twenty. A little more of her life and of her spirit, may be learned from one or two of her letters.

"How can you love me, since there is still such a mixture of evil in all I say or do? But why should I ask this question? The Lord himself loves me: and in the late dispensations of his Providence, he has mercifully discovered to me some sins of a refined nature, which before I was almost ignorant of, and now wait and pray to be delivered from. And I can joyfully add, the

Lord

Lord is nigh to all that call upon him. He will fulfil my desire, though not as I desired——His way and his will are best. But how long shall I acknowledge this, without implicitly submitting to it? My own will I am apt to think good in such cases, and to grieve when it is crost. So that I easily discern how needful it is for me to be tried, and made to sacrifice to the Lord of that which costs me something. I need not say, for the above, alas! will tell you, I cannot answer all your questions in the affirmative. For did I continually find God present with me, and always walk in the light of his countenance, most surely there could be no part dark in me. Yet this I can say, that I see his hand stretched out to save and to deliver. And my trust is, that before I go hence, I shall behold all his salvation. And if it can serve any good purpose, he will open my lips to declare his praise, and let a poor creature glorify him in her death. For this I pray, and rejoice in hope, knowing the God whom I serve is able to fulfil in me all the good pleasure of his will, and the work of faith with power.

As to the shadows of this world, I think I may truly say, they are as nothing to me. The evil (for certainly it must be some) that at times interposes between God and my soul, is I believe of a mere spiritual nature. The stirrings of pride I sometimes feel, and I trust, shall bewail as long as one spark remains.

My dear friend, adieu! I trust we shall have an happy meeting at last. In the mean time I am persuaded, a few lines from you would add greatly to my peace and comfort.

I am,
Your very loving, and (I hope)
obedient child,

J. B.

Sept. 7, 1756.

In

In answer to a letter wherein I desired some account of her experience, she wrote as follows.

“ How does it add to the glory of the Almighty Saviour, that from my very infancy, this rebel heart has felt the drawings of his love? Therefore since you desire to know, how I was first convinced, that I was a poor, guilty sinner, I must begin with saying, that goodness and mercy have followed me all my days. But I know not how to proceed, the workings of sin and grace that I have felt are beyond description. Yet out of the mouth of babes and sucklings the Lord can perfect praise.

My childhood was spent in much simplicity and peace. The Lord drew me to himself with the cords of love, and I found great joy in pouring out my soul before him. Original sin I was quite ignorant of but actual sins I felt and bewailed, and after some time spent in weeping for them I felt peace, and renewed my resolutions. But they could not last long: for pride, envy, and all manner of evil, now sprung up in my heart. Yet at times I had strong convictions, and often resolved to be very serious when I was older.

So I went on from eight or ten years old, till seventeen. Then I was indeed as bad as bad could be; desiring nothing but to be admired, and was filled with all the foolish vanity, which poor young women are most prone to. Christmas 1750, I was advised to partake of the Lord's-Supper. I knew it was right, but was conscious of my ignorance and unfitness for it. However I endeavoured to prepare myself, and was pretty well satisfied, after I had made a formal confession of my sins, and shed some tears for them.

About this time there was a great talk of Methodism, and a cousin of mine was brought to seek the Lord. I went to visit her in January 1751, and told her before I came away, “ I knew I was not what I ought to be, and should be glad to be instructed.” From this time we carried on a correspondence,

respondence, and by degrees light broke in upon my heart. But alas! though I well knew, that in me was no good thing, and seemed to disclaim my own righteousness, yet the idol lurked within, and I really trusted in my own prayers and other duties. In this manner I went on that whole year, toward the end of which my corruptions were more violent. Sin took occasion by the commandment, and I was often ready to be carried away by the torrent.

February 1752, It pleased God to take my dear friend. This appeared to me a heavy judgment. Yet I afterwards saw how it was tempered with mercy, as it taught me, to trust in none but the everlasting arm. Her death happily proved the occasion of her elder sister's conversion. The blessing of a Christian friend was restored to me, and we received each other as from the Lord.

In 53 and 54 I had great outward afflictions, and at times strong inward conflicts, though blessed be God, I generally found comfort in pouring out my complaints before him. But towards the end of 1754, I began to feel my hope decline: and for several nights in secret prayer I was in strong agony of spirit. The Lord then, while I was upon my knees, striped off all my fig-leaves. At the same time he shewed me the all-sufficiency of Jesus Christ to save sinners, to save me, the chief, and I was enabled to cry out, "My Lord, and my God! I have redemption in thy blood." From this happy time I went on my way rejoicing, though I was at times grievously assaulted both by the stirrings of my old corruptions, and temptations, from the devil, blasphemous thoughts in particular. I always experienced something of this before the sacrament: but the Lord made a way for me to escape.

In the beginning of the year 1755 we had preaching near *Ashbourn*. This I had wished for long. And now I was honoured with suffering a little for the name of Christ. At first I was rather ashamed:

ashamed: but the Lord strengthened me. And so great a blessing did I find, by conversing with these dear people, that I feared none of those things, which I did, or might suffer. My acquaintance were now less fond of my company, and they that looked upon me shook their heads. This proved an unspeakable blessing: for often had I cause to fear the love of men.

From the time of my becoming serious, or rather beginning to aim at it, my health visibly declined. This at first occasioned me some trouble; because all cried out, "It was being too religious." But afterwards I saw great mercy in this chastisement and the consequences of it: one of which was, that I had a *just excuse*, even in the judgment of others, for refraining from many things which in my circumstances could not otherwise have been avoided, without great opposition from those who were near and dear unto me. Not that I ever fasted: God knows I have been deficient in this as well as every other duty. But I had an happy liberty of using some little self-denial: for which the Lord be praised!

O how has he led me and carried me in his bosom! Is it not wonderful? And yet I have not told you a tenth part. But the time fails. And my strength fails. Praise God with me, and let us magnify his name together.

Oct. 1. 1756.

I believe this was one of the last letters she wrote. Shortly after she was called hence.

"So unaffected, so compos'd a mind,
So firm, yet soft, so strong, yet so refin'd,
Heaven as it's purest gold with torture tri'd:
The saint sustain'd it; but the woman di'd."

An account of a widely different nature I received about this time from Ireland, "Thomas B. about three miles from Tyrel's Pass, was at the point

point of death, by a violent rupture: While they were praying for him in the Society, he was at once restored to perfect health. He continued in health for several years, and in the knowledge and love of God. But no sooner did he return to folly, than his disorder returned. And in some months it put an end to his life. He died as stupid as an ox."

Monday 9. I rode over the mountains to *Huddersfield*. A wilder people I never saw in *England*. The men, women, and children, filled the street as we rode along, and appeared just ready to devour us. They were however tolerably quiet while I preached: only, a few pieces of dirt were thrown: and the bell-man came in the middle of the sermon; but was stopped by a gentleman of the town. I had almost done, when they began to ring the bells; so that it did us small disservice. How intolerable a thing is the gospel of Christ, to them who are resolved to serve the devil!

Wednesday 11. I preached about one at *Wakefield*, in a small meadow near the town. When I began, the sun shone exceeding hot; but in a few minutes it was covered with clouds. The congregation was more quiet and serious than ever I saw there before. Almost as soon as I had done speaking, the sun broke out again.

Thursday 12. I finished Dr. *Roger's* "Essay on the Learning of the Antients." I think he has clearly proved, that they had Microscopes and Telescopes, and knew all that is valuable in the modern astronomy. But indeed he has fully shewn the whole frame of this, to be quite uncertain, if not self-contradictory.

The latter end of the week I spent at *Bradford*.

Sunday 15. At five the house contained the congregation; but at eight they covered the plain adjoining to it. The sun was hot, till the clouds interposed: it was a solemn and comfortable season. As soon as the service of the church was ended, I began at the end of the house again and

exhorted a willingly multitude, to *follow after charity*. A shower of rain and hail fell as I drew to a conclusion; but it did not disturb the congregation.

Soon after I took horse for *Birstal*. The congregation here was treble to that at *Bradford*. But as they stood one above another, on the circular slope of the hill, my voice commanded them all. Though I spoke longer than I usually do, I found no weariness or weakness. Shall not *they that trust in the Lord renew their strength*? Yea, as long as the sun and moon endureth.

On Monday and Tuesday I preached in the neighbouring towns.

Wednesday 18. I rode in the afternoon from *Halifax*, over the huge, but extremely pleasant and fruitful mountains to *Heptonstall*. A large congregation was waiting for us, not only on the ground, but on the side and tops of the neighbouring houses. But no scoffer or trifler was seen among them. It rained in the adjoining valley, all or most of the time that I was preaching. But it was fair with us, on the top of the mountain. What an emblem of God's taking up his people into a place of safety, while the storm falls on all below.

Here I was informed of the earthquake the day before. On Tuesday, May 17. Many persons in several parts within five or six miles, heard a strange noise under the ground, which some compared to thunder, others to the rumbling of carts: quickly after they felt the earth rock under them, and wave to and fro. Many which were within doors heard their pewter and glass clatter, many in the fields felt the ground shake under their feet: and all agreed as to the time, though they knew nothing of each others account.

Thursday 19. I preached at *Ewood* about seven, not intending to preach again till the evening. But Mr. *Grimshaw* begged I would give them one sermon at *Gawtham*, after which we climbed up the

the enormous mountain, I think equal to any I saw in *Germany*, on the brow of which we were saluted, by a severe shower, which an high wind drove full in our faces, almost till we came to *Haslenden*. Here I learned, that the earthquake observed near *Heptonstall*, had been sensibly felt by very many persons, from *Bingley*, three miles Eastward of *Kighley*, to the neighbourhood of *Preston*. It was every where preceded by an hoarse rumbling, about three o'clock: so that in a few minutes it had run from East to West, between fifty and sixty miles.

Friday 20. I preached near *Paddiham* at eight, to a large, wild congregation: about noon at *Rough Lee*, where those who stood firm in the storm, had melted away in the calm. At *Kighley* I had neither voice nor strength left. But while I was preaching my strength returned.

Saturday 21. I had a little conference with our Preachers, In the afternoon I preached at *Bingley*. I have not lately seen so genteel a congregation: yet the word of God fell heavy upon them.

Sunday 22. After preaching at five, I took horse for *Haworth*. A December storm met us upon the mountain. But this did not hinder such a congregation, as the church could not contain. I suppose we had near a thousand communicants, and scarce a trifler among them. In the afternoon, the church not containing more than a third of the people, I was constrained to be in the church-yard. The rain began as soon as I began to speak. But they regarded it not. For God sent into their hearts

The former and the latter rain:
The love of God, and love of man.

Monday 23. I took horse at four. It rained till noon without any intermission. And we had heavy showers in the afternoon. However we reached *Ambleside* in the evening.

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Tuesday

Tuesday 24. We rode by *Keswick* to *Whitehaven*. Within a few miles of the town, I was so tired that I could scarce either ride or walk. But all weariness was gone before I had preached a quarter of an hour.

Wednesday 25. I was surprised to see not only hedges and shrubs without a green leaf upon them, but abundance of trees likewise naked as in the depth of winter. Upon enquiring I found that on the 23d of October a violent wind had gone through all these parts, which not only threw down chimnies, walls, and barns, and tore up trees by the root, but scorched every green thing that it touched, as with fire, so that all the leaves immediately fell off, and not only bushes and fruit-trees, but elms, oaks and firs, withered away to the very roots.

Friday 27. I preached at *Branthwait* about noon. Many of the congregation came from far. The rain was suspended from ten till evening, so that they had opportunity both of coming and returning. This also was an answer to prayer. And is any such too little to be remembered?

Whitsunday, May 29. After preaching at eight and at two, I hastened to *Cockermouth*. I began without delay, and cried to a listening multitude, *If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.* The word had free course. Even the gentry desired to drink of the *living water*.

Monday 30. I rode to *Wigton*, a neat, well-built town, on the edge of *Cumberland*. I preached in the Market-place at twelve. The congregation was large and heavily attentive. Between four and five we crossed *Solway Frith*, and before seven reached an ill-looking house, called *The Brow*, which we came to by mistake, having passed the house we were directed to. I believe God directed us better than man. Two young women, we found, kept the house, who had lost both their parents; their mother very lately. I had great liberty in praying with them and for them. Who
knows

knows but God will fasten something upon them, which they will not easily shake off?

Tuesday 31. I breakfasted at *Dumfries*, and spent an hour with a poor backslider of *London*, who had been some years settled there. We then rode through an uncommonly-pleasant country, (so widely distant is common report from truth) to *Thorny-hill*, two or three miles from the Duke of *Queensborough's* seat, an antient and noble pile of building, delightfully situated, on the side of a pleasant and fruitful hill. But it gives no pleasure to its owner: for he does not even behold it with his eyes. Surely this is a sore evil under the sun: a man has all things, and enjoys nothing.

We rode afterward partly over, and partly between some of the finest mountains, I believe, in *Europe*, higher than most, if not, than any in *England*, and clothed with grass to the very top. Soon after four we came to *Lead-hill*, a little town at the foot of the mountains, wholly inhabited by miners.

Wednesday, June 1. We rode on to *Glasgow*: a mile short of which, we met Mr. *Gillies*, riding out to meet us.

In the evening the tent (so they call a covered pulpit) was placed in the yard of the Poor-house, a very large and commodious place. Fronting the pulpit was the Infirmary, with most of the patients at or near the windows. Adjoining to this was the Hospital for lunatics: several of them gave deep attention. And cannot God give them also the spirit of a sound mind? After sermon, they brought four children to baptize. I was at the Kirk in the morning, while the Minister baptized several, immediately after sermon. So I was not at a loss, as to their manner of baptizing. I believe this removed much prejudice.

Friday 3. At seven the congregation was increased, and an earnest attention sat on every face. In the afternoon we walked to the College and saw the new library, with the collection of pictures.

Many of them are by *Raphael, Rubens, Vandyke*, and other eminent hands. But they have not room to place them to advantage, their whole building being very small.

Saturday 4. I walked through all parts of the old Cathedral, a very large and once beautiful structure; I think, more lofty than that at *Canterbury*, and of nearly the same length and breadth. We then went up the main steeple, which gave us a fine prospect, both of the city and the adjacent country. A more fruitful and better cultivated plain, is scarce to be seen in *England*. Indeed nothing is wanting but trade (which would naturally bring more people) to make a great part of *Scotland* no way inferior to the best counties in *England*.

I was much pleased with the seriousness of the people in the evening. But still I prefer the *English* congregation. I cannot be reconciled to men sitting at prayer, or covering their heads while they are singing praise to God.

Sunday 5. At seven the congregation was just as large as my voice could reach. And I did not spare them at all. So if any will deceive himself I am clear of his blood. In the afternoon, it was judged two thousand at least, went away, not being able to hear. But several thousands heard very distinctly, the evening being calm and still. After preaching I met as many as desired it, of the praying Societies. I earnestly advised them, to meet Mr. *Gillies* every week: and at their other meetings, not to talk loosely and in general (as their manner had been) on some head of religion, but to examine each others hearts and lives.

Monday 6. We took horse early, and in three hours reached the *Kirk of Shots*: where the landlord seemed to be unusually affected, by a few minutes conversation: as did also the woman of the house where we dined. We came to *Musselborough* at five. I went to an Inn, and sent for Mr. *Bailiff Lindsey*, whom I had seen several years ago.
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He came immediately, and desired me, to make his house my home. At seven I preached in the Poor-house to a large and deeply attentive congregation. But the number of people making the room extremely hot, I preached in the morning before the door. Speaking afterwards to the members of the Society, I was agreeably surprized, to find more than two-thirds knew in whom they had believed, and the tree was known by its fruits. The national shyness and stubbornness were gone, and they were as open and teachable as little children. At seven five or six and forty of the fifty dragoons, and multitudes of the townspeople attended. Is the time come, that even these *Scots* should become fools for Christ's sake?

Wednesday 8. I rode to *Dunbar*. Here also I found a little Society, most of them rejoicing in God their Saviour. At eleven I went out into the main street, and began speaking to a congregation of two men and two women. These were soon joined by above twenty little children, and not long after by a large number of young and old. On a sudden the sun broke out and shone full in my face: but in a few moments I felt it not. In the afternoon I rode to *Berwick upon Tweed*. They did not expect me till the next day: however a congregation quickly assembled: and one as large, if not larger, at five in the morning.

Thursday 9. To-day, *Douglas*, the play which has made so much noise, was put into my hands. I was astonished to find, it is one of the finest Tragedies I ever read. What pity, that a few lines were not left out! and that it was ever acted at *Edinburgh*!

Friday 10. I found myself much out of order, till the flux stopt at once, without any medicine. But still being weak, and the sun shining extremely hot, I was afraid I should not be able to go round by *Kelfo*. Vain fear! God took care for this also. The wind which had been full East for several

several days, turned this morning full West ; and blew just in our face. And about ten the clouds rose, and kept us cool till we came to *Kelfo*.

At six *William Coward* and I went to the Market-house. We stayed some time, and neither man, woman nor child came near us. At length I began singing a *Scotch* psalm, and fifteen or twenty people came within hearing, but with great circumspection, keeping their distance, as though they knew not what might follow. But while I prayed, their number increased, so that in a few minutes there was a pretty large congregation. I suppose the chief men of the town were there : and I spared neither rich nor poor. I almost wondered at myself, it not being usual with me to use so keen and cutting expressions. And I believe many felt, that for all their form, they were but Heathens still.

Saturday 11. Near as many were present at five, to whom I spake full as plain as before. Many looked as if they would look us through : but the shyness peculiar to this nation, prevented their saying any thing to me, good or bad, while I walked through them to our Inn.

About noon I preached at *Woller*, a pretty large town, eighteen miles from *Kelfo*. I stood on one side of the main street, near the middle of the town. And I might stand. For no creature came near me, till I had sung a part of the psalm. Then a row of children stood before me, and in some time, about an hundred men and women. I spoke full as plain as I did at *Kelfo*. And Pharisees themselves are not out of God's reach.

In the afternoon we came to *Alnwick*, and at six I preached in the Court-house to a congregation of another spirit.

Sunday 12. At seven they were gathered from all parts, and I was greatly refreshed among them. At five the Court-house being too small, I was obliged to go into the Market-place. O what a difference

difference is there between the living stones, and the dead, unfeeling multitudes in *Scotland* !

Monday 13. I proclaimed the love of Christ to sinners, in the Market-place at *Morpeth*. Thence we rode to *Placey*. The Society of Colliers here may be a pattern to all the Societies in *England*. No person ever misses his Band or Class: they have no jar of any kind among them, but with one heart and one mind provoke one another to love and good works. After preaching I met the Society in a room as warm as any in *Georgia*: this, with the scorching heat of the sun, when we rode on, quite exhausted my strength. But after we came to *Newcastle* I soon recovered, and preached with as much ease as in the morning.

Thursday 16. In the evening I preached at *Sunderland*. I then met the Society, and told them plain, None could stay with us, unless he would part with all sin: particularly robbing the King, selling or buying run goods, which I could no more suffer than robbing on the highway. This I enforced on every member the next day. A few would not promise to refrain. So these I was forced to cut off. About two hundred and fifty were of a better mind.

Saturday 18. The desk was placed in the evening just opposite to the sun, and when I begun was covered with a cloud. But it broke out in a few minutes, and shone full in my face, for three quarters of an hour. But it was no inconvenience at all: nor were my eyes any more dazzled, than if it had been under the earth.

Sunday 19. I preached at eight to the usual congregation, and hastened to *Shields*, lest I should be too late for the church. Between twelve and one I preached in a kind of square. But here we had a new kind of inconvenience. Every four or five minutes, a strong wind covered us over with a shower of dust: so that it was not easy to look up, or to keep ones eyes open. The rain constrained me to preach within, at *Newcastle*. I took
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the opportunity of making a collection for the poor: many of whom can very hardly support life, in the present scarcity.

Wednesday 22. In the evening and the following morning I preached at *Chester on the Strate*. Observing some very fine but not very modest pictures in the parlour where we supped, I desired my companion, when the company was gone, to put them where they could do no hurt. He piled them on a heap in a corner of the room, and they have not appeared since.

Thursday 23. I preached at *Southbiddick* about noon, on *I will heal thy backsliding*: God was with us at *Sunderland* in the evening, in an uncommon manner. And the next day I left the people there more in earnest than they have been for some years.

Saturday 25. We walked to *Swalwell* about noon. The sun was scorching hot, and there was no wind or cloud. But it did us no hurt, the congregation was such as I never saw there before. And I believe God blessed his word to them that were nigh, and them that had been far from him.

Sunday 25. I preached at *Gatehead* at eight, at *Sheephill* about noon, and at five in the evening at *Newcastle*, near *Pandon* gate. The rain only threatened till I had done, but soon after, poured down. How well does God time great and small events, for the furtherance of his kingdom!

Monday 27. I preached at *Horsley*, and found some life even there. Thence we rode across the *Tyne* to *Prudhoe*, a little town on the top of an high hill. I preached at the side of Mr. H's house, and I suppose all the town who could get out were present, and most of them at five in the morning. At both times it pleased God to make bare his arm not only to wound but to heal.

Tuesday 28. I returned to *Newcastle*, hoarse and weak. But who can be spent in a better cause?

Thursday

Thursday 30. I read Mr. *Baxter's* account of his own life and times. It seems to be the most impartial account of those times which has yet ever appeared. And none that I have seen, so accurately points out the real springs of those public calamities.

Sunday, July 3. The high wind obliged me to stand on the Western side of *Gateshead*. By this means the sun was just in my face. But it was not long before the clouds covered it. As I began speaking in the afternoon near *Pandon* gate, the rain began, scattered the careless hearers, and ceased. An earnest, attentive multitude remained, to whom I explained part of the second lesson for the day, concerning the *Joy which is in heaven, over one sinner that repenteth*.

Monday 4. I took my leave of *Newcastle*, and about noon preached at *Durham*, in a pleasant meadow, near the river's side. The congregation was large and wild enough. Yet in a short time they were deeply attentive. Only three or four gentlemen put me in mind of the honest man at *London*, who was so gay and unconcerned, while Dr. *Sherlock* was preaching concerning the day of judgment. One asked, "Do you not hear what the Doctor says?" He answered, "Yes: but I am not of this parish!" Toward the close, I was constrained to mention the gross ignorance I had observed, in the rich and genteel people throughout the nation. On this they drew near, and shewed as serious an attention, as if they had been poor Colliers.

We took horse at two. The clouds and wind in our face kept us cool, till we came to *Hartlepool*. Mr. *Romaine* has been an instrument of awakening several here: but for want of help, they soon slept again. I preached in the main street to near all the town. And they behaved with seriousness.

Tuesday 5. At seven in the evening I preached in the main street at *Stockton*. None but two or three gentlemen seemed unconcerned. I went thence

thence to meet the Society. But many others begged to stay with them; and so earnestly that I could not refuse. And indeed it was a day of God's power. I scarce know when we have found the like.

Wednesday 6. At eleven I preached near the Market-place in *Yarm*. Many gentry were there, and all serious. I find in all these parts, a solid, serious people, quite simple of heart, strangers to various opinions, and seeking only the faith that worketh by love. And most of the believers are waiting and longing for the fulness of the promises.

One young woman, late a Papist, I talked with at large, who last night took leave of her Priest. Instead of staying to be sent for, she sent for him, and after asking him several questions, frankly told him, "She had now found the true religion, and by the grace of God would continue therein." She has been concerned for her soul from thirteen years of age. About two years ago she began to hear our Preachers. Soon after she found the peace of God, and has never lost it since.

About seven I preached at *Osmotherly*.

Thursday 7. I rode through one of the pleasantest parts of *England* to *Hornby*. Here the zealous landlord turned all the Methodists out of their houses. This proved a singular kindness: for they built some little houses at the end of the town, in which forty of them live together. Hence with much ado I found my way to *Robinhood's Bay*, and preached on the Kay to the greatest part of the town. All (except one or two, which were very wise in their own eyes) seemed to receive *the truth in love*.

This day, between *Hemsley* and *Kirkby Moor-side*, we rode over a little river, which suddenly disappears, and after running a mile under ground, rises again and pursues its course.

Sunday

Sunday 10. I preached at seven, on *Repent and believe the gospel*. At the church, which stands on the hill, a mile from the town, we had a sound, useful sermon. Afterward I preached at a little village called *Normanby*; and about five on the *Kay*. In the evening, talking with the Society, I saw more than ever the care of God over them that fear him. What was it which stopped their growing in grace? Why they had a well-meaning Preacher among them, who was inflaming them more and more against the Clergy. Nor could he advise them to attend the public ordinances. For he never went either to church or sacrament himself. This I knew not; but God did: and by his wise providence prevented the consequences which would naturally have ensued. *William Manuel* was pressed for a soldier: so the people go to church and sacrament as before.

Monday 11. We set out early. This and the three next days were the hottest I ever knew in *England*. A gentleman who formerly traded to *Guinea*, assured me, that the spirits in his thermometer (the same he had when abroad) rose as high as they did within a few degrees of the line. About nine we should have been glad to bait: but there being no Inn to be found, we lay down for a quarter of an hour under some trees, and then rode on to *Slingby*. The minister, an old acquaintance of my father's, having desired to see me, I called at his house before I preached. And I could gladly have stayed longer with him, but I knew the congregation waited. One poor drunkard made a little disturbance: but after he was silenced, all were still, and steadily attentive.

It continued intensely hot. But having the wind in our faces, (as we generally had, all along from *Newcastle*; and that, which way so ever we rode) we received no hurt, till we came to *York*. But the difficulty was, how to preach there, in a room which in winter used to be as hot as an oven?

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I cut the knot, by preaching in *Blake's-square* where the mob not being aware of us,) I began and ended my discourse to a numerous congregation, without the least disturbance.

Tuesday 12. I set a subscription on foot for building a more commodious room. In the evening I preached at *Acombe*, to a calm, solid congregation. The next evening I preached at *Popleton*, where the poor gladly received the gospel. The rich heard it, and even seemed to approve. God give them to understand and practise it.

Thursday 14. I resolved to preach in the square once more, knowing God has the hearts of all men in his hands. One egg was thrown and some bits of dirt. But this did not hinder a large congregation, from taking earnest heed to what was spoken, of Christ *the wisdom of God and the power of God*.

Friday 15. At three there were all the probable signs of a violent hot day. But about four, God sent a cooling rain. It ceased about seven. But the clouds continued and shaded us to *Pocklington*. Yet it was too hot to bear the house. So I stood in the main-street and cried, *If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink*. A large mob soon gathered on the other side. And for fear they should not make noise enough, the good churchwarden hired men to ring the bells. But it was lost labour. For still the bulk of the congregation heard, till I quietly finished my discourse.

Before seven I reached *Epworth*, and preached in the Market-place to a listening multitude.

Saturday 16. I rode on to *Laseby*, about thirty measured miles. After so many long journies which I had hardly felt, this short one quite exhausted my strength. However I quickly recovered, so as to preach at three in a meadow, to a large congregation. They all kneeled when I prayed, and shewed such genuine simplicity as greatly revived my spirit. At seven I preached in

in the New Room, which they have just finished at *Grimby*.

Sunday 17. At seven in the morning, the house just contained the people. I designed to preach abroad in the afternoon; but the rain drove us into the house again; as many as could crowd in. The rest stood without, though many, I fear, were wet to the skin.

Tuesday 19. Before I left *Newcastle*, I heard a strange relation, which I knew not what to think of. I then desired *T. Lee*, who was going to the place, to enquire particularly concerning it. He did so, and in consequence of that enquiry, wrote the following account.

"*R— J—* lived about twelve miles from *Newcastle*.

His son some time since married without his consent. At this he was so enraged, that he wished his "Right arm might burn off, if ever he gave or left him sixpence."

However in March last, being taken ill, he made his will, and left him all his estate. The same evening he died. On Thursday 10, his widow laying her hand on his back, found it warm. In the evening, those who were with him, went into the next room, to take a little refreshment. As they were eating, they observed a disagreeable smell, but could find nothing in the room to cause it. Returning into the room where the corpse lay, they found it full of smoke. Removing the sheet which covered the corpse, they saw (to their no small amazement) the body so burnt, that the entrails were bare, and might be seen through the ribs. His right arm was nearly burnt off, his head so burnt, that the brains appeared. And a smoke came out of the crown of his head, like the stream of boiling water. When they cast water upon his body, it hissed, just as if cast upon red-hot iron. Yet the sheet which was upon him was not singed; but that under him, with the pillow-beers and pillow, and

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the plank on which he lay, were all burned, and looked as black as charcoal.

They hastened to put what was left of him into the coffin, leaving some to watch by it. But after it was nailed up, a noise of burning and crackling was heard therein. None was permitted to look into it, till it was carried to *Abahester* church-yard. It was buried near the steeple. As soon as it was brought to the grave, the steeple was observed to shake. The people hastened away; and it was well they did: for presently part of the steeple fell. So that had they stayed two minutes longer, they must have been crushed in pieces. All these circumstances were related to me and my wife, by those who were eye and ear-witnesses."

I preached in a ground adjoining to the house. Toward the conclusion of my sermon, the person with whom I lodged was much offended at one, who sunk down and cried aloud for mercy. Herself dropped down the next and cried as loud as her: so did several others quickly after. When prayer was made for them, one was presently filled with peace and joy in believing. In the morning I left the rest refusing to be comforted, till Christ should be revealed in their hearts.

Wednesday 20. I preached at *Ferry* in my way, and in *Epsworth* Market-place about seven. The rain began just as I began speaking. But God heard the prayer and it was stayed.

Saturday 23. I preached at *Westwood-side*, where the breach of fifteen years is now healed: all the wanderers being returned to the fold, with him who led them astray.

Sunday 24. As we rode over *Haxey-car* towards *Misterton*, one was relating a surprizing thing that happened lately. A woman of *Stockwith* told her sister who lived with her, "I do not think to go to market to day, for I dreamed, that I was drowned in riding across one of the drains on *Haxey-car*." But she was soon laughed out of it, and went. She rode over the *Car* with many
other

other Market-folks, and in crossing one of the drains, where the water was scarce a yard deep, slipped off her horse. Several looked on, but none once thought of pulling her out, till she was past recovery.

At one I preached to the largest congregation I have seen since I left *Newcastle*. All behaved with deep seriousness but one man, whom I afterwards learned to be a Baptist-preacher. Just as I was taking horse he came again, and laboured hard to begin a dispute. But having neither time nor strength to spare, I gave him the ground and rode away.

The congregation at *Epworth* was full as large, if not larger than that at *Misterton*. Among them was a poor grey-headed sinner, a mocker at all religion. But his mocking is past. He was in tears most of the time, and is now *feeling after God*.

Monday 25. I left *Epworth* with great satisfaction, and about one preached at *Clayworth*. I think none was unmoved, but *Michael Fennick*, who fell asleep under an adjoining hay-stack. From thence we rode to *Rotherham*. When I came in, I had no strength and no voice left. However in an hour I was able to preach to the largest congregation that I suppose, was ever seen there.

Wednesday 27. I preached about noon at *Barley-hall*, and in the evening at *Sheffield*. After spending a short time with the Society, I lay down as soon as possible. But I could not sleep before twelve o'clock; and not long together after. Yet I felt no faintness in the morning, but rose lively and well, and had my voice more clear and strong in preaching, than it had been for several days.

Thursday 28. I received a strange account from *Edward Bennet's* eldest daughter. "On Tuesday, the 19th of this month, I told my husband in the morning, I desire you will not go into the water to-day; at least, not into the deep water, on the

far side of the town. For I dreamed I saw you there out of your depth, and only your head came up just above the water. He promised me, "he would not, and went to work." Soon after four in the afternoon, being at *John Hanson's*, his partner's house, she was on a sudden extremely sick, so that for some minutes she seemed just ready to expire. Then she was well in a moment. Just at that time, *John Hanson*, who was an excellent swimmer, persuaded her husband to go into the water on the far side of the town. He objected, the water was deep, and he could not swim; and being much importuned to go in, stood some time after he was undrest, and then kneeling down prayed with an earnest and loud voice. When he rose from his knees, *John* who was swimming, called him again, and treading the water, said, "See, it is only breast high." He stepped in, and sunk. A man who was near, cutting fern, and had observed him for some time, ran to the bank, and saw his head come up just above the water. The second or third time he rose, he clasped his hands, and cried aloud, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Immediately he sunk and rose no more.

"One might naturally enquire, what became of *John Hanson*? As soon as he saw his partner sink, he swam from him to the other side, put on his clothes, and went straight home."

About noon I preached at *Woodseats*; in the evening at *Sheffield*. I do indeed live by preaching!

How quiet is this country now? Since the chief persecutors are no more seen. How many of them have been snatched away, in an hour when they looked not for it? Some time since, a woman of *Thorpe* often swore she would wash her hands in the heart's blood of the next Preacher that came. But before the next Preacher came, she was carried to her long home. A little before *John Johnson* settled at *Wentworth*, a stout healthy man who lived there, told his neighbours, "After May-day,

May-day, we shall have nothing but praying and preaching. But I will make noise enough to stop it." But before May-day, he was silent in his grave. A servant of Lord R—— was as bitter as him, and told many lies, purposely to make mischief. But before this was done, his mouth was stopped. He was drowned in one of the fish-ponds.

Friday 29. I preached at *Nottingham*. We want nothing here but a larger house.

Saturday 30. I preached in the evening at *Leicester*, to a large congregation.

Sunday 31. I rode over to *Markfield*. The church contained us tolerably well in the morning: but in the afternoon, though many stayed without, it was much crowded and sultry hot. I was quite faint and weary while I read prayers; but in preaching my strength was restored. At six I preached once more at *Leicester*, and delivered my own soul.

Monday, August 1. I had much conversation, with Mr. ——— (whom against a thousand appearances, I will believe to be an honest, though irresolute man) "while I was very uneasy (said he, in the year 1741, my brother brought me to Mr. *Spangenberg*, and then to others of the German brethren, to whom I was more and more attached till the year 1743, I went over to *Marienbourn*. There I saw many things which I could not approve; and was more and more uneasy till I returned to *England*. I was afterward much employed by the brethren. I was ordained Deacon. But still I had a sore and burdened conscience, and gained no ground in my spiritual warfare: rather, having laid aside prayer, and searching the Scriptures, I was more and more dead to God. But in 1750, I awoke again, and was under great agonies of mind. And from this time I wrote to the Count again and again, and to most of the labourers; but to no purpose. *Andrew Frey's* account is true. The spirit of levity and frolicksomeness,

frolksomeness, which he justly describes broke in about 1746, and is not purged out yet. In May last I wrote and delivered a declaration to the brethren met in Conference, at *Lindsey-house*, That I did not dare to remain in their connexion any longer. The same declaration I made to them here, a few days ago. "What farther I am to do, I know not. But I trust, God will direct me."

Tuesday 2. On his expressing a desire to be present at our Conference, I invited him to it: and on Wednesday, 3. In the evening, he came to the *Foundery*. Our Conference began the next morning, and continued till the Thursday following. From the first hour to the last, there was no jarring string, but all was harmony and love.

Monday 8. I took a walk in the *Charter-house*, I wondered, that all the squares and buildings, and especially the school-boys, looked so little. But this is easily accounted for. I was little myself when I was at school, and measured all about me by myself. Accordingly the upper boys, being then bigger than myself, seemed to be very big and tall: quite contrary to what they appear now, when I am taller and bigger than them. I question, if this is not the real ground, of the common imagination, that our forefathers, and in general men in past ages, were much larger than now: an imagination current in the world, eighteen hundred years ago. So *Virgil* supposes his warrior to throw a stone, that could scarce be wielded by twelve men.

Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.

So *Homer* long before. 'Ομοίον γὰρ ἄνθρωποι ἄνθρωποι.

Whereas in reality men have been, at least, ever since the deluge, very nearly the same as we find them now, both for stature and understanding.

Monday 22. I set out in the *Machine*, and the next evening reached *Bristol*.

Friday

Friday 26. I preached at nine to a small congregation of earnest people at *Clutton*: and in the evening at *Middlesey*. On Saturday 27, we rode on to *Tiverton*.

Sunday 28. I preached in the Market-house, to as large a congregation as ever I saw here. And all were quiet. So can God make, when it is best, all our enemies to be at peace with-us.

Monday 29. We rode through vehement wind, and many hard showers to *Launceston*. This gave me a violent fit of the tooth-ach, which however did not hinder my preaching. Such a night I never remember to have passed before: but all is good, which lies in the way to glory.

Tuesday 30. We rode to *Camelford*, where my tooth-ach was cured, by rubbing treacle upon my cheek. At six I preached in the Market-place. How are the lions in this town also become lambs!

Wednesday 31. I preached about noon at *Trewalder*, and in the evening at *Port-Isaac*. This was long a barren soil: but is at length likely to bring forth much fruit.

Friday, September 2. I rode to *St. Agnes*. We found the great man Mr. *Donythorne* was dead. His mother and sister sent, to invite me to their house. After preaching I went thither, and was received into a comfortable lodging, with the most free and cordial affection. So in this place the knowledge of God has already travelled, *from the least to the greatest*.

Saturday 3. Some who live here, gave me an account of the earthquake on July 15. There was first a rumbling noise under the ground, hoarser and deeper than common thunder. Then followed a trembling of the earth, which afterward waved once or twice to and fro: so violently, that one said, he was obliged to take a back step, or he should have fallen down: and another, that the wall against which he was leaning, seemed to be shrinking from him.

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This morning I talked at large with old Mrs. *Donythorpe* who has her understanding entire, reads without spectacles, walks without a staff, and has scarce a wrinkle, at ninety years of age. But what is more than all this, she is teachable as a child, and groaning for salvation. In the afternoon I spent an hour with Mr. *Vowler*, Curate of the parish, who rejoices in the love of God, and both preaches and lives the gospel.

Sunday 4. *I. T.* preached at five, I could scarce have believed if I had not heard it, that few men of learning write so correctly, as an unlearned tinner speaks extempore. Mr. *V.* preached two such thundering sermons at church, as I have scarce heard these twenty years. O how gracious is God to the poor sinners of *St. Agnes*: In the church and out of the church, they hear the same great truths of the wrath of God against sin, and his love to those that are in Christ Jesus!

Monday 5. I rode on to *Illuggan*: but not to the house where I used to preach. Indeed his wife promised Mr. *P.* before he died, that she would always receive the Preachers. But she soon changed her mind. God had just taken her only son, suddenly killed by a pit falling upon him. And on Tuesday last, a young, strong man, riding to his burial, dropped off his horse, stone dead. The concurrence of these awful providences, added considerably to our congregation.

Tuesday 6. I went on to *Cambourn*, and rejoiced to hear, that the gentleman who pressed Mr. *Maxfield*, no longer persecutes the Methodists, nor will suffer any one else to do it. And in the late dearth he relieved great numbers of the poor, and saved many families from perishing. I preached at six, on *I will heal their backsliding*: and God applied his word. Several who had left the Society for some years, came after sermon, and desired to be re-admitted. O how should our bowels yearn over all, who did once run well? This is the very thing we want: or how many
souls

souls might we yet pluck out of the jaws of the lion !

Wednesday 7. I observed more and more the effects of that burning wind which was in these parts on Saturday the 28th of last month. It not only scorched all the leaves of the trees, so as to bring mid-winter upon them in two hours, but burnt up all the leaves of potatoes and cabbage, and every green thing which it touched. What a mercy that it did not come a month sooner ? Then it would have left little work for the reapers.

Thursday 8. As we rode through *Gwithian* parish, Mr. *Harris* pointed out the place, where his father and many of his ancestors lived. It is now only a mountain of sand. Within a few years this so increased, as to bury both the church and the whole town.

I preached at six to a numerous congregation in *Ligeon*. Some years since when there was a flourishing Society in *Gulval* (the parish adjoining) there was none at all here. But how is the scene changed ? In *Gulval* not one member remains : in *Ligeon* there is a lively Society !

Friday 9. I preached in the new house at *St. Just*, the largest and most commodious in the county.

Saturday 10. We rode to the *Land's-End*. I know no natural curiosity like this. The vast, ragged stones rise on every side, when you are near the point of land, with green turf between, as level and smooth as if it were the effect of art. And the rocks which terminate the land, are so torn by the sea, that they appear like great heaps of ruins.

Sunday 11. I preached at *St. Just* at nine. At one the congregation in *Morva*, stood on a sloping ground, rank above rank, as in a Theatre. Many of them bewailed their want of God. And many tasted how gracious he is.

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At five I preached in *Newlin* to an huge multitude. And one only seemed to be offended: a very good sort of woman, who took great pains to get away, crying aloud, "Nay, if going to church and sacrament will not *put us to heaven*, I know not what will."

Monday 12. I preached at *Lelant* at one. Many from *St. Ives* were present, from whom I learned, that Mr. *Swindells* would have preached abroad the day before, but was hindered. It is well he was: for this occasioned the offer of a meadow near the town, far more convenient than the street. At six I stood at the bottom of it, the people rising higher and higher before me. I believe, not many were left in the town: and all behaved as in the presence of God. The next evening the congregation was enlarged, by the addition of many from the country. And Wednesday 14. Their number was larger still. We did not open the door of the room, till just half an hour past eight: by which means the heat was not intolerable till I had done preaching. I then retired, and left the other Preachers, to perform the rest of the service.

Thursday 15. As we rode toward *Helston*, I think the sun was near as hot, as it was at Midsummer. Yet all along, the trees looked as in the depth of winter, that scorching wind having destroyed all it touched.

Friday 16. I looked over Mr. *Borlases Antiquities of Cornwall*. He is a fine writer, and quite master of his subject, who has distinguished with amazing accuracy, the antient *Saxon* monuments from the more antient *Roman*, and from those of the *Druids*, the most antient of all.

Saturday 17. I preached at *Portkellis* at one, and at *Redruth* in the evening.

Sunday 18. At eight, many of the *French* prisoners were mixed with the usual congregation. This was doubled at one; but still came nothing near to that which assembled at *Gwenap* in the evening.

evening. It rained all the time I preached: but none went away. A shower of rain will not fright experienced soldiers.

Here I learnt a remarkable occurrence. A few days ago, some hundred *English*, who had been prisoners in *France*, were landed at *Penzance*, by a cartel ship. Many of these passed through *Redruth*, going home; but in a most forlorn condition. None shewed more compassion to them than the *French*. They gave them food, clothes, or money, and told them, "We wish we could do more. But we have little for ourselves here." Several who had only two shirts, gave a naked *Englishman* one. A *French* boy, meeting an *English* boy, who was half naked, took hold of him, and stopped him; cried over him awhile, and then pulled off his own coat, and put it upon him!

Monday 19. In the evening both the house and Court at *Penryn* were more than filled. So that I willingly embraced the offer of Mr. H. and preached before his door at twelve on Tuesday. It was an extremely pleasant place, on the side of a hill, commanding a fruitful vale, the opposite hills and *Falmouth* harbour. Tall trees hung over me, and surrounded a bowling green which was behind me. A wide door is now open at *Penryn* also. O that none may shut it!

At six in the evening I reached *Bezore*, and began preaching immediately. It was a season of uncommon refreshment; particularly to some of *Truro*. Afterwards I met the Society in the house. A young man was cut to the heart, and cried aloud: then another and another, till my voice was quite lost. But I continued crying to God, and he heard, and gave an answer of peace. Many were filled with consolation: and four, who had wandered for some years, resolved to set out anew.

Yet I was not quite reconciled to my lodging. Not but the grotto itself was very venerable; but I did not like the circumstance of having a man

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and his wife in the same room. I therefore willingly accepted an invitation from Mr. *Painter*, and walked over with him to *Truro*.

Wednesday 21. I walked to *Bezore* and preached at five. Afterwards I spoke to each member of the Society. They surprized me much. So lively and tender-hearted a people I have not lately seen! After spending an hour with a few friends in *Truro*, I rode forward to *Grampond*, a mean, inconsiderable, dirty village. However it is a borough town! Between twelve and one I began preaching in a meadow, to a numerous congregation. While we were singing, I observed a person in black on the far side of the meadow, who said, "Come down: you have no business there." Some boys who were on a wall, taking it for granted, that he spoke to them, got down in all haste. I went on, and he walked away. I afterwards understood, that he was the minister and Mayor of *Grampond*. Soon after two constables came and said, "Sir, the Mayor says, you shall not preach within this Borough." I answered, "The Mayor has no authority to hinder me. But it is a point not worth contesting." So I went about a musket-shot farther, and left the Borough to Mr. Mayor's disposal.

A large congregation was at St. *Ewe's* in the evening, many of whom were in Mr. *Walker's* Societies. Some of them came from St. *Columb's*, twelve miles off. And they did not come in vain. The flame of love ran from heart to heart: and scarce any remained unmoved.

Thursday 22. I rode to *Mevagizzy*, which lies on the South-sea, just opposite to *Port-Isaac* on the North. When I was here last, we had no place in the town: I could only preach about half a mile from it. But things are altered now. I preached just over the town, to almost all the inhabitants. And all were still as night. The next evening a drunken man made some noise behind me. But
after

after a few words were spoken to him, he quietly listened to the rest of the discourse.

On the South side of the town, there is an extremely fine walk, broad and smooth, over the top of high rocks, from whence is a view of the main sea at a vast distance below, and all the coast, East and West.

Saturday 24. At half an hour after twelve, I preached once more, and took my leave of them. All the time I stayed, the wind blew from the sea, so that no boat could stir out. By this means all the fishermen (who are the chief part of the town) had opportunity of hearing.

At six I preached at *St. Austle*, a neat little town, on the side of a fruitful hill.

Sunday 25. The whole church service was performed, by a Clergyman, above ninety years of age. His name is *Stephen Hugo*. He has been Vicar of *St. Austle* between sixty and seventy years. O what might a man full of faith and zeal have done for God in such a course of time!

At two I preached in *St. Stephen's* near a lone house, on the side of a barren mountain. But neither the house, nor the Court could contain the people. So we went into a meadow, where all might kneel, (which they generally do in *Cornwall*) as well as stand and hear. And they did hear, and sing, and pray as for life. I saw none careless or inattentive among them.

About five, I preached at *St. Austle* to an exceeding civil people. But when will they be wounded, that they may be healed?

Monday 26. I rode to *Luxilian*.

I have not seen so stately a room in *Cornwall*, as either this hall, or the chamber over it. The place likewise where the gardens were, the remains of the Terrace walk, the stately trees still left, with many other tokens, shew that grand men lived here once. But they are vanished like smoke, their estates torn in pieces, and well nigh their memory perished.

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Tuesday

Tuesday 27. We rode to *Lefcard*, I think one of the largest and pleasanter towns in *Cornwall*. I preached about the middle of the town, in a broad, convenient place. No person made any noise at all. At six in the morning I had nearly the same congregation. Afterwards I examined the Society, and was agreeably surprized to hear, that every one of them had found peace with God: and (what was still more remarkable) that none of them has left their first love: that at this day, not one is in darkness!

Wednesday 28. We rode on to the *Dock*, which gave us a very different prospect. Of those whom I joined several years ago, hardly one half remained. Such is the fruit of disputing! And yet the congregations are more numerous than ever, and as deeply attentive as any in the kingdom. So there is hope God will yet revive his work.

Saturday, October 1. I preached at *Launceston*.

Sunday 2. I rode to *Mary-Week*. A large congregation was gathered there, many of whom came seven or eight miles. The house stands in the midst of orchards and meadows, surrounded by gently rising hills. I preached on the side of a meadow newly mown, to a deeply attentive people.

Monday 3. I rode to *Bideford*; but did not reach it till after five, the hour appointed for my preaching. So I began without delay, in an open part of the street where we alighted. One man made a little noise at first: but he was easily silenced. All the rest (a large number) quietly attended, though the wind was piercing cold, while I opened and applied, *God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ*.

Tuesday 4. Between twelve and one I reached *North Moulton*, and finding the congregation ready, began immediately. There have been great tumults here since I saw them before: but God has now rebuked

rebuked the storm. When the gentry would neither head nor pay the mob any more, the poor rabble were quiet as lambs.

We rode on to *Tiverton* in the afternoon. On the three following days I saw as many of the Societies as I could.

Saturday 8. We had heavy rain for some miles. Then it cleared up, and we had a pleasant ride to *Bristol*.

Monday 10. I rose at my usual hour. But the soreness and swelling of my face, occasioned by my taking cold on Saturday, made it impracticable for me to preach. In the evening I applied boiled nettles. They took away the pain in a moment, and the swelling in a few hours.

Sunday 16. I began visiting the Classes at *Kingswood*, steady, but not zealous. It is impossible they should stand here long: they must go on or go back.

Monday 17. About two I preached at *Paulton*: but no house could contain us. So that I was forced to stand in the open air, though the wind was very high and very cold. Thence we rode to the honest Colliers at *Coleford*. 'These have the zeal which their brethren at *Kingswood* want: in consequence of which they are the most numerous, as well as the most lively Society in *Somersetshire*.

Tuesday 18. I preached to a very different congregation at *Bradford*, well-drest and well-bred: and yet of the very same spirit, hungering and thirsting after righteousness.

Wednesday 19. After preaching at *Freshford*, I rode on to *Kingswood*.

Friday 21. Being at dinner, in a moment I felt as if a small bone had stuck in the palate of my mouth. Nothing was to be seen, but the swelling and inflammation increased till toward evening (notwithstanding all the means that could be used) and then spread to both the tonsils. In the morn-

ing I was rather worse than better, till about half an hour after eight. Then as the disorder came in a moment, it went in a moment, and I was as well as ever.

Monday 24. I preached about noon at *Bath*, and in the evening at *Escot*, near *Lavington*.

Tuesday 25. In my return, a man met me near *Hannam*, and told me the school-house in *Kingswood* was burnt down. I felt not one moment's pain, knowing that God does all things well. When I came thither, I received a fuller account. About eight on Monday evening, two or three boys went into the gallery, up two pair of stairs. One of them heard a strange crackling in the room above. Opening the stair-case door, he was beat back by the smoke, on which he cried out, "Fire, murder, fire." Mr. *Baynes* hearing this, ran immediately down, and brought up a pail of water. But when he went into the room and saw the blaze, he had not presence of mind to go up to it, but threw the water upon the floor. Meantime one of the boys rung the bell; another called *John Maddern* from the next house, who ran up, as did *James Burges* quickly after, and found the room all in a flame. The deal-partitions took fire immediately, which spread to the roof of the house. Plenty of water was now brought; but they could not come nigh the place where it was wanted, the room being so filled with flame and smoke, that none could go into it. At last a long ladder which lay in the garden, was reared up against the wall of the house. But it was then observed, that one of the sides of it was broke in two, and the other was quite rotten. However *John How* (a young man who lived next door) ran up it, with an axe in his hand. But he then found the ladder was so short, that as he stood on the top of it, he could but just lay one hand over the battlements. How he got over to the leads, none can tell: but he did so, and quickly

quickly broke through the roof, on which a vent being made, the smoke and flame issued out as from a furnace : those who were at the foot of the stairs with water, being able to go no further, then went through the smoke to the door of the leads, and poured down through the tiling. By this means the fire was quickly quenched, having only consumed a part of the partition, with a box of clothes, and a little damaged the roof and the floor beneath.

It is amazing that so little hurt was done. For the fire, which began in the middle of the long room (none can imagine how ; for no person had been there for several hours before) was so violent, that it broke every pane of glass but two, in the window both at the East and West end. What was more amazing still, was, that it did not hurt either the beds, (which when *James Burges* came in, seemed all covered with flame) nor the deal partitions on the other side of the room, though it beat against them for a considerable time. What can we say to these things, but that God had fixed the bounds, which it could not pass.

We observed Friday the 28th, as a solemn fast. And from this time the work of God revived in *Bristol*. We are indeed brought very low. A Society of nine hundred members was shrunk to little more than half the number. But God now began to turn our captivity, and put a new song in our mouth.

Thursday, November 3. I preached in the new preaching-house at *Pill*. How is the face of things changed here ! Such a sink of sin was scarcely to be found ! And now how many are rejoicing in God their Saviour ?

Monday 7. Leaving the flame just kindling in *Bristol*, I rode to *Newbury*, and on Thursday to *London*. I found the same fire kindled here also and increasing more and more.

Monday

Monday 14. I rode to *Bedford*, and talked largely with Mr. ——— whom God had well nigh set at liberty. But his feet are again in the net. He did not indeed deny, nor much extenuate any of the things he had often related. But at length he told me in terms, "There are such things among the brethren, that I can never join them more. Yet I dare not speak against them, and join any other people, for fear of grieving the Saviour!" O Lord, when shall this witchcraft come to an end? When wilt thou maintain thine own cause?

Wednesday 16. We rode to *Newmarket*, and the next day to *Norwich*, where I now found a prospect of doing good. The congregation daily increased and grew more and more serious. I spoke to many who were deeply convinced of sin, and some who were rejoicing in God, and walking in the light of his countenance.

Wednesday 23. I was shewn Dr. *Taylor's* new Meeting-house, perhaps the most elegant one in *Europe*. It is eight square, built of the finest brick, with sixteen sash-windows below, as many above, and eight sky-lights in the dome, which indeed are purely ornamental. The inside is finished in the highest taste, and is as clean as any nobleman's saloon. The communion table is fine mahogany; the very latches of the pew-doors are polished brass. How can it be thought, that the old, coarse gospel should find admission here?

Thursday 24. A man had spoken to me the last week, as I was going through *Thetford*, and desired me to preach at *Lakenheath*, near *Mildenhall* in *Suffolk*: I now proposed so to do, and rode thither from *Thetford*. One Mr. E. had lately built a large and convenient preaching-house there at his own expence. It was more than filled at six o'clock, many standing at the door. At five in the morning (as uncommon a thing as this was in those parts) the house was nearly filled again, with
earnest,

earnest, loving, simple people. Several of them came to Mr. E's house afterward, stood awhile, and then burst into tears. I promised to call upon them again, and left them much comforted.

Saturday 26. I returned to *London*. Much confusion had been in my absence, occasioned by some imprudent words, spoken by one who seemed to be strong in the faith.

Monday 28. I heard all who were concerned face to face, but was utterly unable to judge, whether there was wilful sin, lying, on either side, or only, human infirmity. For the present I leave it to the searcher of hearts, who will bring all things to light in due season.

Wednesday 30. I had another long hearing of the same intricate cause. But with no more success: one side flatly affirmed, the other flatly denied. This is strange! But it is more strange, that those who seem so strong in faith, should have no union of spirit with each other.

Friday, December 5. I baptized *Henriquez Judah Seniore*, a *Portuguese Jew*, more than sixty years of age: he seemed to have no confidence in himself, but to be waiting for *the consolation of Israel*.

Sunday 11. In the evening I retired to *Lewisham*, and spent the following days in finishing, "A Preservative against unsettled notions in Religion:" designed for the use of all those who are under my care, but chiefly of the young Preachers.

Sunday 17. I had an opportunity (which I had long desired) of spending an hour or two with the Rev. Mr. ———. I would have appointed a time for our meeting weekly. But he declined it. Why? I cannot tell.

Friday 23. *John Nelson* wrote me a letter, part of which I have subjoined.

"We have had four triumphant deaths lately, of three men and one woman. The woman was *Hannah Richardson* of *Brestfield*. When *Enoch Williams* preached there, she was the bitterest persecutor in the town, and vowed if ever he preached

preached there again, she would help to stone him to death. But he never went to try. The only one of this way in the town was *Ruth Blacker*. Against her she was violently enraged, till *Ruth* went to her house, reasoned the case, and at length persuaded her to go to *Dewsbury*, to hear Mr. *Charles Wesley*. That day God begot her by his word, so that she could never rest till she found Christ in her own heart. And for two years she has been a steady follower of him. By her zeal and circumspect walking, many have been since stirred up to seek the Lord. As soon as she was taken ill, she began to praise God more than ever, for the work he had wrought in her soul. She said, "At first I thought I had no will, and that God's love was all that was in my heart. But when my little child gave a sudden shriek, I found my heart was not free. And it damped the love of God in my soul for two hours. But the Lord is come again, and now I am fully assured, he does take up all the room in my heart. He has sanctified me throughout, body, soul, and spirit. I am a witness for Jesus Christ, that he is a greater Saviour than *Adam* was a sinner. O watch and pray, and ye shall not be overcome in the hour of temptation. Keep close to your meetings, and the Lord will meet you. If you neglect these or private prayer, you will become barren in your own souls, and the God of this world will get an advantage over you. But if you keep close to God and one another, you will find Jesus a Saviour to the uttermost, as I, the most unworthy of mankind, do." For some time before she died, her prayer was turned into praise. All her prayer then was, "Thy will be done." We have one by us that we think will hardly live till to-morrow, who is above seventy, and is as a shock of corn full ripe, crying out, "Come Lord Jesus!"

In the Christmas week I rode down to *Bristol*: where Sunday, January 1, 1758, we began the year with the great congregation at four, rejoicing and praising God.

Tuesday

Tuesday 3. At the request of several of my friends, I wrote "A letter to a gentleman at *Bristol*," in order to guard them from seeking salvation by works on one hand, and Antinomianism on the other. From those who lean to either extreme I shall have no thanks. But *wisdom is justified of her children*.

Wednesday 4. I rode to *Kingswood*, and rejoiced over the school, which is at length what I have so long wished it to be, a blessing to all that are therein, and an honour to the whole body of Methodists.

Monday 9. I began a letter to Mr. *Toogood*, author of "The Dissenting Gentleman's Reasons." I think, the most saucy and virulent satire on the church of *England*, that ever my eyes beheld. How much rather would I write practically than controversially. But even this talent I dare not bury in the earth.

Friday 13. Having ended my business at *Bristol*, I rode on to *Newbury*, and the next day to *London*. Now, if it be the will of God, I should be glad of a little rest. If not, let me rejoice to be without it.

Tuesday 17. I preached at *Wandsworth*. A gentleman come from *America*, has again opened a door in this desolate place. In the morning I preached in Mr. *Gilbert's* house. Two Negro servants of his, and a Mulatto appear to be much awakened. Shall not his saving health be made known to all nations?

Saturday 28. I was enquiring of *William Hurd*, Who discharged him from the army? And he might fairly say, God discharged him: his officers being determined not to do it. Nevertheless he stood among the men whom they had picked out for that purpose. And when he came in his turn, his discharge was written, and no man gainsayed.

Sunday

Sunday 29. We had an uncommon blessing at *West-street*, and a still greater at *Spitalfields*. Some could not refrain from crying aloud to God. And he did not cast out their prayers. Many thanksgivings have since been offered to God, for the blessings of that hour.

Wednesday, February 1. I talked with a gentlewoman who had been a mighty good Christian for near seventy years. But she now found herself out, and began to cry with many tears to the friend of sinners for pardoning mercy.

Friday 3. Mr. *Parker* (last year Mayor of *Bedford*) preached at the *Foundery*. A more artless Preacher I never heard, but not destitute of pathos. I doubt not, he may be of much use among honest, simple-hearted people.

Sunday 12. At the request of the Vicar, Mr. *J.* I rode over to *Uxbridge*. I preached for him both morning and afternoon, to a large and serious congregation. How uncommon a providence is this? The gospel was preached in the church at *Hayes*. Several of the parishioners ran from it, and took pews at *Hellingdon*. It followed them into *Hellingdon* church, where I preached twice in one day. Some of them went to *Uxbridge*. And now it is come, to torment them at *Uxbridge* also!

Wednesday 15. I read over the "Memoirs of the House of *Brandenburgh*." *Quanta de spe decidi!* It is hard to determine from his writing, whether the author be a *Mahometan* or a *Christian*.

On Friday 17. The public Fast, I preached at *West-street* in the morning, at *Spitalfields* in the afternoon, and *Bull and Mouth* in the evening, every where to a crowded audience. Indeed every place of worship throughout the city was extremely crowded all the day long. Surely all the prayers which have been offered up this day, will not fall to the ground!

Monday

Monday, 20. I rode, through much rain, to Maldon in Essex. Their new preaching-house is large; but it would in no wise contain the congregation, which flocked together, in the evening. For a time there was much persecution here; but all is now calm and quiet. And probably good will be done by those who now run well, do not draw back in condition. We had a large congregation in the morning, and more than we had in the evening. Fair blossoms, but which will bring forth fruit? O Lord, thou knowest.

Wednesday, 22. It rained without ceasing, till we came to a small town, nineteen miles from Maldon. Here we dried our clothes. Soon after, the rain ceased, and we had a pleasant ride to London.

Monday 27. Having a sermon to write against the assizes at Bedford, I retired for a few days to Exwigham.

Friday, March 8. I returned to London.

Monday 6. I took horse about seven o'clock. The wind being East, I was pleasing myself, that we should have it on our back. But in a quarter of an hour, it shifted to the North-West, and blew the rain full in our face. And both increased, so that when we came to Finchley-common, it was hard work to sit our horses. The rain continued all the way to Dunstable, where we exchanged the main roads, for the fields, which having been just ploughed were deep enough. However before three we came to Sandon.

Hence on Thursday, 9. I rode to Bedford, and found the sermon was not to be preached till Friday. Had I known this in time, I should never have thought of preaching it, having engaged to be at Epworth on Saturday.

Mr. ——— came to me in the evening, and said, "He could not remain as he was any longer; that he had no rest in his spirit while he was thus halting between two, and therefore desired to go
N with

with me without delay. I answered, "If he was so resolved, he was welcome to set out with me for *Epworth* the next day." He said, he would. We then spent some time in prayer, and parted for the present.

Friday 12. The congregation at *St. Paul's* was very large and very attentive. The judge, immediately after sermon, sent me an invitation to dine with him. But having no time, I was obliged to send my excuse, and set out between one and two. The North-East wind was piercing cold, and blowing exactly in our face, soon brought a heavy shower of snow, then of sleet, and afterwards of hail. However we reached *Stilton* at seven, about thirty miles from *Bedford*.

Rest was now the more sweet, because both our horses were lame. However resolving to reach *Epworth* at the time appointed, I set out in a post-chaise between four and five in the morning: but the frost made it so bad driving, that my companion came with the same horses into *Stamford* as soon as me. The next stage I went on horse-back: but I was then obliged to leave my mare, and take another post chaise. I came to *Bawtry* about six. Some from *Epworth* had come to meet me; but were gone half an hour before I came. I knew no chaise could go the rest of the road. So it remained only to hire horses and a guide. We set out about seven, but I soon found my guide knew no more of the way than myself. However we got pretty well to *Idle-stop*, about four miles from *Bawtry*, where we had just light to discern the river at our side, and the country covered with water. I had heard, that one *Richard Wright* lived thereabouts, who knew the road over the moor perfectly well. Hearing one speak (for we could not see him) I called, "Who is there?" He answered, "*Richard Wright*." I soon agreed with him, and he quickly mounted his horse and rode boldly forward. The North-East wind blew full in our face: and I heard them
say,

say, " It was very cold ! But neither my face, nor hands, nor feet was cold, till between nine and ten when we came to *Epworth* : after travelling more than ninety miles, I was little more tired than when I rose in the morning.

Sunday 12. I was much comforted at church, both morning and afternoon, by the serious behaviour of the whole congregation, so different from what it was formerly. After evening service I took my stand in the Market-place, with a multitude of people from all parts. Toward the end of the sermon the rain was heavy : but it neither lessened nor disturbed the congregation.

Monday 13. I preached in the shell of the new house, and then set out for *York*. The banks over which we crept along, were ready to swallow up man and beast. However we came safe to *York* in the afternoon. After settling the little affairs, on Wednesday 15. I rode to *Leeds*, where in the evening a multitude of people were present. I never before saw things in so good order here, and took knowledge, the Assistant had not been idle.

I was apprehensive, having been at an uncommon expence, of being a little straitened for money. But after preaching, one with whom I had never exchanged a word, put a letter into my hand, in which was a bill for ten pounds. Is not *the earth the Lord's, and the fulness thereof ?*

Thursday 16. I rode through heavy rain to *Manchester*. I was scarce set down, when Mr. ——— came from *Bedford*. If he comes sincerely (as I believe) God will bless him : but if not, *Ego in portu navigo*. He can find out nothing with regard to me, I have no secrets.

Friday 17. In riding from *Manchester* to *Bolton*, I read the life of *Theodore*, King of *Corfica* : a great man, both as a General and as a Prince : and one who if he had not been sacrificed to the *French*, might have made a shining figure in history.

Saturday 18. We rode to *Liverpool*.

Thursday 23. I walked over to Mr. E's, a gentleman who had little thought of God, till his favourite child lay at the point of death. It then came into his mind, to pray for his life. He did so, and the child recovered. This struck him to the heart, and he rested no more till his own soul was healed.

I never saw the house so crowded as it was on Easter-Day, March 26: especially with rich and genteel people: whom I did not at all spare. They are now warned to flee from the wrath to come. God grant they may remember the warning.

Tuesday 28. We went on board and set sail for Dublin. The wind was fair and the day extremely fine. Seven or eight miles from the town, a small boat overtook us, which brought me letters from London. Some of these earnestly pressed me to return to London, or however, Not to go to Ireland. I consulted my friends, and just as we began our debate, the wind which till then was fair and small, returned from East to West, and blew harder and harder. But the point was soon decided. For upon enquiry, we found the boat was gone back, and no other was to be had. Presently after the wind returned to the East, and we saw the hand of God.

The Liverpool boat went away in such haste, that it left a young man, James Glazebrook behind! so we were five in all. We had seven more cabin-passengers, and many common ones. So good-natured a company I never met with in a ship before. The sea was as smooth as glass, the sun shone without a cloud, and the wind was quite fair, so we glided on, till about nine, I went to prayers with them, and then quietly lay down.

Whitsunday 29. We were even with the great Welsh mountain, Penmenmaur, at five in the morning. But it then fell calm, so that we were scarce abreast of Holyhead in the evening. This gave us
time

time to speak to all our fellow-passengers. And some fruit quickly appeared. For no oath, no immodest, or passionate word, was any more heard in the ship while we were on board.

Thursday 30. Having no wind still, I desired our brethren to come on the quarter-deck: where we no sooner began singing an hymn, than both passengers and sailors gladly assembled. The wind sprung up almost as soon as I began, and about nine the next day we entered *Dublin Bay*; after so smooth and pleasant a passage as the Captain declared he had not had at that time of year for forty years.

Considering the shortness of the warning, we had a large congregation in the evening; but a very small one in the morning, April 1. At this I did not wonder when I was informed, that the preaching at five had been discontinued for near a year and a half. At eight likewise, Sunday 2. The congregation was small. I took knowledge that the people of *Dublin*, had neither seen nor heard much of self-denial, since *T. Walsh* left the kingdom.

All the evenings of the following week we had numerous congregations. Nothing is wanting here but rigorous discipline; which is more needful in this than in any other nation: the people in general being so soft and delicate, that the least slackness utterly destroys them.

Thursday 6. We walked round the College, and saw what was accounted most worthy of observation. The new front is exceeding grand; and the whole square (about as large as *Peckwater* in *Christ-Church*) would be beautiful, were not the windows too small, as every one will see when the present fashion is out of date.

Friday 7. I preached in the evening on *Reuben's* character, *Unstable as Water*, so applicable to most of this nation. Some were deeply convinced, and resolved not to rest, till they were stablished in grace.

Sunday 9. I exhorted the Society, to follow the example of their *English* brethren, by jointly renewing their covenant with God. On Tuesday evening I read the letters; by one of which a poor backslider, who had been wandering near eleven years, was cut to the heart, and determined to return to him from whom he had so deeply revolted.

Thursday 13. I explained at large the nature and manner of entering into covenant with God, and desired all who were purposed so to do, to set Friday apart, for solemn fasting and prayer. Many did so, and met both at five in the morning, at noon, and in the evening.

Sunday 16. I was much grieved at St. Peter's church at such a sight as I never saw in *England*, communicants as well as others, behaving in a manner that shocked common sense as well as religion. O who has the courage to speak plain to these rich and honourable sinners? If they perish in their iniquity, will not their blood be on the watchman's head?

Monday 17. We met in the evening to renew our covenant with God. It was a glorious season. I believe all that were present found that God was there.

Tuesday 18. Among the letters I read in public last week, was one from Mr. Gillies, giving an account of a Society lately formed at *Glasgow*, for promoting Christian Knowledge among the poor, chiefly by distributing Bibles among them, and other religious books. I could not then help expressing my amazement, that nothing of this kind had been attempted in *Ireland*. and enquiring, if it was not high time, that such a Society should be formed in *Dublin*? This morning Dr. T. shewed me a paper, which the Archbishop had just sent to each of his Clergy, exhorting them to "Erect a Society, for the distribution of books among the poor." Thanks be to God for this!

Whether

Whether we or they, it is all one, to God be known, loved and obeyed.

Thursday 20. In the evening I met all the married men and women of the Society. I believe it was high time. For many of them seemed to know very little of relative duties. So that I brought strange things to their ears, when I enlarged on the duties of husbands, and wives, and parents.

Friday 21. I dined at Lady ——. We need great grace to converse with great people! From which therefore (unless in some rare instances) I am glad to be excused. *Horæ fugiunt & impatienter?* Of these two hours I can give no good account.

Sunday 23. I was much concerned to see two gentlemen, who were close to me at St. Patrick's church, fall a talking together, in the most trifling manner, immediately after they had received the Lord's Supper. Indeed one who could not but reprove them, whom I saw in strong terms. And so far (at least) we gained: they talked no more, till the service was ended.

Monday 24. I left Dublin. But our chaise-horse tired, before we had drove into another chaise, and in eleven and twelve. We to hear the maid of the hymns, and to find, that evening before been at the preaching in Dublin. This accounted for the profound civility, with which all the servants behaved. About one I took horse and rode on with Robert Swindells to Edinberry.

On the road, I read Mr. Walker's account of the siege of Londonderry, and the relation of that of Drogheda, by Dr. Bernard, a vain, childish, affected writer. Sir Henry Titchburn's account of that siege, is wrote in a strong and masculine manner, and is worthy to be joined with Mr. Walker's

Walker's plain and clear account of that other amazing scene of providence.

Tuesday 15. I read an account of the *Irish Rebellion* wrote by Dr. *Curry*, a Papist of *Dublin*, who labours to wash the Ethiop white, by numberless falsehoods and prevarications. But he is treated according to his merit by Mr. *Harris*, in a Tract entitled, "Fiction Unmasked."

In the evening I preached under the Castle-wall, to a very numerous congregation, though some of the Quakers (so called) had laboured much, to dissuade their people from coming. And one poor man, lately reclaimed by hearing our Preachers from a course of open, scandalous sin, they did persuade to stay at home. When he turns back to his vomit, who shall answer for his blood?

Wednesday 26. I walked round the poor remains of the castle. The situation is extremely fine. It stands on the top of a gently-rising hill, commanding the prospect all four ways, and having rows of tall trees reaching down to the vale on three sides, with a grove covering it on the North East. But the house, as well as the gardens round about it, are now utterly run to ruin. I wonder none has rebuilt it: unless there is a curse on the place, for the sins of its former inhabitants!

Thursday 26. I finished Mr. *Spearman's* enquiry, an ingenious, sensible book. But I cannot at all agree with his scheme; I still think Mr. *Hutchinson's* whole system, is not only quite unsupported by Scripture, but loaded with insuperable difficulties. I cannot yet see the possibility of any motion, without so much as a *Vacuum Diffeminatum*. Is it not flatly impossible, if all be full, and all matter be impenetrable? Much less can I conceive, how the streams of light and air, can move continually in opposite directions, and that in space absolutely full, without jostling with each other!

.. In the evening I preached at *Portsmouth*. Both this day and the next I was much concerned for my rich, gay hearers, and God gave me such a word for them, as I scarce ever had before.

Hence at his earnest request, I rode over to Mr. *L——*, who said, "He could not die in peace till he had seen me." For some time he had been quite distracted: but he spoke quite sensibly yesterday, while Mr. *Swindells* was there, saying with many tears, "He never prospered in any thing, since he used Mr. *W.* so ill." That night he had sound and refreshing sleep, which he had not for many weeks before: and when we called, most of what he said was reasonable and connected. Perhaps God may put an end to the troubles, which have lately encompassed him on every side.

Saturday evg. I preached in the Market-place at *Mountmellick* in the e-
 morning. At eleven I
 after, seven or eight ti
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 person came and whi
 Several of them then
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 at length being worn out
 the head. A report ne
 head. On this the n
 stooper. But the other
 up to a mob, but to the peace-officer.

I suppose most of the Protestants in the town, were present at the evening sermon. Many Papists also stood in the skirts of the congregation, though liable to heavy penance for it. I preached much longer than I am accustomed, finding it an acceptable time. Well might *Kempis* say, "He rides easily, whom the grace of God carries."

Monday, May 1. I strove to put an end to the bitter contentions which had well nigh torn the Society in pieces. I heard the contending parties face to face, and desired them to speak at large. God gave his blessing therewith: the snare was broken, and they were cordially reconciled. Only one person was out of all patience, and formally renounced us all. But within an hour God broke her heart also, and she asked pardon with many tears. So there is reason to hope, they will for the time to come *bear one another's burdens*.

In the evening I preached at *Tullamore*, not only to a large number of Protestants, but to many Papists, and almost all the troopers in town.

Tuesday 2. I wrote a short answer, to Dr. *Free's* weak, bitter, scurrilous invective, against the people called Methodists. But I doubt, whether I shall meddle with him any more. He is too dirty a writer for me to touch.

Wednesday 3. I preached at four in the afternoon at *Coolylough*, and at eight in the morning: after which I rode on to *Tyrrel's pass*. The letters which I read here, were seasonable as rain in the time of drought. I had before found much weariness: but God thereby gave a check to my faintness of spirit, and enabled me to *gird up the loins of my mind*.

In the evening, the weather being calm and mild, I preached on the side of a meadow, the people standing before me, one above another, on the side of a gently-rising hill. And many did indeed, at that house, *taste and see that the Lord is gracious*.

Friday

Friday 5. In the evening I preached at *Drumcree*, in the New Room, built in the taste of the country. The roof, is thatch, and the wall is mud; on which a ladder was suspended by ropes of straw. Hence we rode to *Rosemead*. The congregation here was not large, but deeply serious.

Sunday 7. I preached at eight and at five. Afterward I was desired to make a collection for a distressed family. Mr. *Booker*, the Minister of the parish, willingly stood at the door to receive it: and encouraged all that went by, to be *merciful after their power*.

Monday 8. I rode to *Newry*, and preached at seven to a large and serious congregation.

Tuesday 9. We rode by the side of the canal, through a pleasant vale to *Terry-hugan*. The room built on purpose for us here, is three yards long, two and a quarter broad, and six foot high. The walls, floor and cieling are mud: and we had a clean, chaff bed. At seven I preached in a neighbouring ground, having a rock behind me, and a large congregation sitting on the grass before me. Thence we retired to our hut, and found it true,

*Licet sub paupere tecto
Reges & regum vita præcurrere amicos.*

Wednesday 10. I suppose all the inhabitants of the village with many others, were present at five in the morning. Among these was a poor woman, brought to bed ten days before, who had walked four *Irish* miles, (seven *English*) with her child in her arms, to have it baptized by me. Another, who lived at *Terry hugan* had earnestly desired the same thing, if she was delivered before I left the country. She was delivered two or three hours before the preaching. So God gave her what she asked of him.

In riding to *Lisburn*, I read Mr. *Rollin's Antient History*. Could so masterly a writer make so palpable

palpable blunders! Or are they owing to the Translator? I have observed many as gross as that in the fourth volume. "A revered old age was the fruit of *Gelon's* wisdom——He was succeeded by *Hiero*, his eldest brother. This young prince, ———— How? If *Gelon* enjoyed revered old age, could his eldest brother be young after his death?"

Abundance of people attended the preaching in the evening as well as in the morning.

Friday 12. I preached about noon at *Comber*, and then rode on to *Newtown*. This seems to have been a place of strength, large fragments of walls still remaining. I preached at seven on the Green, to the largest congregation I have seen since I came into the kingdom. All were quietly attentive, and when I had done, went away in deep silence.

Saturday 13. We went into the church, the burial-place of Mr. *Colvin's* father and ancestors. The quire, turned into a chapel many years ago, is grand, and finely finished. But as no man cares for it, since the estate was sold, it is swiftly running to ruin.

In the evening we had a larger congregation than before. I was afraid my voice would not reach them all. But God gave me strength, so that I believe every one present might hear distinctly.

Sunday 14. I preached in the Market-house at *Belfast* about one, and in the Court-house at *Carrickfergus* in the evening.

Monday 15. I rode over the mountains to *Larn*, a small Sea-port, ten miles North of *Carrickfergus*. The sun shone bright and exceeding hot, and the wind was pretty high. They fixed the table just fronting the mid-day sun, and where an eddy of wind poured in continually. And it was well they did. For the sun tempered the wind, so that I could bear both better than either. I suppose most of the town were present, rich and poor: and I believe the word of God did not return empty. In

In the evening I preached at *Carrick* again. The old Earl of *Donnegal*, one of the richest peers in *Ireland*, took much pleasure here, in his stately house, surrounded by large and elegant gardens. But his only son proved an Idiot. And the present heir regards them not. So the roof of the house is fallen in: and the horses and sheep which feed in the gardens, make wild work with the *parterres*, and curious trees, which the old Lord so carefully planted.

Tuesday 16. We rode to *Lurgan*. In the morning I walked to *Lough-Neagh*, the most beautiful lake I ever saw. On the South-East shore stands a small mount, supposed to be raised by the *Danes*: on the top of which is a kind of arbour, benched round with turf, which might contain twenty or thirty people.

This was the hottest day I ever felt in *Ireland*: near as hot as any I remember in *Georgia*. The next morning I was desired to see the house of an eminent scholar near the town. The door into the yard we found nailed up; but we got in at a gap which was stopped with thorns. I took the house at first for a very old barn, but was assured, he had built it within five years: not indeed by any old, vulgar model, but purely to his own taste. The walls were part mud, part brick, part stone, and part bones and wood. There were four windows, but no glass in any, lest the pure air should be kept out. The house had two stories, but no stair-case, and no door: into the upper floor we went by a ladder, through one of the windows, into the lower floor, which was about four foot high. This floor had three rooms, one three square, the second had five sides, the third, I know not how many. I give a particular description of this wonderful edifice, to illustrate the great truth: there is no folly too great, even for a man of sense, when he resolves to follow his own imagination!

I spent Friday and Saturday at *Newry*, a town risen out of its ashes within these twenty years.

Sunday 21. I was much pleased with the seriousness and decency of the congregation at church. But they were a little hurried in the middle of the service. A young man dropped down as dead. In a little time however he came to himself, and was led out of church.

Monday 22. I rode through a barren, dreary country, and by a miserable road, to *Castle-Blaney*. The morning was extremely hot; but we had a cooler ride in the afternoon to *Coot-hill*. I preached at seven in an open place near the street, to a tolerably serious congregation. At six in the morning there were more rather than fewer, who then seemed to *feel* as well as *hear*. I walked afterwards to the *German* house, about as large as the chapel in *Snowfields*. They have pitched upon a delightful situation, laid out a garden by it, planted trees round the ground, and every way approved themselves *wise in their generation*. They often put me in mind of the Monks of old, who had picked out the pleasantest spots in our nation. But when their time was come, God swept them away, in an hour they looked not for it.

In the evening I preached at *Dingins*, in the county of *Cavan*, on the very edge of *Ulster*. Many came from far, a few of whom have tasted that the Lord is gracious.

Wednesday 24. I preached in the morning at *Granard*, in the Barrack-yard. I have rarely seen a congregation in a new place so much affected. About one I preached at *Edgeworthstown*, to a very genteel congregation: extremely different from that which gathered at *Longford*, in the yard of the great Inn: the rudest, furliest, wildest people that I have found since I came into the kingdom. However they stood pretty quiet, till some pieces of turf were thrown among them over the houses. And when they had recovered from the hurry it put them into, they behaved decently till I concluded.

Thursday

Thursday 25. I preached at *Cleg-hill* about one, and then rode on to *Drumerhaven*. Wood, water, fruitful land, and gently-rising hills, contribute to make this place a little paradise. Mr. *Campbell*, the proprietor of the whole, resolved to make it such. So he planted groves, laid out walks, formed the plan of a new town, with a Barrack at one end, and his own Seat at the other. But alas! Death stepped in between, and all his plan fell to the ground.

I lodged at the only gentleman's house in the town, whose wife adorns the gospel.

Saturday 27. I rode through *James's Town*, once a strong place, now an heap of ruins, and through *Carrick* and *Boyle*, both inclosed by a pleasant and fruitful country. Soon after, we entered the county of *Sligo*, the best peopled that I have seen in the kingdom. Eight villages we counted within seven miles: the town itself I think is little less than *Limerick*. The country round it is fertile and well-improved; even the mountains, to the very top. It lies two miles from the sea, having a large harbour, covered by mountains on each side.

The mob had been in motion all the day. But their business was only with the forestallers of the Market, who had bought up all the corn far and near, to starve the poor, and load a *Dutch* ship, which lay at the Key. But the mob brought it all out into the Market, and sold it for the owners at the common price. And this they did, with all the calmness and composure imaginable, and without striking or hurting any one.

I preached in the evening near the main street, to a small, quiet, serious company: at nine on Sunday 28, in the Market-house, to a numerous congregation. But they were doubled at five in the afternoon: and God made his word quick and powerful. Even the rich and genteel part of the audience appeared to be deeply affected. O for

labourers! for a few *γνῶσα τίνα* Desirous only to spend and be spent for their brethren.

Monday 29. I rode to *Castlebarr*:

Thursday, June 1. I went to *Newport*. I believe all the Protestants in the town gladly attended the evening preaching: and few of them were wanting at five in the morning. How white are these fields to the harvest!

Friday, June 2. I rode to *Hollymount*, and preached in the church-yard. I then visited my antagonist, Mr. *Clark*, who was lying extremely ill.

Saturday 3. I preached at *Minulla*, a village four miles from *Castlebarr*. I was surprized to find, how little the *Irish* Papists are changed in an hundred years. Most of them retain the same bitterness, yea and thirst for blood as ever: and would as freely now cut the throats of all the Protestants, as they did in the last century.

Sunday 4. As they have the Lord's-supper here but four times a year, I administered it in the evening to about sixty persons. Scarce one of them went empty away. Many were filled with consolation.

Tuesday 6. I set out at four (the hour I had appointed) on foot, the horse brought for me having neither bridle nor saddle. After a time one galloped after me full speed, till just as he overtook me, horse and man came down together. The horses' knee spouted out blood, as if an artery had been cut. But on a sudden the blood stopped; nor did he bleed any more all the way to *Aghrim*.

I found a few here, and left more, *striving to enter in at the strait gate*.

Friday 9. About eight I preached at *Ahaskra*, to a congregation, of whom four-fifths were Papists. Would to God the government would insure to all the Papists in the land, so much liberty of conscience, that none might *hinder them from hearing the true word of God!* Then, as they hear,

best, to let them judge. In the evening I preached at *Athlone*.

Sunday 11. We had an excellent sermon at church on the Intercession of Christ. In the afternoon abundance of Papists, as well as Protestants, were present on the *Connaught* side of the river, while I explained the *joy that is in heaven over one sinner that repenteth*. Toward the close two or three eggs were thrown, and not long after, two stones. One of them fell on a gentleman's servant, the other on a drummer, which so enraged the dragoons (many of whom were in the congregation) that as soon as I concluded, they run all ways to find the man that threw. The spirit they shewed did much good, by striking a terror into the rabble. But I was glad they did not discover the offender. I believe his fright was punishment enough.

Tuesday 14. I met the Preachers and Stewards at *Cooly-lough*. The congregation at noon was the largest I ever saw there. In the afternoon the perplexed case of *I. C.* and *I. A.* was referred to Mr. S. and Mr. H: who after a long hearing judged (as did all present) "That *I. C.* had acted wrong, in seizing and selling *I. A.*'s goods for rent, when no rent was due."

After preaching in the evening, I talked with *Kath. Shea* of *Athlone*, concerning a strange account which I had heard: there are many now living, who attest, on their personal knowledge, most of the particulars of it. She said, "When I was ten years old, the preaching began at *Athlone*. I liked, and often heard it, though my parents were zealous Papists, till they removed into the country. I then grew as zealous as them, and was diligent in reading the Papist prayers, till I was about thirteen: when taking the Mass-book one day, to read my prayers, I could not see one word. I continued blind, just able to discern light from darkness, but not to read or do any work: till after three months, casting my eye on a New Testament, I could

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AN
EXTRACT
OF THE
REV. MR. JOHN WESLEY'S
JOURNAL,

From JUNE 17, 1758,
To MAY 5, 1760.

XI.

LONDON:
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PRICE ONE SHILLING.

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AN
EXTRACT
 OF THE
REV. MR. JOHN WESLEY'S
JOURNAL.

Saturday, June 17, 1758,

I Met Thomas Walsh once more, in Limerick, alive, and but just alive. Three of the best Physicians in these parts have attended him, and all agree, that it is a lost case: that by violent straining of his voice, added to frequent colds, he has contracted a pulmonary consumption, which is now in the last stage, and consequently beyond the reach of any human help. O what a man, to be snatched away in the strength of his years! Surely thy judgments are a great deep!

Wednesday 21, our little Conference began, at which fourteen Preachers were present. We settled all things here, which we judged would be of use to the preachers or the Societies, and consulted how to remove whatever might be an hindrance to the work of God.

Friday 23, I rode over to Court-Matrefa, a colony of Germans, whose parents came out of the Palatinate, about fifty years ago. Twenty families of them settled here, twenty more at Killibeen, a mile off; fifty at Balligarane, about two miles Eastward, and twenty at Pallas, four miles farther.

June, 1758.

Each family had a few acres of ground, on which they built as many little houses. They are since considerably increased in number of souls, tho' decreased in number of families. Having no minister, they were become eminent for drunkenness, cursing, swearing, and an utter neglect of religion. But they are washed; since they heard and received the truth, which is able to save their souls. An oath is now rarely heard among them, or a drunkard seen in their borders. Court-Mattress is built in the form of a square, in the middle of which they have placed a pretty large preaching-house. But it would not contain one half of the congregation: so I stood in a large yard. The wind kept off the rain while I was preaching. As soon as I ended, it began.

Sunday 25, about six I preached in the island, in a square, green inclosure, which was formerly Oliver Cromwell's camp. I have not seen such a congregation since we left London. To how much better purpose is this ground employed, than it was in the last century?

Thursday 29, I rode to Clare, and at six preached in the street, to many poor Papists and rich Protestants, almost all the gentry in the country being assembled together. Thence I went on to Ennis, and at ten the next morning, had another genteel congregation in the court-house. In Ennis many suppose, there are not less than fifty Papists to one Protestant. They would have been very ready to shew their good-will; but the sight of Mr. B., kept them in awe. A report however was spread, of some terrible things they were to do in the evening: and many were surprised to observe, that more than nine in ten of the congregation were Papists. But none spoke an unkind or uncivil word, either while I preached or after I had done.

How unspeakable is the advantage, in point of common sense, which middling people have over the rich! There is so much paint and affectation, so many unmeaning words, and senseless customs among people.

July, 1758.

people of rank, as fully justify the remark made
seventeen hundred years ago,

Sensus communis in illâ Fortuna rarus.

Sunday, July 2, I preached in the island near Limerick, both morning and evening, standing on the side of a large hollow, adjoining the old camp. The ground on the sides of it sloped upward, so that the people sat on the grass, row above row. Such an amphitheatre I never saw before, in which thousands of hearers were so commodiously placed. And they seemed earnestly to attend to our Lord's invitation, "Come, for all things are now ready!"

I did not then observe, that I strained myself. But in the morning I was extremely hoarse. This increased all day, together with a lead and stoppage in my breast. On Tuesday morning I began spitting blood, found a pain in my left side, a sensible decay of strength, and a deep wheezing cough; just the symptoms which I had some years since. I immediately applied a brimstone plaister to my side, and used a linctus of roasted lemon and honey. Wednesday 5, my side was quite easy, and my hoarseness much abated. So in the evening I made shift to preach again, tho' not without difficulty. I had purposed preaching the next day at Shronill, about twenty four English miles from Limerick: and at Clonmell about the same distance from Shronill. But perceiving my strength would not suffice, and yielding to the advice of my friends, I rested another day.

Thursday 6, the news of Prince Ferdinand's victory, had half turned the heads of most of the Protestants, till they were brought to themselves by news of another kind, which ran thro' the city as in an instant. One who was well known therein, a great curser and blasphemer, and eminently *without God in the world*, went a fishing a little way from his own door, and stood with his angling-rod on the edge of the water. Many were looking on, when his foot slipping, he fell forward and sunk. As help was at hand,

July, 1758.

hastily he was soon drawn out. But it was too late: There were no remains of life. His soul was gone to give it's account.

Friday 7, I rode in a chaise to Charleville, and thence on an easy horse to Gork. James Massiot died in peace the morning before; so I was just in time to perform the last office for him.

Saturday 8, the congregation was large; but my voice was so weak that many could not hear. Sunday 9, after the burial of James Massiot, I preached to a multitude of people, on, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." And the longer I spoke, the more my voice was strengthened.

Tuesday 11, I rode with James Morgan to Bandon, and preached in the Market-house to a listening multitude. Wednesday 12, I read over the Analysis of Lord Bolingbroke's Works. Surely never did any man so flatly contradict, and so fallily answer himself. Thursday 13, about noon, I preached in the Exchange at Kinsale. The towns-folks *care for none of these things*. But we had a large congregation of soldiers, many of whom are good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

In the evening I preached in the main street at Bandon. Having now need of all my voice, it was given me again; only with a little pain in my side, which ceased while I was speaking.

Saturday 15, I preached about noon at Innishannon, and returned to Bandon. A fortnight since they laid the foundation of their preaching-house. This evening I preached in the shell of it. But it would not contain the congregation. Truly these are *swift to hear, tho' not slow to speak*.

Sunday 16, I preached again in the shell of the house at eight; and in the main street at six in the evening. Observing many of the French Officers there, I could not but pray for them in particular. Some of them were deeply attentive. Perhaps it was not for nothing, that God brought them into a strange land.

Monday

August, 1758.

7

Monday 17, I returned to Cork. Tuesday 18, I began speaking severally to the members of the Society. Many of them, I found, were truly alive to God. Old misunderstandings were removed. And I had the satisfaction of seeing them so united together, as they had not been for many years.

Friday 21, I met with a tract which utterly confounded all my philosophy: I had long believed, that microscopic animals, were generated, like all other animals, by parents of the same species. But Mr. Needham makes it highly probable that they constitute a peculiar class of animals, differing from all others in this, That they neither are generated, nor generate, nor subsist by food in the ordinary way.

Tuesday 25, in the evening I assisted the Society in renewing their Covenant with God. It was to many a season of great refreshment, and the fear of God was upon all.

Sunday 30, I began meeting the children in the afternoon, tho^{ugh} with little hopes of doing them good. But I had not spoke long on our natural state, before many of them were in tears, and five or six so affected, that they could not refrain from crying aloud to God. When I began to pray, their cries increased, so that my voice was soon lost. I have seen no such work among children for eighteen or nineteen years.

Monday 31, I finished the Glasgow Abridgement of Mr. Hutchinson's Works. He was doubtless a man of uncommon understanding, and indefatigable application. Yet the more I consider it, the less can I subscribe, to his System either of Divinity or Philosophy: as I am more and more convinced, that they have no foundation in Scripture or sound reason.

Tuesday, August 1, the Captain, with whom we were to sail, was in great haste to have our things on board. But I would not send them while the wind was against us. On Wednesday he sent message after message. So in the evening we went down to the ship, near Passage. But there was nothing ready,

ready, or near ready for sailing. Hence I learnt two or three rules, very needful for those who sail between England and Ireland. 1. Never pay till you set sail. 2. Go not on board, till the Captain goes on board. 3. Send not your baggage on board, till you go yourself.

Thursday 3, I returned to Cork. On Saturday 5, we were called on board in all haste. But the Captain being in no haste to sail, I preached at Cork again on Sunday at five, and then returned to Passage. He now said, He would sail down to Cove directly: so we took boat and went down thither. But no Captain appeared either this day or the next. So, that I might not lie idle, I went down to the Beach, and began preaching to as wild, unpromising a congregation, as ever I saw in this kingdom. However they performed more than they promised. For they grew more and more quiet and attentive, And some of them appeared to be deeply affected.

Monday 7, hearing nothing of our Captain yet, in the afternoon I went to the middle of the town. Abundance of people ran together. But they were far too wild and noisy, to admit of my giving out a psalm, or naming a text, in the usual way. So I fell abruptly upon as many as could hear, in a free and familiar manner. In a few minutes the whole body were quiet, and tolerably attentive. They were more and more serious, till I concluded with a hymn and a short prayer.

Immediately after preaching, I was sent for to a gentleman, who was struck with the palsy. I found the house full of his friends and relations, to whom I spoke freely and largely. They seemed to be more than ordinarily affected. Perhaps for this also we were detained at Cove.

Tuesday 8, I preached not far from the Beach, to a very decent and serious congregation. Presently after, a vessel sailed by, bound for Wales. We went on board without delay, got out of the harbour by eleven, and by Wednesday noon, were a-bread of
the

August, 1758.

9

the isle of Lundy. But we had not yet done our work: so the wind fell, and we did not get into the river till near sun-set. Observing three or four of the sailors then standing together, I began explaining to them the nature of religion. In a few minutes all within the ship came together; and without the ceremony of naming a text, I enlarged on, "The kingdom of heaven is not meats and drinks, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." About eleven we landed at Penklawr, and in the morning rode to Swansea.

Thursday 10, we rode thro' a pleasant country to Pile. We were setting out from thence, when a violent shower drove us into the house again, and constrained us to talk with two or three travellers. I believe our labour was not lost; for they appeared to be greatly affected. I preached at Cardiff in the evening and the next morning. We reached the New Passage about noon. But they did not tell us till half an hour after five, that the boat would not pass that night. With much difficulty I procured a small boat to carry us over, leaving our horses behind. Landing soon after six, we walked on, and between nine and ten came to Bristol.

Here I met with a trial of another kind. But this also shall be for good. On the following days was our yearly Conference. It began and ended in perfect harmony. Thursday 17, I went to the Cathedral, to hear Mr. Handell's Messiah. I doubt, if that congregation was ever so serious at a sermon, as they were during this performance. In many parts, especially several of the chorus's, it exceeded my expectation.

Having promised to take a little journey into Wales, on Monday 21; I set out with Joseph Jones. We were in the boat before nine, but did not land our horses, till a quarter before three. However I reached Cardiff, time enough to preach in the room, tho' not in the castle.

Aug 18

Tuesday

Tuesday 22, I gathered up, as well as I could, the fragments of the Society. At six in the evening I preached in the Castle. Wednesday 23, we rode to Fommon. The behaviour of Mr. Jones surprised me: it seemed as if he inherited the spirit of his Father. I preached at seven to a deeply serious congregation, and to a good part of them at five in the morning. Thursday 24, I wrote a second letter to Dr. Free, the warmest opponent I have had for many years. I leave him now to laugh and scold, and witticise and call names, just as he pleases; for I have done. Friday 25, I rode to Cowbridge, and preached at three in the afternoon, in the new assembly-room. I observed no trifle there, tho' there were several of the better rank. About six I preached in a green court at Lanmain, to a company of right, old, simple christians. I could not get from them so soon as I had designed, so that we did not reach Fommon till near nine.

Saturday 26, one undertook to guide me the nearest way into the main road. But in five or six miles he lost his way, so that for some time we wandered upon the mountains. About noon however we got into the road, and an hour and half after, to Pile. Before we left it, I spoke a few words to the woman of the house. She seemed quite struck. How few words suffice, when God applies them to the heart?

I knew not where to go at Neath: but as we entered the town, a man fixed his eyes upon me (tho' he had never seen me before) and said, "Sir, That is the house where the Preachers put up their horses." I had been there only a few minutes, when another came in and said, "Sir, Mrs. Morgan expects you. I will shew you the way." To Mrs. Morgan's we went, and were as cordially received as if she had known us twenty years. It was market-day, so I preached about five in the room, a large, commodious place. I believe most that were present,
(several

(several of whom were backsliders) felt that God was there.

Sunday 27, we reached Swansey at seven, and were met by one who conducted us to his house, and thence to a kind of castle, in which was a green court, surrounded by high, old walls. A large congregation assembled soon, and behaved with the utmost decency. A very uncommon blessing was among them, as was to be among them that are simple of heart.

The congregation was considerably more than doubled, at five in the afternoon. Many gay and well-drest persons were among them: but they were as serious as the poorest. Peter Jaco, who was driven to us by contrary winds, was agreeably surprised at them.

Monday 28, I scarce ever saw such a rain in Europe, as we had for a considerable part of this morning. In one of the main streets, the water ran with a stream capable of turning a mill. However, having appointed to preach at noon, in Newton, about six miles from Swansey, I was determined not to break my word, tho' I supposed but few would attend. But I was mistaken. Such a number of people came together, as no house in the town could contain. A Barn was soon prepared. And it pleased God to send a gracious rain upon their hearts.

After preaching at Swansey in the evening, I met those who desired to join in a Society, and explained to them the nature and design of it, with which they were quite unacquainted. Tuesday 29, I rode back to Neath, in order to put the Society there (an unlicked mass) into some form. This on Saturday they had begged me to do: but they seemed now to have quite forgotten it. Mr. Evans, the Presbyterian minister, had turned them upside-down. They looked as if they had never seen me before, all but five or six, who were much ashamed of their brethren.

Wednesday

Wednesday 30, I rode on to Margum. There used to be preaching here, till Lord Mansel dying without children, left the estate to Mr. Talbot. He forbade all his tenants to receive the preachers, and so effectually put a stop to it. But he did not glory in it long. A few months after, God called him home.

At noon I preached again in the assembly-room at Cowbridge: in the Castle at Cardiff, in the evening. Thursday 31, I talked with several of the people, and found the old spirit swiftly reviving. In the evening I preached in the town-hall. Several eminent sinners were present. And God was present in an uncommon manner: and also at the meeting of the Society.

Friday, September 1, after a busy and comfortable day, I preached once more in the Castle. The word seemed to sink deep into the hearers, tho' many of them were of the genteeler sort. In the Society we were much refreshed. Many followed me to Thomas Gl's. house: where two or three were cut to the heart, particularly both his daughters, and cried to God with strong cries and tears.

Saturday 2, we rode to the New Passage, crossed over in half an hour, and about five came to Bristol.

Saturday 9, I wrote the Account of an extraordinary Monument of Divine Mercy, Nathanael Othen, who was shot for desertion at Dover-Castle, in October 1757. In the following week, I met Mr. Fletcher, and the other Preachers that were in the house, and spent a considerable time in close conversation, on the head of Christian Perfection. I afterwards wrote down the general propositions wherein we all agreed.

Thursday 14, I rode to Coleford and was much refreshed among the simple, zealous colliers. Saturday 16, in the evening I preached at Bradford, as also at five and eight on Sunday morning. At two, as soon as we were in the house at Freshford, it poured down with rain: so that after as many as could had crowded

crowded in, the rest were constrained to go away. But the rain ceased as soon as we took horse, and we had a pleasant ride to Bristol.

· Wednesday 20, I rode over to Bath; but the room would ill contain the congregation. So I encouraged them in their design of taking a piece of ground, and building without delay. In the evening I preached at Shepton, and several of the rich and honourable took it into their minds to come. But they came too late, For the house was already thoroughly filled with the poor. Thursday 21, as we rode homeward, we saw a sight indeed! A woman in the extremity of pain, rotting away piece-meal by the king's evil, full of sores from head to foot, with several of her bones appearing thro' the skin: and continually praising God with tears of joy, for "dealing so mercifully with her."

Sunday 24, the famous Roger Balls, had planted himself in Stoke's-Croft before I came. However as there was a large congregation, I did not think it right to leave them to him, but began as usual, and preached till near six o'clock, without paying any regard to him,

Sunday, October 1, I took my leave of the congregation and of the children in Kingwood. And God gave us a parting blessing. Monday 2, I preached at Bradford, (noon and night) and met the stewards of the Wiltshire and Somersetshire Societies. In the evening I baptized a young woman, deeply convinced of sin. We all found the power of God was present to heal, and she herself felt what she had not words to express.

Tuesday 3, one of Warminster, who was at Bristol last week, had desired me to call at his house. I did so this morning, and preached in his yard to a numerous congregation, of saints and sinners, rich and poor, Church-men, Quakers, and Presbyterians both of the old and new way. Some disturbance was expected; but there was none. The whole assembly behaved well. And instead of curses or stones, we

had many blessings, as we rode thro' the town for Salisbury. Wednesday 4, I rested there. Thursday 5, I rode by Redbridge and Fareham to Portsmouth: where at seven I preached at Mr. Whitefield's Tabernacle, to a small, serious congregation.

Friday 6, I designed to go in a wherry to the Isle of Wight. But the watermen were so extravagant in their demands, that I changed my mind and went in the hoy. And it was well I did: for the sea was so high, it would not have been easy, for a small boat to keep above water. We landed at two, and walked on, five little miles, to Newport. The neighbouring camp had filled the town with soldiers, the most abandoned wretches whom I ever yet saw. Their whole glorying was in cursing, swearing, drunkenness, and lewdness. How gracious is God, that he does not yet send these monsters to their *own place*!

At five I preached in the corn-market, and at six in the morning. A few even of the soldiers attended. One of these, Benjamin Lawrence, walked with us to Wotton-Bridge, where we intended to take boat. He was in St. Philip's fort, during the whole siege, concerning which I asked him many questions. He said, 1. "Abundance of *cattle* was left in the fields, till the French (long expected) came and took them. 2. Abundance of *wine* was left in the town, even more than the French could use. And there was not enough in the Castle, even for the sick men. 3. A large, strong *stone-house* was left standing, within a small distance of the Fort. Behind this the French often formed themselves, particularly before the last assault. 4. This might easily be accounted for: We had few Officers of any experience: and the Governour never came out of his house. 5. The French made two general assaults and were repulsed, and many blown up by our mines. But the mines having never been looked after, till just when we wanted them, most of them were utterly useless; so that only two out of three-score, did any execution. 6. In their third assault, (which they were hardly persuaded

snaded to make) Captain ——— who commanded the guard of a hundred men, at the Sally-Port, ran away before he was attacked, and his men having none to command them, went after. I was left alone, till I retired also. And the French having none to oppose them, came in. 7. In the morning our men were mad to drive them out: and would have done it in an hour, but that they were told, the Fort was given up, and ordered to cease firing. 8. We had at the approach of the enemy, three thousand eight hundred and thirty three effective men. And we had very near as many when we surrendered, with plenty of provision and ammunition." O human Justice! One great man is shot! And another is made a lord!

We hired a small fisherman's boat at Wotton-Bridge, there being scarce any wind. But it increased more and more, when we were on the sea, which was seven miles over. Our cock-boat danced on the waves, and must have sunk, if one large wave had come over her. But God suffered it not. We landed in two hours, and walked away to Gosport.

Sunday 8, the wind and rain drove us into the Tabernacle. In the afternoon I preached in the main street at Fareham. A wild multitude was present: yet a few only mocked: the greater part were soon deeply attentive.

Monday 9, I set out for Suffex, and in the evening reached Rottingdean, a village four miles East of BRIGHTHELMSTONE. The next day we rode over the Downs to Rye, lying on the top of a round, fruitful hill. I preached at seven to a crowded audience, with great enlargement of spirit.

Wednesday 11, I rode to Rolvenden, about ten miles from Rye, and preached at five to a large, serious congregation. A few drunkards stood in the road at some distance, and took some pains to divert their attention. But it was labour lost. Thursday 12, it was a rainy morning, so that the house con-

tained the congregation. Many of them were in tears, being deeply convinced, that they were as yet *without God in the world*. About one I preached at Northjam. The house was stowed as full as possible, but still many were constrained to stand without, tho' it rained much. About five in the evening I preached again at Rye.

Friday 13, in the evening, we had a solemn season. After I had concluded my sermon, I read over the Rules of the Society, in the open congregation. The number of those who came at five in the morning, shewed that God had touched many hearts. On Saturday evening many were obliged to stand without, tho' the wind was high and extremely cold.

Sunday 15, after preaching at eight, I rode again to Northjam, and preached in Mr. Stonestreet's orchard, to far the largest congregation I have seen in Suffex. One of Rye, in our return thither, gave us a remarkable account. "Mr. —, one most eminent for profaneness, drunkenness, and all manner of wickedness, when you met the Society on Thursday evening at your lodgings, was curious to listen at the window. The next day he surprised his company by crying out, 'I am the greatest finner on the whole earth.' On Friday evening he was wounded more deeply still, and was at the preaching at five in the morning." Surely thus far God has helped him. But a thousand to one, he will *return as a dog to his vomit*.

Monday 16, I rode to Canterbury. As we came into the city, a stone flew out of the pavement, and struck my mare upon the leg with such violence, that she dropt down at once. I kept my seat, till in struggling to arise, she fell again and rolled over me. When she rose I endeavoured to rise too, but found I had no use of my right leg or thigh. But an honest Barber came out, lifted me up, and helped me into his shop. Feeling myself very sick, I desired a glass of cold water, which instantly gave me ease.

Tuesday

Tuesday 17, I found reason to rejoice over this little flock, now free from all divisions and offences. And on Saturday I cheerfully returned to London, after an absence of near eight months.

Here I rested four days: and on Wednesday 25, went partly by coach, partly on horseback to Malden. Friday 27, I rode on, thro' an extremely pleasant and fruitful country, to Colchester. I have seen very few such towns in England. It lies on the ridge of a hill, with other hills on each side which run parallel with it, at a small distance. The two main streets, one running East and West, the other North and South, are quite straight, the whole length of the town, and full as broad as Cheapside.

I preached at four on St. John's Green, at the side of a high, old wall, (a place that seemed to be made on purpose) to an extremely attentive audience: and again at eight in the morning, on Saturday 28, and at four in the afternoon. In the hours between, I took the opportunity of speaking to the members of the Society. In three months here are joined together a hundred and twenty persons. A few of these know in whom they have believed; and many are sensible of their wants.

Sunday 29, at eight the congregation was very large. And, I believe, God made his word *quick and powerful*. At four in the afternoon we had a Moorfields congregation. Many of the baser sort stood at a distance. But they made no disturbance, knowing the Magistrates are determined to suffer no riot at Colchester.

Monday 30, tho' I was not quite recovered from the lameness, occasioned by the fall of my horse, I made shift to ride to Norwich: where, on the following days, I had the satisfaction to observe, That the Society was not lessened, (as I had feared,) but rather increased since I left them. And there is a probability they will increase still, as they are far more established in grace.

Friday, November 3, James Wheatley called upon me, and offered me the Tabernacle. But whether to accept the offer or not, I cannot tell. This must be maturely considered. I found all this week great liberty of spirit; and the congregations were large and attentive. It seems the time is come when our labour even at Norwich will not be in vain.

Sunday 5, we went to St. Peter's Church, the Lord's supper being administered there. I scarce ever remember to have seen a more beautiful parish church: the more so, because its beauty results not from foreign ornaments, but from the very form and structure of it. It is very large, and of an uncommon height: and the sides are almost all window: so that it has an awful and venerable look, and at the same time surprisngly cheerful.

Monday 6, a large congregation attended between four and five in the morning. I set out at six with much comfort, leaving a settled and well-united Society. I preached at Kenninghall about ten, and at Lakenheath in the evening. After resting a day, on Wednesday 8, went on a hard day's journey to Bedford.

I had designed to spend two evenings here. But Mr. Parker informing me, "That Mr. Berridge desired I would come to him as soon as possible," I set out for Everton on Thursday 9. I found Mr. B. just taking horse, with whom I rode on, and in the evening preached at Wrestlingworth, in a large church, well filled with serious hearers.

We lodged at Mr. Hickes' the Vicar, a witness of the faith which once he persecuted. The next morning I preached in his church again. In the middle of the sermon, a woman before me, dropt down as dead, as one had done the night before. In a short time she came to herself, and remained deeply sensible of her want of Christ.

Hence we rode to Mr. B.'s, at Everton. For many years he was seeking to be justified by his works. But a few months ago, he was thoroughly convinced,
That

That *by grace we are saved thro' faith*. Immediately he began to proclaim aloud the redemption that is in Jesus. And God confirmed his own word, exactly as he did at Bristol in the beginning, by working repentance and faith in the hearers, and with the same violent outward symptoms.

I preached at six in the evening and at five in the morning, and some were struck just as at Wrestlingworth. One of these was brought into the house, with whom we spent a considerable time in prayer. I then hastened forward, and a little before it was dark, reached the Foundery.

Sunday 26, I was well-pleased to have some conversation with Mrs. A—t, lately come from Barbadoes. She gave me an account of her poor husband: first a red-hot Predestinarian, talking of God's "blowing whole worlds to hell," then a Quaker, now a Deist: as also the narrow escape which Mr. H. lately had. "Ten Negroes broke into his house; one of whom was upon the point of cutting his throat, when E. R. knocked him down with a pewter-pot; which put the rest into such confusion, that she had time to secure herself and her children, and Mr. H. to leap out of a balcony."

Wednesday 29, I rode to Wandsworth, and baptized two Negroes belonging to Mr. Gilbert, a gentleman lately come from Antigua. One of these is deeply convinced of sin: the other rejoices in God her Saviour, and is the first African christian I have known. But shall not our Lord in due time have these heathens also *for his inheritance?*

Monday, December 4, I was desired to see into the little church behind the Mansion-house, commonly called St. Stephen's Wallbrook. It is nothing grand; but neat and elegant beyond expression. So that I do not wonder at the speech of the famous Italian Architect, who met Lord Burlington in Italy: "My Lord, go back and see St. Stephen's in London. We have not so fine a piece of architecture in Rome."

Friday

Friday 8, poor Mr. Goudicheau, called upon me, formerly a Romish priest, now ready to perish for want of bread, tho' of an unblemished character. Can any one wonder, that we have not many converts from the church of Rome?

Monday 11, most of this week I spent in preparing materials for "A Survey of the Wisdom of God in the Creation;" or a full, plain, and correct System of Natural Philosophy.

Monday 18, I rode to Everton. The church was well filled soon after six in the evening. God gave me great liberty of speech, and applied his word to the hearts of the hearers: many of whom were not able to contain themselves, but cried aloud for mercy.

Tuesday 19, I rode on to Lakenheath. How surprising a Providence has been over this little village! Forty years ago a poor man lived here who walked with God, and was the mean of awakening a few others. When these were nearly extinct, Charles Skelton came, awakened a few more, and forsook them. A year ago, one of Lakenheath, seeing me pass thro' Thetford, desired me to come and preach there. I did so, and occasionally mentioned to them Mr. Midan, then at Thetford. They went over, and invited him to Lakenheath, where, soon after, he preached in the church. The Rector desired he would help him to a Curate; so now they have one that both preaches and lives the gospel.

Wednesday 20, I rode to Norwich. James Whetley now repeated his offer of the Tabernacle. But I was in no haste. I wanted to consult my friends, and consider the thing thoroughly. One glaring objection to it was, "The congregation there, *will* not hear me." He replied, "Sir, you cannot tell that, unless you will make the trial." I consented so to do, on Thursday 21. But many declared, "No! He shall never come into that pulpit:" and planted themselves in the way to prevent it. Hitherto only could they go. I went up and
preached

preached to a large congregation, without any let or hindrance. I preached there again on Saturday evening: and again God stopped the mouths of the lions. Sunday 24, I preached in the Tabernacle at eight, to a very serious congregation, and at the Foundry between four and five. About six the Tabernacle was thoroughly filled, and mostly with quiet hearers. I saw none who behaved amiss, but two soldiers, who struck some that desired them to be silent. But they were seized and carried to the commanding officer, who ordered them to be soundly whipped.

Monday 25, our service began in the Foundry at four, in the Tabernacle at eight. God was now especially pleased to make bare his arm. There was a great cry among the people. Stony hearts were broke; many mourners comforted; many believers strengthened. Prejudice vanished away: a few only kept their fierceness till the afternoon. One of these, still vehemently angry, planted himself just over against me. But before he concluded, he cried out, "I am overcome, I am overcome."

Having now weighed the matter thoroughly, I yielded to the importunity of our brethren. So in the evening the copy of the lease was perfected, which was executed the next morning: a whole train of providences so plainly concurred thereto, that all might clearly see the hand of God.

Tuesday 26, I took my leave of Norwich for the present; about noon preached at Kenninghall, and in the evening came to Lakenheath. Being informed some of the gentry in the town were very desirous to hear me preach, if I would preach in the church: I sent them word, "I had designed to be at Colchester the next day. But as they desired it, I would delay my journey, and preach at ten the next morning."

Wednesday 27, I was so much out of order, that I knew not how I should get to church. Between nine and ten I was informed, that some hot men in the parish would not consent to my preaching there.

I saw the hand of God and was thankful, having now a little more time to rest. In the afternoon the sun broke out thro' the fog, and we had a pleasant ride to Bury. But I was so extremely sick, soon after I came in, that I knew not how I should be able to preach. An hour's sleep however refreshed me much, so that I found no want of strength in preaching. Indeed my disorder increased during the night. But while I was preaching in the morning, I felt myself well. And I found no more sickness or complaint of any kind. In the evening I reached Colchester.

Friday 29, I found the Society had decreased since L. C. went away. And yet they had had full as good preachers. But that is not sufficient. By repeated experiments we learn, That tho' a man preach like an angel, he will neither collect, nor preserve a Society which is collected, without visiting them from house to house.

To day I walked all over the famous castle, perhaps the most antient building in England. A considerable part of it is, without question, fourteen or fifteen hundred years old. It was mostly built with Roman bricks, each of which is about two inches thick, seven broad, and thirteen or fourteen long. Seat of antient kings! British and Roman! Once dreaded far and near. But what are they now? Is not *a living dog better than a dead lion?* And what is it wherein they prided themselves? As do the present great ones of the earth:

“ A little pomp, a little sway,
A sun-beam in a winter's day,
Is all the great and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave!”

Saturday 30, I returned to London, and received a pressing letter from Bristol: in consequence of which I took horse on Monday morning, January the first, 1759, and came thither the next evening. After resting two days (only preaching morning and evening,)

ing) I examined severally the members of the Society. This was one great end of my coming down. Another was to provide for the poor. Accordingly on Sunday 7, I preached a sermon for them, to which God was pleased to give his blessing, so that the collection was a great deal more than double of what it used to be.

Wednesday 10, having finished my work at Bristol, I rode to Salisbury, and advised our brethren concerning the Preaching-house which they are about to build. On Friday 12, I went on to Whitechurch, and preached at one to a large and serious congregation. In the afternoon we rode to Basingstoke, where the people put me in mind of the *wild beasts at Ephesus*. Yet they were unusually attentive in the evening, altho' many of them could not hear. Saturday 13, after preaching to a small, serious company, I went on to London.

Saturday 27, I began reading with huge expectation, a tract wrote by a son-in-law of the great Bengelius, Mr. Oetinger, *De Sensu Communi & Ratione*. But how was I disappointed! So obscure a writer I scarce ever saw before: I think he goes beyond Persius himself. When I had with huge labour read fifty or sixty pages, finding the sense did by no means make amends for the time and pains bestowed in searching it out, I took my leave of him for ever.

Saturday, February 3, I spent an hour with one, who by the loss of his sight, his fortune, and his liberty, (for he has been a prisoner some time,) is likely to gain more than all the world can give.

Tuesday 6, I took much pains to convince Mr. S—n, that he was not the wisest man in the world. But I could not *change the Ethiopian's skin*. Yet even this is not too hard for God.

Friday 9, I felt suddenly, as if a needle had been run into the side of my face. I supposed it would be well by the morning: but found it abundantly worse: the tonsil being come down, (as they term it) and the side of my face much swelled. It
grew

grew worse all day, so that it was with great difficulty I preached at Snowsfields in the evening. But on Sunday 11, it went away as unaccountably as it came. In the afternoon I called on E. H. in St. George's Hospital. Many there had been greatly prejudiced against *me*. But it was now vanished away. Her behaviour had reconciled them quite. And all in the ward, (sixty or seventy persons) seemed hardly to breathe all the time I was speaking and praying by her bedside.

Tuesday 13, I preached at Deptford and Welling, and next morning rode to Wandsworth. I preached Wednesday and Thursday evening in the town; in the mornings at Mr. Gilbert's. Will this barren tree bear fruit at last? How long has God had patience with it!

Friday 16, being the Public Fast, I preached at five in Wandsworth; at nine and three in the church at Spitalfields; and at half past eight, in the Foundery. Every place of public worship was crowded on this, as on the two preceding Fast-days. And it is plain, even *outward* humiliation has been a mean of *outward* blessings.

Friday 23, I saw a surprising spectacle; one who by a blow first lost her nose, then one eye, and then the other, with most of the roof of her mouth: and yet instead of murmuring, acknowledges the love of God in all, and praises him continually.

Tuesday 27, I walked with my brother and Mr. Maxfield to L. H's. After breakfast, came in Mr. Whitefield, Madan, Romaine, Jones, Downing, and Venn, with some persons of quality and a few others. Mr. Whitefield, I found was to have administered the Sacrament. But he insisted upon my doing it: after which, at the request of L. H., I preached on 1 Cor. xiii. 13. O what are the greatest of men, to the great God? As the small dust of the balance.

Thursday, March 1, I reached Everton about four in the afternoon. But Mr. Berridge did not expect me till the next day. So he thought it best, I should

should preach in his house. The next evening the church was well filled. And my mouth was filled with arguments: which I trust God applied, for the conviction of some and the consolation of others.

Saturday 3, we had a mild, delightful day, and a pleasant ride to Colchester. In the evening and on Sunday morning, the house contained the congregation tolerably well. But in the afternoon I was obliged to go out: and I suppose we had on St. John's Green, five or six times as many as the room would contain. Such is the advantage of field-preaching!

Monday 5, on examining the Society I found, that out of the hundred and twenty-six members I had left in October, we had lost only twelve; in the place of whom we had gained forty. And many of those whom we left in sorrow and heaviness, are now rejoicing in God their Saviour.

Tuesday 6, I rode to Norwich. Wednesday 7, I inquired into the state of affairs at the Tabernacle; and found the Society, once consisting of many hundred members, was mouldered into nothing. Of the fifteen or sixteen hundred subscribers, not twenty,—not one was left; but every one that pleased went into the galleries, without any questions asked. So that every thing was to be wrought out of the ore, or rather out of the cinders! Surely whatever help is done here, God must do it himself.

In the evening I desired that those who were willing to join in a Society, would speak with me the next evening. About twenty did so: but the greater part of these appeared like frightened sheep. And no marvel, when they had been so long accustomed to hear all manner of evil of me.

Friday 9, I preached morning and evening at the Foundery. How pleasing would it be to flesh and blood, to remain in this little, quiet place, where we have at length weathered the storm! Nay, I am not to consult my own ease, but the advancing the kingdom of God,

On Saturday and Sunday about forty more gave in their names. On Sunday in the afternoon I met the Society, after ordering the doors to be shut, which they had not been for two years before. Thirty or forty more spoke to me on Monday. I think, two thirds of those I have yet seen, have had a clear sense of God's pardoning love. Doth he not *send by whom he will send?*

Sunday 18, I administered the Lord's supper to near two hundred communicants. So solemn a season I never remember to have known in the city of Norwich. As a considerable part of them were Dissenters, I desired every one to use what posture he judged best. Had I *required* them to kneel, probably half would have sat. Now, all but one kneeled down.

Finding it was needful to see them once more at Colchester, I took horse between four and five in the morning. The frost was extremely sharp for some hours. It was then a fair, mild day. About two in the afternoon it began to rain, but we reached Colchester before we were wet thro'.

The room was more than filled in the evening, so that many were obliged to go away. Wednesday 21, I baptized seven adults, two of them by immersion. And in the evening, (their own Ministers having cast them out "for going to hear the Methodists,") I administered the Lord's Supper to them and many others, whom their several teachers had repelled for the same reason.

Thursday 22, Before we set out, the rough North wind fell, and we had a calm, sun-shiny day. I preached in the Tabernacle at Norwich in the evening.

Sunday 25, I rode to Fornet, twelve miles from Norwich, where also was a building of James Wheatley's, which, without my desire, he had included in the lease. We found William Cudworth had preached there in the morning. It was exceeding good for my sense of honour, to come just after him. The people

looked as direful upon me, as if it had been Satan in person. However they flocked from all parts, so that the Tabernacle would not near contain them. I preached about two; God bare witness to his truth, and many were cut to the heart. After preaching I found Mr. Cudworth sitting in the pulpit behind me, whom I quietly and silently passed by. About six I preached at the Tabernacle in Norwich, crowded with attentive hearers. Perhaps these too will be brought into order by and by. Hitherto there has been *no King in Israel*.

Monday and Tuesday I spoke to as many of both Societies, now united together, as had leisure and inclination to come. The whole number is about four hundred and twenty: of whom I do not think it improbable, two hundred may continue together.

Tuesday 27, I had an interview with Mr. Cudworth. I observed upon the whole, 1. That his opinions are *all his own*, quite new; and his phrases as new as his opinions: 2. That all these opinions, yea and phrases too, he affirms to be *necessary to salvation*; maintaining that all who do not receive them, *worship another God*, and 3. That he is as incapable as a brute beast, of being convinced even in the smallest point.

Wednesday 28, I rode over to Forncet again, and preached to a large congregation. Great part of them were now exceedingly softened: but some were still bitter as wormwood. In the evening we had another kind of congregation at the Foundery, by whom I was much comforted: but much more in meeting the Bands, when all our hearts were melted down by the power of God.

Thursday 29, I divided the Norwich Society into classes, without any distinction between them who had belonged to the Foundery or the Tabernacle. Sunday, April 1, I met them all at six, requiring every one to shew his ticket when he came in, a thing they had never heard of before. I likewise insisted on another strange regulation, That the men and

women should sit apart. A third was made the same day. It had been a custom ever since the Tabernacle was built, to have the galleries full of spectators, while the Lord's supper was administered. This I judged highly improper, and therefore ordered none to be admitted, but those who desired to communicate. And I found far less difficulty than I expected, in bringing them to submit to this also.

The Society now contained above five hundred and seventy members: an hundred and three of whom were in no Society before, altho' many of them had found peace with God. I believe they would have increased to a thousand, if I could have stayed a fortnight longer. Which of these will hold fast their profession? The fowls of the air will devour some. The sun will scorch more; and others will be choked by the thorns springing up. I wonder we should ever expect, that half of those who *hear the word with joy*, will bring forth *fruit unto perfection*.

Monday 2, I left Norwich, and about seven o'clock came to Cross-Keys Wash. They would fain have persuaded us, we could not pass. But finding we were resolved to try, our guide put forward, and brought us over in half an hour: so that about eight we reached Sutton, and found a quiet, civil house, with every thing we wanted.

Tuesday 3, we came to Foss-dyke Wash, just time enough to pass. At three in the afternoon I preached at Boston. A rude multitude quickly ran together, to a paddock adjoining the town. A more unawakened congregation I have not seen for some years. However, the far greater part were attentive: nor did any interrupt, or offer the least rudeness.

At seven I met the little Society in the house: but they were the least part of the company. People crowded in from all sides; and I believe, God touched most of their hearts.

Wednesday 4, at six, finding the house would not contain one-fourth of the congregation, I was constrained to stand in the street. Abundance of people
assembled

affembled together, whom I exhorted to believe the gospel." The words afterwards he heavy upon them, and I trust, broke not the least stony hearts.

Hence we rode over *the fens*, fifteen miles, till the and near thirty miles long, to Coningsby, where he found a numerous congregation of a far different spirit. Scarce one of these but had *tasted*, more or less, *the powers of the world to come*. After a comfortable opportunity here, we rode on to Horncastle. We were but roughly saluted at our entrance. And the mob increased more and more till six. I then began to preach in a yard near the Market-place, to a large concourse of people. But their behaviour quite disappointed us; for there was no tumult, no noise, but an earnest attention thro' the whole congregation.

Thursday 5, I preached again at seven, to nearly the same congregation, and was again refreshed by the remarkable decency and seriousness of their behaviour. At four in the afternoon I preached at Marum in the Hill, two miles from Horncastle. The number of people constrained me to preach without, and the rain, to shorten my sermon: tho' none went away. Indeed I believe none were present, who had not known some work of grace in their hearts.

Friday 6, we rode over The Wolds (a chain of hills) to North-Elkington, three miles from Lowth. The congregation was large, notwithstanding the rain, which drove full in our face, till we came to Grimby.

Sunday 8, the house was pretty well filled at eight. At two I was obliged to go into the old church-yard: where was such a concourse of people, as had hardly ever, they said, been seen at Grimby before. As many as the room would well contain, were present at the Watch-night: and at seven in the morning. I then commended them to the grace of God.

Monday 9, I preached in the evening at Laseby: the next afternoon at Ferry, (after riding thro' much

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many of them were in tears, and
pressed after me into the house where we met the
Society. I could not but hope, that some of these will
press into the kingdom of heaven.

Returning thence I called on Mr. Romley of
Burton, one of my former parishioners, a lively,
sensible man of eighty-three years old, by whom I
was much comforted. An hour or two after, we
took boat; but could not cross over. The violence
of the stream swollen by the late rains, bore us down
in spite of all we could do. Having striven against it
a considerable time, we were obliged to cast anchor.
After waiting some time, we got near the shore, and
towed up to the place of landing. A toilsome day
was followed by a comfortable night. At half an hour
after eight the house at Epworth was well filled.
And most of the congregation stayed, till the whole
service was concluded.

It was on this day, that after the battle of Bergen
in Germany, "Among the many wounded who were
brought into Frankfort upon the Mayne, there
was the right honourable George Charles Dykern,
Baron, Lieutenant-General of the Saxon troops, in
the service of the King of France. He was born of
an antient and noble family in Silesia, on April 10,
1710, so that it was just on his birth-day, he received
his wound. He was of equal abilities as a minister in
the closet, and a general in the field. In his younger
years, he had gone thro' a regular course of study in
the university, and made great proficiency in Philo-
sophy,

sophy, especially in Mathematics. Afterwards he studied Polemic Divinity, till he reasoned himself into an Infidel. During his illness he shewed not the least desire of pious company, or serious discourse, till the Surgeon let his valet de chambre know, that he could not live long. The man then asked his master, Whether he did not chuse to be visited by a clergyman? He answered with warmth, "I shall not trouble those gentlemen. I know well myself what to believe and do." His man not discouraged, continued thus, "My Lord, have you ever found me wanting in my duty, all the time I have been in your service?" He answered, "No." "Then," replied he, "I will not be wanting now. The Surgeons count you past hopes of recovery; but every one is afraid to tell you so. You stand on the brink of eternity. Pray, Sir, order a clergyman to be called." He paused a little, but soon gave his hand to his servant, thanked him for his honesty, and ordered him to send for me.* When I came, the man told me plainly, the General was a professed Infidel. I went in, and after a short compliment, said, "I am told, my Lord, your life is near an end. Therefore, I presume, without any ceremony, to ask you one plain question: Is the state of your soul such, that you can entertain a solid hope of salvation?" He answered, "Yes." "On what do you ground this hope?" He replied, "I never committed any wilful sin. I have been liable to frailties; but I trust in God's mercy, and the merits of his Son, that he will have mercy upon me." These words he uttered very slowly, especially *the merits of his Son*. I made the following reply. "I am apt to believe, you are not tainted with the grossest vices. But I fear, you a little too presumptuously boast, of never having committed wilful sin. If you would be saved, you must acknowledge your being utterly corrupted by sin, and consequently deserving the curse of God and eternal damnation. As to your hoping for God's mercy *thro' the merits*

* Dr. Fresenius, Senior of the Clergy at Frankfort.

of his Son, I beg leave to ask, Do you believe God has a Son? That his Son assumed our nature, in order to be our Saviour? that in the execution of his office, he was humbled unto death, even the death upon the cross, and that hereby he has given an ample satisfaction for us, and recovered our title to heaven?" He answered, "I cannot now avoid a more minute description of the true state of my soul. Let me tell you, Doctor, I have some knowledge of Philosophy, by which I have chosen for myself, a way of salvation. I have always endeavoured to live a sober life, to the utmost of my power: not doubting but the Being of all beings, would then graciously accept me. In this way I stood in no need of Christ, and therefore did not believe on him. But if I take the Scriptures to be a divine Revelation, this way of mine I perceive is not the right one. I must believe in Christ, and thro' him come to God." I replied, "You say, if you take the Scriptures to be a divine Revelation!" He fetched a deep sigh, and said, "O God! thou wilt make me say, *because* I take the Scriptures to be thy word." I said, "There are grounds and reasons enough to demonstrate the divine Origin of Christianity, as I could shew from its most essential principles, were not the period of your life so short. But we need not now that diffusive method; Faith being the gift of God. A poor sinner tottering on the brink of eternity, has not time to enquire about grounds and reasons. Rather betake yourself to earnest prayer for faith, which if you do, I doubt not but God will give it you." I had no sooner spoken these words, but, pulling off his cap, and lifting up his eyes and hands, he cried out, "O Almighty God! I am a poor, cursed sinner, worthy of damnation. But Lord Jesus, eternal Son of God, thou diedst for my sins also. It is thro' thee alone I can be saved. O give me faith, and strengthen that faith." Being extremely weak, he was obliged to stop here. A little after he asked, "Is Faith enough for salvation?" "Yes, Sir, said I, if it be living faith." "Methinks,"
said

said he, "It is so already; and it will be more so by and by: let us pray for it." Perceiving he was very weak, to give him some rest, I retired into the next room. But he soon sent to call me. I found him praying, and Jesus was all he prayed for. I reminded him of some scriptures treating of faith in Christ, and he was much delighted with them. Indeed he was quite swallowed up by the grace of Jesus, and would hear of nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified. He cried out, "I do not know how it is with me. I never in my life felt such a change. I have power to love Jesus, and to believe in him, whom I so long rejected. O my Jesus! how merciful art thou to me!"

About noon I slept home; but he sent for me directly, so that I could scarce eat my dinner. We were both filled with joy, as partakers of the same grace which is in Jesus Christ; and that in such a manner, as if we had been acquainted together for many years. Many Officers of the army came to see him continually, to all of whom he talked freely of Jesus, of the grace of the Father in him, and of the power of the Holy Ghost thro' him: wondering without ceasing at his having found Jesus, and at the happy change, by which all things on this side eternity, were become indifferent to him.

In the afternoon he desired to partake of the Lord's-supper, which he received with a melting, praising, rejoicing heart. All the rest of the day he continued in the same state of soul. Toward evening he desired, that if his end should approach, I would come to him, which I promised. But he did not send for me till the next morning. I was told by his Valet, that he slept well for some hours, and then awaking, prayed for a considerable time, continually mentioning the name of our Lord, and his precious blood, and that he had desired several of the Officers to make his conversion known to his Court, (that of the King of Poland.) After some discourse I asked, "Has your view of Christ and his redemption been
neither

neither altered nor obscured since yesterday?" He answered, "Neither altered nor obscured. I have no doubt, not even a remote one. It is just the same with me, as if I had always thus believed and never doubted. So gracious is the Lord Jesus to me a sinner!"

The second day he was unwearied in prayer and exercises of faith. Toward evening he sent for me in haste. When I came, I found him dying, and in a kind of delirium; so I could do no more than give him now and then a word of comfort. I prayed afterwards for him and those that were present, some of whom were of high birth and rank. I then by imposition of hands, as usual, gave him a blessing, which being done, he expired immediately. A royal Prince who was there (Prince Xavier of Saxony) could not forbear weeping. The rest of the Officers bewailed the loss of their General, and praised God for having shewn such mercy toward him.

I wrote an account of it without delay to his mother, and had an immediate answer: she was a lady of seventy-two, of exemplary piety. She praised God for his mercy, adding, "That he had now answered the prayers, which she had never ceased to offer on his behalf for eleven years."

Sunday 15, (Easter-day) I preached at Epworth at eight, and then rode to Haxey church, where I was much refreshed by the decency and seriousness of the congregation. Between one and two I began preaching: so large a congregation was never seen here before. About five I preached at the Market-place in Epworth. I was drawing to a conclusion when the rain began. But it drove away only a few careless hearers: the bulk of the people did not stir till I concluded.

Wednesday 18, I set out for Selby. We were in hopes the roads would now be passable. And they were tolerable, till we came near the town; but here the late flood had carried away the bank, over which we were to ride, and left a great hole in its place.

However,

However, we made shift to lead our horses over a narrow path, where the water was fordable. The congregation at Selby obliged me to stand in the garden, tho' the North-wind was exceeding high. At seven in the evening I preached at York.

Thursday 19, I visited two prisoners in the castle, which is, I suppose, the most commodious prison in Europe. Both of them seemed to be much convinced, and not far from the kingdom of God. At six I preached in the shell of the new house, to a numerous and serious audience.

Friday 20, the master of the Inn at Tadcaster, offering us the use of his garden, I preached to a well-behaved congregation, and about five found Mr. Grimshaw, and many of our brethren at Leeds. Saturday 21, at half an hour past ten, we reached Stainland chapel, near Ealand. It is a handsome building, near the top of a mountain, and surrounded with mountains on all sides. It was filled from end to end. Mr. Grimshaw read prayers, and I preached on part of the Second Lesson. In the room where I dressed myself, were a young man and his sister, ill of a fever. I know not that ever they heard the preaching; however, I desired we might go to prayer. They were presently melted into tears. O may God preach his gospel to their hearts!

I preached at Manchester in the evening, where we had at length a quiet audience. Wretched Magistrates, who by refusing to suppress, encouraged the rioters, had long occasioned continual tumults here; but some are now of a better spirit. And wherever Magistrates desire to preserve the peace, they have sufficient power to do it.

Tuesday 24, I rode over to Macclesfield. Abundance of people ran together, but wild as colts untamed. Their noise quite drowned my voice at first; but in a while they were tolerably quiet. And before I had done, all but four or five lubberly men, seemed almost persuaded to be christians.

Sunday

Sunday 29, I rode to Stockport, designing to preach at one o'clock. But we were at a loss for a place. We fixt at length on a Green near the Town's End: and we had a quiet and solemn opportunity.

In my return, I called to see a girl, about thirteen years of age. She had been in violent pain all over, with little intermission for near twenty months. After I had spoken a few words, she said, "When I saw you before, I did not know the Lord: but now I know him, and am known of him. I am his, and he is mine." I asked, "Do you never repine at your pain?" She said, "No: I have not a murmuring thought. I am happy, always happy. I would not change this bed of affliction for the palace of king George." I asked, "Are you not proud of this? Is pride taken out of your heart?" She answered, "I do not know. But I *feel* no pride. I feel that God is all." "But do you feel no fretfulness or peevishness?" "I cannot tell that I do. Pain sometimes makes me cry out when they stir me. But I do not fret at any thing." "Do you find no self-will?" "Not that I know: I desire nothing but that the will of God be done." "Do not you desire life or death?" "No; I leave all to him. But, if it was his will, I should be glad to die. The world is full of danger. I should be glad to leave it, and to be with Christ." O why was she then not taken to Paradise? I fear she has now no religion at all.

Monday 30, we had a numerous congregation at Acton-bridge, two or three miles from Northwich. Some large trees screened us both from the sun and wind. In the afternoon I rode on to Chester. It was well the wind was pretty high; for the sun shone as hot as it uses to do in the dog-days. Wednesday, May 2, I rode over to Mould in Flintshire, about twelve miles from Chester. The sun was very hot and the wind very cold. But as the place they had chosen for me, was exposed both to the sun and the wind, the one balanced the other. And notwithstanding the Chester races which had drawn the rich
away,

away, and the Market-day, which detained many of the poor, we had a multitude of people, the serious part of whom soon influenced the rest: so that all but two or three remained uncovered, and kneeled down as soon as I began to pray.

Thursday 3, we crossed over from Chester to Liverpool. The congregations here were exceeding large; but many of them seemed to be like wild asses colts. Yet God is able to make them wise unto salvation.

Sunday 3, I received much comfort at the Old Church in the morning, and at St. Thomas's in the afternoon. It was as if both the sermons had been made for *me*. I pity those who can find no good at church. But how should they, if prejudice come between, an effectual bar to the grace of God?

Wednesday 9, I rode to Downam-Green, near Wigan, a town wicked to a proverb. We had a specimen of the manners of its inhabitants, in the behaviour of a man that met us, and accosted us with such language as would have become an inhabitant of the bottomless pit. One would have thought from their looks, that a good part of the congregation was of the same spirit. But, in a short time, the word of God prevailed, and all their fierceness melted away.

In the evening I preached at Bolton, and on Friday 11, about nine, at Lower Darwent, a small village near Blackburn. At Lancaster we were informed, it was too late to cross the sands. However we resolved to make the trial. We passed the seven-mile sand without difficulty, and reached Fluckboro' about sun-set.

Saturday 12, setting out early, we came to Bottle; about twenty-four measured miles from Fluckboro', soon after eight, having crossed the Millam-Sand, without either guide or difficulty. Here we were informed, that we could not pass at Ravenglass, before one or two o'clock: whereas had we gone on, (as we afterward found,) we might have passed immediately.

mediately. About eleven we were directed to a Ford, near Manchester-Hall, which they said, we might cross at noon. When we came thither, they told us, we could not cross. So we sat still till about one. We then found, we could have crossed at noon. However we reached Whitehaven before night. But I have taken my leave of the Sand-Road. I believe, it is ten measured miles shorter than the other: but there are four Sands to pass, so far from each other, that it is scarce possible to pass them all in a day: especially as you have all the way to do with a generation of liars, who detain all strangers as long as they can, either for their own gain, or their neighbours. I can advise no stranger to go this way: he may go round by Kendal and Kewick, often in less time, always with less expence, and far less trial of his patience.

Reflecting to-day on the case of a poor woman, who had a continual pain in her stomach, I could not but remark the inexcusable negligence of most Physicians in cases of this nature. They prescribe drug upon drug, without knowing a jot of the matter, concerning the root of the disorder. And without knowing this, they cannot cure, tho' they can murder the patient. Whence came this woman's pain? (Which she would never have told, had she never been questioned about it:) from fretting for the death of her son. And what availed medicines, while that fretting continued? Why then do not all Physicians consider, how far bodily disorders are caused or influenced by the mind? And in those cases, which are utterly out of their sphere, call in the assistance of a Minister, as Ministers when they find the mind disordered by the body, they call in the assistance of a Physician? But why are these cases out of their sphere? Because they know not God. It follows, no man can be a thorough Physician, without being an experienced Christian.

Tuesday 15, I rode over to Lorton, at little village at the foot of a high mountain. Many came from a considerable distance, and I believe did not repent of their
their

their labour. For they found God to be a God both of the hills and vallies, and no where more present than in the mountains of Cumberland.

Thursday 17, I enquired into a signal instance of Providence. When a coal-pit runs far under the ground, it is customary here to build a partition-wall, nearly from the shaft to within three or four yards of the end, in order to make the air circulate, which then moves down one side of the wall, turns at the end, and then moves briskly up on the other side. In a pit two miles from the town, which ran full four hundred yards under the ground, and had been long neglected, several parts of this wall were fallen down. Four men were sent down to repair it. They were about three hundred yards from the shaft, when the foul air took fire. In a moment it tore down the wall from end to end, and burning on till it came to the shaft, it then burst and went off like a large cannon. The men instantly fell on their faces, or they would have been burnt to death in a few moments. One of them who once knew the love of God, (Andrew English,) began crying aloud for mercy. But in a very short time his breath was stopped. The other three crept on their hands and knees, till two got to the shaft and were drawn up; but one of them died in a few minutes. John M'Combe was drawn up the next, burnt from head to foot, but rejoicing and praising God. They then went down for Andrew, whom they found senseless, the very circumstance which saved his life. For losing his senses, he lay flat on the ground, and the greatest part of the fire went over him: whereas had he gone forward on his hands and knees, he would undoubtedly have been burnt to death. But life or death was welcome. For God had restored the light of his countenance.

Saturday 19, one was shewing us the improvements begun by Sir William Lowther. He had marked out places for new walks, and for tufts of trees, laid out a new plan for his gardens, began to

alter the house, and was preparing to make a little paradise round about it. But death came between. And how little loss was this, if it removed him to the paradise of God!

Sunday 20, I preached at eight in an open place at The Gins, a village on one side of the town. Many were there, who never did, and never would come to the Room. O what a victory would Satan gain, if he could put an end to field-preaching! But that, I trust, he never will: at least not till my head is laid.

After preaching again at two, I took my leave of Whitehaven, and rode to Cockermouth. At six I preached at the end of the Market-house. High and low, rich and poor, attended. And by far the greater part of the audience seemed to be conscious, that God was there.

Monday 21, I preached at ten in the Market-place at Wigton, and came to Solway-Firth, just as the water was fordable. At some times it is so, three hours in twelve; at other times, barely one.

After making a short bait at Rothwell, we came to Dumfries before six o'clock. Having time to spare, we took a walk in the church-yard, one of the pleasantest places I ever saw. A single tomb I observed there, which was about a hundred and thirty years old. But the inscription was hardly legible!

Quandoquidem remanent ipfis quoque fata Sepulchris!

So soon do even our Sepulchres die! Strange, that men should be so careful about them! But are not many self-condemned therein? They see the folly, while they run into it. So poor Mr. Prior, speaking of his own tomb, has these melancholy words, "For this last *Piece of human Vanity*, I bequeath five hundred pounds."

Tuesday 22, we rode thro' a pleasant country, to Thorny-hill, near which is the grand seat of the Duke of Queensboro'. How little did the late Duke ima-
gine,

gine, that his son would plough up his Park, and let his house run to ruin! But let it go! In a little time the earth itself and all the works of it shall be burnt up.

Hence we rode thro' and over huge mountains, green to the very top, to Lead-hills, a village containing five hundred families, who have had no Minister for these four years. So in *Scotland*, the poor have not the gospel preached! Who shall answer for the blood of these men?

Early in the evening we came to Lefmahagow, a village not so large as Lead-hills. It has however two Ministers. Here also we walked down to the church-yard, by the side of which a little, clear river runs, near the foot of an high and steep mountain. The wood which covers this makes the walks that run on its sides, pleasant beyond imagination. But what taste have the good people of the town for this? As much as the animals that graze on the river-bank.

Wednesday 23, we took horse soon after four, and did not stop before we came to Glasgow: having hardly seen a cloud in the sky, since we set out from Whitehaven.

I preached at seven in the Poor-house: and at seven in the morning, Thursday 24. But in the evening we were obliged to be abroad, and I used great plainness of speech. All suffered the word of exhortation: some seemed to be a little affected.

Saturday 26, I found the little Society which I had joined here two years since had soon split in pieces. In the afternoon I met several members of the praying Societies; and shewed them what Christian Fellowship was, and what need they had of it. About forty of them met me on Sunday 27, in Mr. Gillies's Kirk, immediately after evening service. I left them determined to meet Mr. Gillies weekly, at the same time and place. If this be done, I shall try to see Glasgow again. If not, I can employ my time better.

At seven in the morning we had a numerous congregation, tho' small compared to that in the evening. Yet my voice was so strengthened, that I believe all could hear. I spoke very plain, on, "Ye must be born again." Now I am clear of the blood of this people. I have delivered my own soul.

Monday 28, I rode thro' Edinburgh to Musselburgh, and preached in the evening to a deeply attentive congregation. Wednesday 30, I rode on to Dunbar, and at six in the evening, preached in a large, open place, (as also the next day.) Both poor and rich quietly attended, tho' most of them shivering with cold: for the weather was so changed within a few days, that it seemed more like December than May.

Lodging with a sensible man, I enquired particularly into the present discipline of the Scotch parishes. In one parish, it seems there are twelve ruling Elders; in another there are fourteen. And what are these? Men of great sense and deep experience? Neither one, nor the other. But they are the *richest* men in the parish. And are the *richest* of course the *best* and the *wisest* men? Does the Bible teach this? I fear, not. What manner of governours then will these be? Why, they are generally just as capable of governing a parish, as of commanding an army.

About this time the work of God exceedingly increased under the Rev. Mr. Berridge near Everton. I cannot give a clearer view of this, than by transcribing part of the Journal of an eye witness.

Sunday, May 20, being with Mr. B—ll at Everton, I was much fatigued and did not rise. But Mr. B. did, and observed several fainting and crying out, while Mr. B—e was preaching. Afterward at Church, I heard many cry out, especially children, whose agonies were amazing: one of the eldest, a girl ten or twelve years old, was full in my view, in violent contortions of body, and weeping aloud, I think incessantly during the whole service. And several much younger children were in Mr. B—ll's view, agonizing

agonizing as this did. The Church was equally crowded in the afternoon, the windows being filled within and without, and even the outside of the pulpit to the very top; so that Mr. B—e seemed almost stifled by their breath. Yet feeble and ickly as he is, he was continually strengthened, and his voice for the most part distinguishable, in the midst of all the outcries. I believe there were present three times more men than women, a great part of whom came from far; thirty of them having set out at two in the morning, from a place thirteen miles off. The text was, "Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof." When the power of religion began to be spoke of, the presence of God really filled the place. And while poor sinners felt the sentence of death in their souls, what sounds of distress did I hear! The greatest number of them who cried or fell, were men: but some women, and several children, felt the power of the same Almighty Spirit, and seemed just sinking into hell. This occasioned a mixture of various sounds; some shrieking, some roaring aloud. The most general was a loud breathing, like that of people half strangled and gasping for life. And indeed almost all the cries were like those of human creatures, dying in bitter anguish. Great numbers wept without any noise: others fell down as dead: some sinking in silence; some with extreme noise and violent agitation. I stood on the pew seat, as did a young man in the opposite pew, an able-bodied, fresh, healthy countryman. But in a moment, while he seemed to think of nothing less, down he dropt with a violence inconceivable. The adjoining pews seemed shook with his fall: I heard afterward the stamping of his feet; ready to break the boards, as he lay in strong convulsions, at the bottom of the pew. Among several that were struck down in the next pew, was a girl, who was as violently seized as him. When he fell, B—ll and I felt our souls thrilled with a momentary dread: as when one man is killed by a cannon ball, another often feels the wind of it.

Among

Among the children who felt the arrows of the Almighty, I saw a sturdy boy, about eight years old, who roared above his fellows, and seemed in his agony to struggle with the strength of a grown man. His face was red as scarlet. And almost all on whom God laid his hand, turned either very red, or almost black. When I returned, after a little walk, to Mr. B—e's house, I found it full of people. He was fatigued, but said, he would nevertheless give them a word of exhortation. I stayed in the next room, and saw the girl whom I had observed so peculiarly distressed in the church, lying on the floor as one dead, but without any ghastliness in her face. In a few minutes we were informed of a woman filled with peace and joy, who was crying out just before. She had come thirteen miles, and is the same person, who dreamed Mr. B. would come to her village, on that very day, whereon he did come, tho' without either knowing the place or the way to it. She was convinced at that time. Just as we heard of her deliverance, the girl on the floor began to stir. She was then set in a chair: and after sighing a while, suddenly rose up, rejoicing in God. Her face was covered with the most beautiful smile I ever saw. She frequently fell on her knees, but was generally running to and fro, speaking these and the like words, "O, what can Jesus do for lost sinners! He has forgiven all my sins! I am in heaven! I am in heaven! O how he loves me! And how I love him!" Meantime I saw a thin, pale girl, weeping with sorrow for herself, and joy for her companion. Quickly the smiles of heaven came likewise on her, and her praises joined with those of the other. I also then laughed with extreme joy: so did Mr. B—ll, (who said, it was more than he could well bear.) So did all who knew the Lord, and some of those who were waiting for salvation: till the cries of them who were struck with the arrows of conviction, were almost lost in the sounds of joy.

Two or three well-drest young women, who seemed careless before, now felt the power of God, and cried

cried out with a loud and bitter cry. Mr. B— about this time retired, and the Duke of M—, with Mrs. A—ll came in. They seemed inclined to make a disturbance, but were restrained, and in a short time quietly retired. We continued praising God with all our might: and his work went on as when Mr. B— was exhorting. I had for some time observed a young woman all in tears; but now her countenance changed. The unspeakable joy appeared in her face, which, quick as lightning, was filled with smiles, and became a crimson colour. About the same time, John Keeling of Potton, fell into an agony. But he grew calm in about a quarter of an hour, tho' without a clear sense of pardon.

Immediately after, a stranger well drest, who stood facing me, fell backward to the wall; then forward on his knees, wringing his hands, and roaring like a bull. His face at first turned quite red, then almost black. He rose and ran against the wall, until Mr. Keeling and another held him. He screamed out, "O what shall I do, what shall I do? O for one drop of the blood of Christ!" As he spoke, God set his soul at liberty; he knew his sins were blotted out; and the rapture he was in, seemed too great for human nature to bear. He had come forty miles to hear Mr. B—, and was to leave him the next morning; which he did with a glad heart, telling all who came in his way, what God had done for his soul.

I observed about the time that Mr. Coe, (that was his name) began to rejoice, a girl, eleven or twelve years old, exceeding poorly drest, who appeared to be as deeply wounded, and as desirous of salvation as any. But I lost sight of her, until I heard the joyful sound of another born in Sion: and found upon enquiry, it was her, the poor, disconsolate, gypsy-looking child. And now did I see such a sight, as I do not expect again on this side eternity. The faces of the three justified children, and I think of all the believers present, did really shine: and such a beauty, such a look of extreme happiness, and at the same

time of divine love and simplicity, did I never see in human faces till now. The newly justified eagerly embraced one another, weeping on each other's necks for joy. Then they saluted all of their own sex, and besought both men and women to help them in praising God.

I have mentioned only one man, two women and three children at this time justified in the house, but have perhaps omitted some. And it is probable, there were more than one justified at the church, tho' but one came to speak of it; for all are not equally free to glorify God in the midst of his people. I wish all who find the same salvation with Mr. Coe, were as ready to proclaim redeeming love!

Thursday 24, Mr. B—ll and I went to hear Mr. H—s at Wrestlingworth, four miles from Everton. We discoursed with him first, and were glad to hear he had wholly given himself up to the glorious work of God, and that the power of the highest fell upon his hearers, as upon Mr. B—e's. While he was preaching, fifteen or sixteen persons felt the arrows of the Lord and dropt down. A few of these cried out with the utmost violence, and little intermission, for some hours: while the rest made no great noise, but continued struggling, as in the pangs of death. I observed besides these one little girl deeply convinced, and a boy, nine or ten years old. Both these, and several others, when carried into the parsonage-house, either lay as dead, or struggled with all their might. But in a short time, their cries increased beyond measure, so that the loudest singing could scarce be heard. Some at last called on me to pray, which I did: and for a time all were calm. But the storm soon began again. Mr. H—s then prayed, and afterward Mr. B—ll. But still tho' some received consolation, others remained in deep sorrow of heart.

Upon the whole I remark, That few antient people experience any thing of this work of God; and scarce any of the rich. These generally shew either an utter contempt of, or an enmity to it. Indeed so did Mr. H—s himself some time since: having so deep
an

an aversion to it, that he denied the sacrament to those of his parish, who went to hear Mr. B—e. Neither of these gentlemen have much eloquence, but seem rather weak in speech: the Lord hereby more clearly shewing, That this is his own work. It extends into Cambridgeshire, to within a mile of the University; and about as far into Huntingdonshire; but flourishes most of all in the Eastern and Northern parts of Bedfordshire.

There were three farmers, in three several villages, who violently set themselves to oppose it. And for a time they kept many from going to hear. But all three died in about a month. One of them owned the hand of the Lord was upon him, and besought him in the bitterness of his soul, to prolong his life, vowing to hear Mr. B. himself. But the Lord would not be intreated.

The violent struggling of many in the above mentioned churches, has broke several pews and benches. Yet it is common for people to remain unaffected there, and afterward drop down in their way home. Some have been found lying as dead in the road: others, in Mr. B—e's garden; not being able to walk from the church to his house, tho' it is not two hundred yards.

I have since received a letter from Mr. B— an extract of which I send you.

“ On Sunday se'nnight, a man of Wyberley, a Nathanael indeed, was so filled with the love of God during morning prayer, that he dropt down, and lay as one dead for two hours. He had been so filled with love all the week before, that he was often for a time unable to work.

“ On Sunday night last, as I was speaking in my house, there was a violent outery. One soul was set at liberty. We sung near an hour, and the Lord released three more out of captivity.

“ On Monday se'nnight Mr. H—ks accompanied me to Meldred. On the way we called at a farmer's house. After dinner I went into his yard, and seeing
near

near a hundred and fifty people, I called for a table, and preached, for the first time, in the open air. Two persons were seized with strong convictions, fell down, and cried most bitterly. We then went to Meldred, where I preached in a field, to about 4000 people. In the morning at five Mr. H—ks preached in the same field, to about a thousand. And now the presence of the Lord was wonderfully among us. There was abundance of weeping and strong crying. And I trust, beside many that were slightly wounded, near thirty received true heart-felt conviction. At ten we returned, and called again at the farmer's house. Seeing about a dozen people in the brew-house, I spoke a few words. Immediately the farmer's daughter dropt down in strong convictions. Another was miserably torn by Satan; but set at liberty before I had done prayer. At four I preached in my own house, and God gave the Spirit of Adoption to another mourner.

“ On Monday last I went to Shelford, four miles from Cambridge, near twenty from Everton. The journey made me quite ill, being so weary with riding, that I was obliged to walk part of the way. When I came thither a table was set for me on the Common; and to my great surprise, I found near ten thousand people round it, among whom were many gownsmen from Cambridge. I was hardly able to stand on my feet, and extremely hoarse with a cold. When I lifted up my foot, to get on the table, a horrible dread overwhelmed me. But the moment I was fixt thereon, I seemed as unconcerned as a statue. I gave out my text, (Gal. iii. 10, 11,) and made a pause, to think of something pretty to set off with; but the Lord so confounded me, (as indeed it was meet; for I was seeking, not his glory, but my own) that I was in a perfect labyrinth, and found if I did not begin immediately, I must go down without speaking. So I broke out with the first word that occurred, not knowing whether I should be able to add any more. Then the Lord opened my mouth, enabling me to speak near an hour, without any
kind

kind of perplexity! and so loud that every one might hear; the audience behaved with great decency. When sermon was over, I found myself so cool and easy, so cheerful in spirit, and wonderfully strengthened in body, I went into a house, and spoke again near an hour, to about two hundred people. In the morning I preached again to about a thousand; Mr. H. engaged to preach in Orwell-field on Tuesday evening. I gave notice, that I designed to preach on Monday se'nnight at Grandchester, a mile from Cambridge.

“ Mr. H. and I have agreed to go into Hertfordshire; afterwards to separate, and go round the neighbourhood, preaching in the fields, wherever a door is opened, three or four days in every week.

“ Believe me,

“ Your affectionate Servant,

“ J. B.”

Friday, June 1, the rain began when we took horse, and attended us all the way to Berwick. When I was tolerably dry, I sent to the Mayor, who readily granted the use of the Town-hall. Here I preached about seven to a drowsy congregation, on, “ Why will ye die, O house of Israel?” And again a little after seven in the morning, on, “ I would thou wert either hot or cold.” In the evening I preached in the court-house at Alnwick, to a people of quite another spirit: having the power as well as *the form of godliness*, and panting after the whole image of God.

Whitsunday 3, I preached at eight in the Court-house, but it was much crowded and exceeding hot. So in the afternoon I went to the Cross, and cried aloud, in the name of my Master, “ If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.”

Monday 4, I preached in Placey square at one, to an earnest, loving congregation, and enquired of one of them, James Gillies, concerning a report I had heard the day before. He informed me, That

“when he was a little child, he had just learned his Christ-cross row. But this he soon forgot. Between twenty and thirty he was deeply convinced of sin: at which time, feeling a strong persuasion he could read, he went into a neighbour's house, took up a bible, and read distinctly, which he has done ever since.”

After preaching I rode on to Newcastle. Certainly if I did not believe there was another world, I should spend all my summers here, as I know no place in Great Britain comparable to it for pleasantness. But I seek another country, and therefore am content to be a wanderer upon earth.

Wednesday 6, I preached at Gateshead-Fell, to a numerous congregation. In earnestness the colliers of Gateshead utterly shame the colliers of Kingwood: scarce thirty of whom think it worth while to hear the word of God on a week-day! not even when I preach. And here the house will scarce contain the week-day congregation of a local preacher!

Saturday 9, I rode to Sunderland, and preached in the shell of their house. The people of this town likewise are hungry for the word, and receive it with all gladness. Sunday 10, the house contained us at eight; but at one I was obliged to stand in the great street, and declared to an attentive multitude, “Ye must be born again.” In the evening I preached to some thousands at Newcastle, near the Keelmen's hospital; if haply God might bring back some of them who ran well many years ago.

Wednesday 13, after preaching at the Fell, I rode to Chester. The congregation was deeply serious, both in the evening, and at five in the morning. Thence we crossed the country to Newlands, where I was met by poor John Brown, who has refrained from preaching, till he is fallen into deep despair. I preached on, “I will heal their backsliding.” But the word did not reach his heart.

I never saw near so large a congregation at Sheep-hill, as we had at six in the evening. What is wanting in this whole country? Only more labourers.

Saturday

Saturday 16, I rode to Widdrington, and preached at one to a congregation gathered from all parts. The court-house at Alnwick was pretty well filled in the evening; and in the morning, Sunday 17, we had a sound, useful sermon at church, and a serious, well-behaved congregation. I preached in the market-place about five. And I trust God applied the word, "Ye must be born again."

Monday 18, having an uneasy horse, I was tired enough when we came into Morpeth. But after resting awhile, I was strengthened to preach "Christ crucified," in the market-place, to such a congregation as was never seen there before. And a solemn awe seemed to sit on every face, officers and gentlemen, as well as common people. After preaching at Placey, in the evening, I rode back to Newcastle.

Wednesday 20, I endeavoured to compose the little differences, which had much hurt the poor people at Gateshead Fell. O what zeal, what prudence and patience are requisite, to *bear the manners* of an untoward people, and to train them up in Christian discipline, *until they come to the full stature of Christ!*

Thursday 21, I preached at Nafferton at one. As I was riding thence, one stopped me on the road and said, "Sir, do not you remember, when you were at Pruddoe two years since, you breakfasted at Thomas Newton's? I am his sister. You looked upon me, as you were going out, and said, 'Be in earnest.' I knew not then what earnestness meant, nor had any thought about it. But the words sunk into my heart, so that I could never rest any more, till I sought and found Christ."

Friday 22, I rode to S—k, and preached to my old congregation of Colliers, on, "Why will ye die, O house of Israel?" After preaching, a servant of Mr. — came and said, "Sir, my master discharges you from preaching any more on his ground: not out of any disrespect to *you*: but he will *stand by the Church*:" "Simple master *Shallow!*" As *Shakespeare* has it: wise master Rector, his Counsellor!

Saturday 23, I spoke to each of the Society in Sunderland. Most of the robbers, commonly called *smugglers*, have left us. But more than twice the number of honest people are already come in their place. And if none had come, yet should I not dare to keep those who *steal* either from the king or subject.

Sunday 24, I preached in the street at eight: about one at South-Shields, and at five in North-Shields. The greatest part of them seemed to hear, as for their lives. So are these lions also become lambs. O for zealous, active, faithful labourers! *How white are the fields unto the harvest!*

On Monday and Wednesday evening I preached abroad, near the Keelmen's hospital, to twice the people we should have had at the house. What marvel, the devil does not love field-preaching? Neither do I: I love a commodious room, a soft cushion, a handsome pulpit. But where is my zeal, if I do not trample all these under foot, in order to save one more soul?

Thursday 28, we had the General Meeting of the Stewards, by whom I found the Societies in this circuit, still contain about eighteen hundred members. I hope not many of these will be choked by the thorns!

Friday 29, about eleven I set out for Swalwell, in a fair, mild morning. But in half an hour the rain poured down, so that in a few minutes I was wet from head to foot. And when I came thither, where to preach I knew not; for the house would not contain a third of the people. Just then the Dissenting Minister sent to offer me the use of his Meeting-House. I went thither without delay. There was a large congregation, and a blessing in the midst of them.

Saturday 30, I preached in Winlington at noon. The sun was very hot, and shone full upon my head. But the wind was very high and very cold; so that the one tempered the other, while I was declaring the

the grace of God, to a well-meaning multitude, who know little as yet, but are willing to know *the truth as it is in Jesus*. I preached at Sheephill in the evening, and returned to Newcastle as fresh as I was in the morning.

Sunday, July 1, between eight and nine, I preached to a quiet multitude in Gateshead. At two I preached in the Fell, to the largest congregation which had ever been seen there: and in the evening, near the Keelmen's hospital, to full as many as my voice would reach. It was a season of love; and God caused the mountains to flow down at his presence.

While the Society was gathering, I went to a young woman, who was some days since suddenly struck with what they called *madness*. And so it was; but a diabolical madness; as plainly appeared from numerous circumstances. However, after we had been at prayer, she fell asleep, and never raged or blasphemed after.

Monday 2, I rode to Durham, and went at one to the meadow by the river-side, where I preached two years ago. The congregation was now larger by one half; but the sun was so scorching hot upon my head, that I was scarce able to speak. I paused a little, and desired, God would provide us a covering, if it was for his glory. In a moment it was done: a cloud covered the sun, which troubled us no more. Ought *voluntary humility* to conceal these palpable proofs, that God still *heareth the prayer*?

Between two and three we took horse. The sun now shone again, and with so intense a heat, that I know not how we could have endured it, but that the wind came in our face, by the help of which we got pretty well to Hartlepool. I suppose we had all the town with us in the evening, either in the street or the adjoining houses. And God was pleased to touch the hearts of many, even among this dull, heavy, sleepy people.

Tuesday 3, I wrote to Dr. Taylor as follows:

“ Rev. Sir, Hartlepool, July 3, 1759.

“ I esteem you, as a person of uncommon sense and learning: but your doctrine I cannot esteem. And some time since I believed it my duty, to speak my sentiments at large, concerning your doctrine of *Original Sin*. When Mr. Newton of Liverpool mentioned this, and asked, Whether you designed to answer, you said, “ You thought not; for it would only be a *personal Controversy*, between J. W—y, and J. T—r.” How gladly, if I durst, would I accept of this discharge, from so unequal a contest? For I am thoroughly sensible, humanly speaking, it is *formica contra leonem*. How gladly, were it indeed no other, than a *personal* controversy? But certainly, it is not: it is a controversy *de re*, if ever there was one in the world. Indeed, concerning a thing of the highest importance; nay, all the things that concern our eternal peace. It is, *Christianity* or *Heathenism*! For take away the Scriptural doctrine of redemption or justification, and that of the new birth, the beginning of sanctification, or which amounts to the same, explain them as you do, suitably to your doctrine of Original Sin; and what is Christianity better than Heathenism? .Wherein (save in rectifying some of our *notions*) has the religion of St. Paul any pre-eminence over that of Socrates or Epictetus?

“ This is therefore to my apprehension, the least a *personal controversy* of any in the whole world: your person and mine, are out of the question: *the point* is, Are *those things* that have been believed for many ages, throughout the christian world, real, solid truths, or monkish dreams and vain imaginations?

“ But farther, it is certain, between you and me there need be no *personal* controversy at all. For we may agree, to leave each other's person and character, absolutely untouched, while we sum up and answer the several arguments advanced, as plainly and closely as we can.

“ Either

“ Either I or you mistake the whole of christianity from the beginning to the end! Either my scheme or your's is as contrary to the Scripture as the Koran is. Is it mine or your's? Your's has gone thro' all England, and made numerous converts. ! attack it from end to end: let all England judge, whether it can be defended, or not?

“ Earnestly praying, that God may give you and me a right understanding in all things,

“ I am, Rev. Sir,

“ Your servant for Christ's sake,

J W.”

Wednesday 4, Mr. Jones preached at five, I at eight. Toward the close of the sermon, a queer, dirty, clumsy man, I suppose a country wit, took a great deal of pains to disturb the congregation. When I had done, fearing he might hurt those who were gathered about him, I desired two or three of our brethren, to go to him, one after the other, and not say much themselves, but let him talk till he was weary. They did so, but without effect, as his fund of ribaldry seemed inexhaustible. W. A. then tried another way. He got into the circle close to him, and listening a while, said, “ That is pretty: pray say it over again.” “ What are you deaf?” “ No: but for the entertainment of the people. Come we are all attention.” After repeating this twice or thrice, the wag could not stand it, but with two or three curses walked clear off.

In the evening, I began near Stockton Market-place, as usual. I had hardly finished the hymn, when I observed the people in great confusion, which was occasioned by a Lieutenant of a man of war, who had chosen that time to bring his press-gang, and ordered them to take Joseph Jones and William Alwood. Joseph Jones telling him, “ Sir, I belong to Mr. Wesley,” after a few words, he let him go: as he did likewise William Alwood, after a few hours, understanding he was a licensed Preacher. He likewise seized upon a young man of the town.

But

But the women rescued him by main strength. They also broke the Lieutenant's head, and so stoned both him and his men, that they ran away with all speed.

Friday 6, I rode on to Yarm. The heat of the day was hardly to be borne. But in the evening it was extremely pleasant. And the whole congregation were deeply serious.

At one I was at Hutton-Rudby, six miles South of Yarm, where they have just built a Preaching-house. But it would not contain a fourth of the congregation, and what place to chuse I could not tell, no shade being at hand, and the sun shining near as hot as it use to do in Georgia. Finding no other way, I stood in a street, near a house, which sheltered some of the people. The rest seemed not to know whether it was hot or cold: God so plenteously refreshed their souls. Much the same congregation was at Potto in the evening: and with the same blessing.

Having preached considerably longer both at noon and night than I am accustomed to do, I was so hoarse in the morning, Sunday 8, that I knew not what I should do to go thro' the work of the day. However I began it, by preaching on the Green at Stokley, to a multitude of people. Thence I rode to Gboro', at the foot of the mountains. The sun would have been unsupportable, but that we had a strong wind full in our face, for the greatest part of the day. At twelve we had a lovely congregation, in a meadow near the town, who drank in every word that was spoken, as the thirsty earth the showers. The sixteen miles, so called, from hence to Rollahoods'-Bay, took us between five or six hours riding: so that when I came thither, I was quite exhausted. However I went to the Key, where a large congregation was waiting. And all behaved well, but an honest tar, who was much disturbed at my saying, "No man is delivered from the fear of death, but he that fears God."

Tuesday

Tuesday 10, we took horse at half an hour past three, and rode over the huge mountains to Scarborough. I began to preach near the main street at seven. The congregation was large, and some of them wild enough. But in a short time all were quiet and still. Nor did I hear one unkind word when I had done.

In the afternoon I rode to York, where I thought to rest a few days, being almost worn out. But it was judged quite necessary I should go to Hull, lest the little flock should be discouraged. So on Friday 13, I set out early, and reached Pocklington between eight and nine. The last time I was here, they rung the bells, in order to drown my voice. But he who then paid the ringers is run away. So I had a quiet and serious audience. I had a far *finer* congregation at Hull. So for once, *the rich have the gospel preached!*

At night Charles Delamotte called upon me, and seemed to be the same loving, simple man still. I should not repent my journey to Hull; were it only for this short interview.

Saturday 14, I preached at eight in Mr. Helton's yard, near the great street in Beverley; and was surprised to see so quiet and civil a congregation, where we expected nothing less. All the men were uncovered, and the whole audience was attentive, from beginning to end: nor did one person give us a rude word, while we rode from one end of the town to the other. This, with the large and earnest congregation at York in the evening, made me forget all my labour.

Sunday 15, I began reading to the Society an account of the late Work of God at Everton. But I could not get thro'. - At first there were only silent tears on every side. But it was not long, before several were unable to refrain from weeping aloud. And quickly a stout young man dropt down, and roared as in the agonies of death. I did not attempt to read any farther, but began wrestling with God in prayer.

prayer. We continued herein till nine o'clock. What a day of jubilee was this!

Tuesday 17, I left York, and about noon I preached at Tadcaster. Distant thunder did not lessen the number, but increased the seriousness of the congregation, who appeared entirely different from those I saw here two years ago.

At seven in the evening I preached to an immense congregation, at the foot of a high mountain near Otley. Wednesday 18, I rode on to Mr. Marshall's at Guifeley, the Capua of Yorkshire.

Hic nemus, hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata.

'Tis well, God is here: or who could bear it?

Hence we rode to Kighley, where is a loving, earnest, well-established people. Here many of our preachers met me, and many of our brethren: and God was with us in all our assemblies.

Friday 20, we went on to Coln, (formerly, I suppose, a Roman colony) situate on the top of a high, round hill, at the edge of Pendel-forest. I preached at eleven in an open space not far from the main street. And I have seldom seen a more attentive or decently behaved congregation. How is the scene changed, since the drunken mob of this town used to be a terror to all the country!

We rode to Broad-Clough in the afternoon, a lone house in the midst of the Lancashire mountains. The people came in from all quarters, and it was a season of great refreshment. Among the rest was Mr. M—r, who gave us an account of his late trials. I wonder the butcher (Doctor so called) to whom he was committed, did not murder him. He took true pains so to do. But his chain did not reach so far.

Saturday 21, Mr. Grimshaw led us to Gawksham, another lone house, on the side of an enormous mountain. The congregation stood and sat, row above row, in the sylvan theatre. I believe nothing
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on the postdiluvian earth can be more pleasant, than the road from hence, between huge, steep mountains, clothed with wood to the top, and washed at the bottom by a clear, winding stream. At four I preached to a very large congregation at Heptonstall, and thence rode on to Haworth.

Sunday 22, at ten Mr. Milner read prayers. But the church would not near contain the congregation. So after prayers, I stood on a scaffold close to the church, and the congregation in the church yard. The communicants alone filled the church. In the afternoon the congregation was nearly doubled. And yet most of these were not curious hearers, but men fearing God.

Monday 23, I preached near Huddersfield, to the wildest congregation I have seen in Yorkshire. Yet they were restrained by an unseen hand, and I believe some felt the sharpness of his word. I preached at Halifax in the evening: but the preaching-house was like an oven. Tuesday 24, the house was well filled at five. About seven in the evening I preached at Bradford, at the door of the house, as it could not contain one half of the congregation. Wednesday 25, I talked with most of those, whom Edward Hales had torn from their brethren. Just as he was coming to widen the breach, it pleased God to take him to himself. The wanderers were now willing to return, and I received them again, I trust, for ever.

Thursday 26, I preached in Gildersham at noon, and at Morley in the evening. A flame is suddenly broke out here, where it was least of all expected. And it spreads wider and wider. When God *will* work, who is able to stay his hand?

Sunday 29, I preached about eight at Birstal. The congregation covered a great part of the field, and my voice was exceedingly strengthened, so that I believe all could hear. At one I enforced those solemn words to an immense multitude, "This is life eternal,
to

to know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.

I shall easily be excused for adding here a farther account of the work of God, in and near Everton.

“On Monday, July 9, I set out, and on Wednesday noon reached Potton, where I rejoiced at the account given by John Keeling of himself and others. He *was* justified, it seems, on that memorable sabbath, but had not a clear witness of it till ten days after: about which time his sister, (who was on that day in great distress) was also set at liberty. I discoursed also with Anne Thorn, who told me of much heaviness following the visions with which she had been favoured: but said, she was at intervals visited still with much overpowering love and joy, especially at the Lord’s Supper, that she often lay in a trance for many hours. She is twenty-one years old. We were soon after called into the garden, where Patty Jenkins, (one of the same age) was so overwhelmed with the love of God, that she sunk down, and appeared as one in a pleasant sleep, only with her eyes open. Yet she had often just strength to utter, with a low voice, ejaculations of joy and praise: but no words coming up to what she felt, she frequently laughed while she saw his glory. This is quite unintelligible to many: for a stranger intermeddled not with our joy. So it was to Mr. M., who doubted whether God or the devil, had filled her with love and praise. O the depth of human wisdom! Mr. R. the mean time, was filled with a solemn awe. I no sooner sat down by her, than the Spirit of God poured the same blessedness into my soul. Her’s continued till the time we were to set out for Cockin Hatley. Then her strength was restored in a moment, and we walked together, sixteen in number, singing to the Lord as we went along.

Mr. Hickes preached an excellent sermon, on the *strait gate*. The next morning, Thursday 12, he gave me leave, to take an extract from his journal. But I had

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had only time to write the occurrences of one morning, as follows.

“ June 6, 1759, I spoke this morning at Orwell, on, Isaiah lv. 1. One who had been before convinced of sin, fell down in a kind of fit, and broke out in great anguish of soul, calling on the Lord Jesus for salvation. He wrought, as in the agonies of death, and was quite bathed in sweat. He beat the chair against which he kneeled, as one whose soul drew nigh unto hell. His countenance then cleared up at once, and we hoped he would be presently set at liberty. But on a sudden he was more distressed than ever, being in the sharpest conflict. Every muscle of his body was in strong agitation, as if nature was just dissolving. I never saw any convulsion fit so violent; but in a moment God dispelled the cloud. His face was again covered with smiles, and he spake, as seeing the Lord near him. He cried unto him, and the Lord hearing, pronounced him freely forgiven. At that instant he clapped his hands and cried aloud, “ Jesus is mine! He is *my* Saviour!” His soul was in peace; neither did he find the least bodily pain or foreboding. I asked, ‘ For what would you undergo this again?’ He said, “ Not for all the world. But I would suffer more rather than be without Christ. Yea, for his sake, I would suffer all things.” *An unwise man doth not consider this: a fool doth not understand it.*

This morning Anne Simpson, aged sixteen or seventeen, lay near an hour in the utmost distress, shrieking out, ‘ Christ! Christ!’ and no other word; her face all the time being distorted. I left her a while, but could scarce sit down, before I heard the voice of praise. I went, and found her heaviness turned into joy, even the joyful assurance that *her* sins were pardoned. She sprang by me to a young woman, who lay in a kind of trance, and clasped her in her arms, breathing forth praise to God. I retired again, but had not been long seated, when she came in, running to me in a transport of praise. I asked her, ‘ Why

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she cried out continually, Christ, Christ?' She answered, 'I thought myself at that time on a little island, and saw Satan in a hideous form, just ready to devour me, hell all round open to receive me, and myself ready to drop in, while no help appeared, nor any way to escape. But just as I was dropping in, the Lord appeared between me and the great gulf; and would not let me fall into it. As soon as I saw him, all my trouble was gone, and all the pain I felt before. And ever since, I have been light and joyful, and filled with the love of God.'"

So far Mr. Hickes: who told me, he was first convinced of sin, August 1, 1758; and finding peace in about six weeks, first preached the gospel on September 17. From that time he was accounted a fool and a madman! About two thousand souls seem to have been awakened by Mr. B., and him, within these twelve-months.

Friday 13, Mr. R., as well as Mr. M., was in doubt, concerning the work of God here. But this morning they were both fully convinced, while Alice Miller, the little pale girl, justified May 20, (who is in the sixteenth) and Molly Raymund, who is in the twelfth year of her age, related their experience, their artless confidence confirming all their words. We walked this forenoon to Tadlow in Cambridgeshire, to hear Mr. B.; but came too late for the sermon. However, the account we received of the wonderful works of God, in this and the neighbouring places, was matter of great rejoicing to me, as are all manifestations of the world to come.

Saturday 14, Mr. B. being ill, desired me to exhort a few people, in his house: which the Lord enabled me to do, with such ease and power, that I was quite amazed. The next morning at seven his servant Caleb Price, spoke to about two hundred people. The Lord was wonderfully present: more than twenty persons feeling the arrows of conviction. Several fell to the ground: some of whom seemed dead; others, in the agonies of death; the violence of their bodily convulsions,

convulsions, exceeding all description. There were also great crying and agonizing in prayer, mixt with deep and deadly groans on every side.

When sermon was ended, one brought good tidings to Mr. B. from Grandchester: that God had there *broken down* seventeen persons last week by the singing of hymns only: and that a child, seven years old, sees many visions, and astonishes the neighbours with her innocent, awful manner of declaring them.

While Mr. B. preached in the church, I stood with many in the church-yard, to make room for those who came from far. Therefore I *saw* little but *heard* the agonizing of many, panting and gasping after eternal life. In the afternoon Mr. B. was constrained, by the multitude of people, to come out of the church and preach in his own close. Some of those who were here pricked to the heart, were affected in an astonishing manner. The first man I saw wounded, would have dropped; but others catching him in their arms, did indeed prop him up, but were so far from keeping him still, that he caused all of them to totter and tremble. His own shaking exceeded that of a cloth in the wind. It seemed as if the Lord came upon him like a giant, taking him by the neck, and shaking all his bones in pieces. One woman tore up the ground with her hands, filling them with dust and with the hard-trodden grass: on which I saw her lie, with her hands clinched, as one dead, when the multitude dispersed. Another roared and screamed in a more dreadful agony than ever I heard before. I omit the rejoicing of believers, because of their number, and the frequency thereof: tho' the manner was strange; some of them being quite overpowered with divine love, and only shewing enough of natural life to let us know they were overwhelmed with joy and life eternal. Some continued long as if they were dead, but with a calm sweetness in their looks. I saw one who lay two or three hours in the open air, and being then carried into the house, continued insensible another hour, as if actually dead. The

first sign of life she shewed, was a rapture of praise intermixed with a small joyous laughter.

Monday 16, Mr. B. this evening preached in his house, where I observed Molly Raymund leaning all the while as if asleep. I wondered she was not gone home, and was concerned, that so little a girl should have so far to go in the dark without company. But Mr. B. told me, neither she, nor the other justified children, were afraid of any thing.

Tuesday 17, we walked toward Harlston, near which Mr. B. overtook us. He was greatly fatigued and dejected, and said, "I am now so weak, I must leave off field-preaching." Nevertheless he cast himself on the Lord, and stood up to preach, having near three thousand hearers. He was very weak at first, and scarce able to speak: but God soon performed his promise, imparting new strength to him, and causing him to speak with mighty power. A great shaking was among the dry bones. Incessant were the cries, groans, wringing of hands, and prayers of sinners, now first convinced of their deplorable state. After preaching he was lively and strong, so that the closeness of a crowded room, neither affected his breath, nor hindered his rejoicing over two children, one about eight, the other about six years old, who were crying aloud to God for mercy.

Not only Harlston, but Stapleford and TripLOW, to which Mr. B. was now going, were places in which he had never preached the gospel, and probably never would have done, had it not been for the thundering sermons made against him from their several pulpits. So does Satan frequently overshoot himself, and occasion the downfall of his own kingdom.

I had been very ill the preceding week. Wherefore last night I had recourse to God in prayer: and this morning, instead of rising with difficulty at eight or nine, as I had usually done, I rose with ease at five; and instead of losing my strength in a mile
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or two, I walked eighteen, without weakness or weariness.

Wednesday 18, we called at the house, where Mr. B. had been preaching in the morning, and found several there rejoicing in God, and several mourning after him. While I prayed with them, many crowded into the house, some of whom burst into a strange, involuntary laughter, so that my voice could scarce be heard, and when I strove to speak louder, a sudden hoarseness seized me. Then the laughter increased. I perceived it was from Satan, and resolved to pray on. Immediately the Lord rebuked him; that laughter was at an end, and so was my hoarseness. A vehement wrestling with God ran thro' the whole company, whether sorrowful or rejoicing: till beside the three young women of the house, one young man, and a girl about eleven years old, who had been counted one of the wickedest in Harlston, were exceedingly blest with the consolations of God.

Among those under conviction was an elderly woman, who had been a scoffer at the gospel, and a keen ridiculer of all that cried out: but she now cried louder than any present. Another I observed, who had known the Lord about five and twenty years. When Mr. B. first brought the gospel to her ears, she was filled with gladness: knowing this was the same salvation which God had long ago brought to her heart.

We walked hence to the middle of Shelford-moor; and seeing no person but a young woman who kept sheep, the solitude invited us to stop and sing a hymn: the sound whereof reached her, she came up slowly, weeping as she came, and then stood by a brook of water, over against us, with tears running down her cheeks apace. We sung another hymn for this mourner in Sion, and wrestled for her with God in prayer. But he did not yet comfort her. And indeed I have observed of the people in general who hear Mr. B. their convictions are not only deep and violent, but

last a long time. Wherefore those that are offended at them who rejoice, should consider how terrible a cup they received first. Now they are all light: but they well remember the darkness and misery, the worm-wood and the gall.

We met Mr. B. at Stapleford, five miles from Cambridge. His heart was particularly set on this people, because he was Curate here five or six years; but never preached a gospel sermon among them till this evening. About fifteen hundred persons met in a Close to hear him, great part of whom were laughers and mockers. The work of God however quickly began among them that were serious: while not a few endeavoured to make sport, by mimicking the gestures of them that were wounded. Both these and those who rejoiced in God, gave great offence to some stern-looking men, who vehemently demanded to have those wretches horse-wipt out of the Close. Need we wonder at this, when several of his own people, are unwilling to let God work in his own way? And well may Satan be enraged at the cries of the people, and the prayers they make in the bitterness of their souls: seeing we know these are the chief times at which Satan is cast out.

However, in a while many of the scoffers were weary and went away. The rest continued as insensible as before. I had long been walking round the multitude, feeling a jealousy for my God, and praying him to make the place of his feet glorious. My patience at last began to fail, and I prayed, 'O King of glory, break some of them in pieces; but let it be to the saving of their souls.' I had but just spoke, when I heard a dreadful noise, on the farther side of the congregation, and turning thither saw one Thomas Skinner coming forward, the most horrible human figure I ever saw. His large wig and hair were coal-black; his face distorted beyond all description. He roared incessantly, throwing and clapping his hands together with his whole force. Several were terrified, and hastened out of his way. I was glad to hear him, after a while, pray aloud. Not
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a few of the triflers grew serious; while his kindred and acquaintance, were very unwilling to believe even their own eyes and ears. They would fain have got him away; but he fell to the earth, crying, "My burden! My burden! I cannot bear it!" Some of his brother scoffers were calling for horse-whips, till they saw him extended on his back at full length. They then said, he was dead. And indeed the only sign of life was the working of his breast, and the distortions of his face, while the veins of his neck were swelled, as if ready to burst. He was just before the chief Captain of Satan's forces: none was by nature more fitted for mockery. None could swear more heroically, to whip out of the Close, all who were affected by the preaching. His agonies lasted some hours. Then his body and soul were eased.

When Mr. B. had refreshed himself a little, he returned to the Close, and bid the multitude take warning by Skinner, who still lay roaring and tormented on the ground. All the people were now deeply serious: and several hundreds, instead of going when Mr. B. dismissed them, stayed in Mr. Jennings yard. Many of these, especially men, were truly broken in heart. Mr. B. talked with as many as could come into the house: and seeing what numbers stood hungering without, sent me word to pray with them. This was a grievous cross: I knew it was the Lord's will, but felt such weakness of body and sinking of spirit, and was withal so hoarse, that I supposed few could hear, out of some hundreds who stood before me. However I attempted: and in a moment the Lord poured upon me such a spirit of supplication, and gave me so clear, strong an utterance, that it seemed I was another man: a farther instance, that the servants of God are not sent a warfare on *their own* charge.

No sooner had I finished, than we were called to see John Dennis, aged 20 years, who lay on a table. His body was stiff and motionless as a statue. His
very

very neck seemed as if made of iron. He was looking stedfastly up to heaven, and praying aloud with a melodious voice. His words surprised Mr. B. as well as me: who said to the assembly, "You need no better Preacher: none can tell you the truths of the gospel more clearly." And indeed his prayer unfolded the whole Christian System, with the greatest accuracy. When he came out of the fit, he was in perfect health; but declared, he knew not a word of all he had spoken. His mother then informed us, "He had had these fits for two years, at least once a day. But he never spoke in any fit, till three weeks ago: ever since he prays in them, as to night, but is himself as ignorant of the matter, as if he had been dead all the time."

It was late when I went to lodge about half a mile off, where I found a young woman reading hymns, and the power of the Lord falling on the hearers, especially one young man; who cried aloud in such bitter anguish, that I soon desired we might join in prayer. This was the seventh time of my praying in public that day: and had I been faithful, I should probably have prayed seven more.

Thursday 19, I returned to Mr. Jennings's, who had set out at four in the morning, to hear Mr. B. at Grandchester. He came soon after me, but was scarce able to speak. I never saw a man sweat in such a manner: the large drops seeming fixt all over his face, just like beads of glass. The congregation at Grandchester this morning consisted of about a thousand persons, among whom the Lord was wonderfully present, convincing a far greater number now, than even last night. Mr. Jennings was a mild, good-natured pharisee, who never had been awakened. But he was now thoroughly convinced of his lost estate, and stood for a time in utter despair, with his mouth wide open, his eyes staring, and full of huge dismay. When he found power to speak, he cried out, "I thought I had led a good life! I thought I was not so bad as others! But I am the vilest creature upon earth! I am dropping into hell!

Now, now: this very moment!" He then saw hell open to receive him, and Satan ready to cast him in. But it was not long before he saw the Lord Jesus, and knew he had accepted him. He then cried aloud, in an unspeakable rapture, "I have got Christ! I have got Christ!" For two hours he was in the visions of God. Then the joy, tho' not the peace, abated.

I had left Mr. J. but a little while, when I heard John Dennis loudly praising God. I no sooner kneeled by him, than the consolations of God came upon me, so that I trembled and wept much. Nor was the Spirit poured out upon us alone: all in the house were partakers of it. J. D. was kneeling when his fit came. We laid him on the ground, where he soon became stiff, as last night, and prayed in like manner. Afterwards his body grew flexible by degrees, but was convulsed from head to foot. When he was quite recovered, he said, "He was quite resigned to the will of God, who gave him such strength in the inner man, that he did not find any of these things grievous, neither could ask to be delivered from them."

I walked from Stapleford with twenty persons to hear Mr. B. at Triplow, and saw many other companies, some before, some behind, some on either hand, going the same way. This brought to my mind the words of Zechariah, "And the inhabitants of one city shall go to another, saying, Let us go speedily to pray before the Lord; and to seek the Lord of hosts: I will go also."

Fifteen hundred or two thousand were assembled in the Close at Triplow. The only unpolished part of the audience, were a few gentlemen on horseback. They were much offended at the cries of those in conviction, but much more at the rejoicing of others, even to laughter. But they were not able to look them in the face for half a minute together. I looked after service at every ring which the people made about those that fell under the word. Here and there was a place with only one, but there were generally

generally two or three together; and on one spot, no less than seven, who lay on the ground as if slain in battle. I soon followed Mr. B. to the house, and found both it and the orchard filled with serious people; to whom he spake till his strength failed, and then seeing them unwilling to depart, desired me to dismiss them with a prayer. I felt great reluctance; but so mightily, when I began, came the Spirit upon me, that I found no want of utterance, while I was praying with about two hundred persons. I thought they had then gone away; but perceived an hour after, most of them were still in the house or orchard: sighs and groans, prayers, tears, and joyful praise, being intermixed on every side.

Friday 20, I was wakeful before five; but conferring with flesh and blood, I slept again. Mr. B. sent for me at seven. But I was then so weak, I could not go, till the people were dispersed. Three times more persons were struck with convictions this morning, than had been last night. Mr. B. had prayed with them till near fainting, who then sent for me to come. And who knows what God might have done even by me, if I had not been indulging my vile body? I was glad to see a woman, supposed the chief sinner in the town, now rolling on the earth, screaming and roaring in strong convictions. The man of the house informed us, of her having had nine or ten children by whoredom, and that being at last married, her husband was more angry with her for hearing the word, than he would probably have been for committing adultery. Nor was her Minister displeased, that she never came to church, but mightily strove to prevent both her, and all the sinners of his parish from going to hear the gospel. I observed also a beggar girl, seven or eight years old, who had scarce any clothes but a ragged piece of old rug. She too had felt the word of God as a two-edged sword, and mourned to be covered with Christ's righteousness.

From Triplov I walked to Orwell, and thence to Everton, in weakness of body and heaviness of spirit. Mr. B. was preaching when I came in. Here God
again

again refreshed my soul. I shook from head to foot, while tears of joy ran down my face, and my distress was at an end.

Saturday 21, I was troubled for some of our brethren, who began to doubt, whether this was a work of God or of the devil: John Keeling in particular, who instead of his frank, lively zeal, and happiness in God, was now filled with gloomy discontent, and grown dark, sullen and reserved. As we were walking together, he told me, it was his resolution, to "keep himself to himself: to let them who struggled so, struggle as they would, and leave all those to themselves, whom Satan cast into visions or trances, till Satan brought them out again." "But, (he added) I am so uneasy, I do not know what to do: and most of our people begin to shun one another." The snare was now broken. He saw the delusion he had been in, and I trust, will hereafter shun the troublers of Israel.

Sunday 22, the church was quite filled, and hundreds were without. And now the arrows of God flew abroad, the inexpressible groans, the lamenting, praying, roaring, were so loud, almost without intermission, that we who stood without could scarce help thinking, all in the church were cut to the heart. But upon enquiry we found, about two hundred persons, chiefly men, cried aloud for mercy: but many more were affected, perhaps as deeply, tho' in a calmer way.

I rejoiced to see many from Cambridgeshire, particularly John Dennis, Thomas Skinner, and the sorrowful young woman with whom we had prayed on Shelford-moor. Now too came good news from several parts, especially Grandchester; where ten more persons were cut to the heart, in singing hymns among themselves: and the little child before mentioned continues to astonish all the neighbourhood. A noted Physician came some time ago, and closely examined her. The result was, he confessed, "It was no distemper of mind, but the hand of God."

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I sought for Thomas Skinner after morning service, and found him with many more singing hymns under a tree. When they stopped I asked, 'How do you find your mind now?' Instead of speaking, he looked upon me with great steadiness, fetched a deep sigh, burst out into tears and prayers, and throwing himself along on the ground, fell into more and more agony, till he roared aloud. I told him how great a sinner I had been: but the more I spoke, the more was he distressed. Wherefore John Dennis and I, went to prayer for him: but his deliverance was not yet. Make him, O Lord, a greater champion for thy truth, than ever he was against it.

Mr. B. preached in his Close this afternoon, tho' in great bodily weakness. But when he is weakest, God so strengthens him, that it is surprising to what a distance his voice reaches. I have heard Mr. Whitefield speak as loud: but not with such a continued, strong, unbroken tenor.

Monday 23, Mr. Keeling and I walked to Barford. I was relating there, how God had plucked such a brand as me out of the burning; but my voice was quickly stopt by rejoicing. And I have often found, that nothing I can say, makes so much impression on myself or others, as thus repeating my own conversion.

The first time I saw Mr. B. was June 2, 1758. But I scarce thought of him again till June 7, as I was walking up to Luton Down. There an awful sense of God's presence fell upon me, and my voice grew louder and louder, in proportion to the joy of my soul, with a strong impulse, to pray for the success of Mr. B's labours. And such a foresight did the Lord give me, of what he was bringing to pass thro' his ministry, that I was quite overwhelmed for near an hour, till my voice was lost and only tears remained. And O! how graciously has the God of Truth accomplished all those things! With what delight hast thou since caused me to walk round the walls of thy Sion, to mark well her bulwarks, and count the towers thereof!"—

Wednesday, August 1, a few of us spoke freely and largely to a brother who had been *overtaken in a fault*, and endeavoured to *restore him in the spirit of meekness*; and we were much comforted over him; having great hope, that God would restore his usefulness as well as his strength.

Thursday 2, I rode to Sheffield, and preached at one to a large and quiet congregation. I was afterward desired to visit Mr. Dodge, curate of the New Church. I found him on the brink of eternity, rejoicing in God his Saviour. Thence I went to Rotherham, and talked with five men and six women (as I had done with many others before in various places) who believe they are *saved from sin*. And this fact I believe, that they *rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks*: I believe, they feel nothing but love now. What they will do, I leave to God.

Friday 3, I preached at Gainborough, in Sir Nevil Hickman's great hall. It is full as large as the Weaver's hall in Bristol. At two it was filled with a rude, wild multitude, (a few of a better spirit excepted.) Yet all but two or three gentlemen were attentive, while I enforced our Lord's words, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul." I was walking back thro' a gaping, staring crowd, when Sir Nevil came and thanked me for my sermon, to the no small amazement of his neighbours, who shrunk back as if they had seen a ghost. Thence I rode to North-Scarle, the last village in Lincolnshire, ten miles short of Newark. Here a great multitude assembled from various parts, most of them wholly unacquainted with the ways of God: indeed very many understood me no more, than if I were talking Greek. O what a condition is the bulk of *reformed christians* in, to this day!

Saturday 4, as we took horse, the rain began and accompanied us till we alighted in the evening. Sunday 5, between eight and nine, I reached Everton, faint and weary enough. During the prayers,

as also during the sermon, and the administration of the sacrament, a few persons cried aloud. But it was not from sorrow or fear, but love and joy. The same I observed in several parts of the afternoon service. In the evening I preached in Mr. Hickes' church. Two or three persons fell to the ground, and were extremely convulsed; but none cried out. One or two were filled with strong consolation.

Monday 6, I talked largely with Anne Thorn, and two others who had been several times in trances. What they all agreed in was, 1. That when they *went away*, as they termed it, it was always at a time they were fullest of the love of God: 2. That it came upon them in a moment, without any previous notice, and took away all their senses and strength: 3. That there were some exceptions; but generally from that moment, they were in another world, knowing nothing of what was done or said, by those that were round about them.

About five in the afternoon, I heard them singing hymns. Soon after Mr. B. came up, and told me, Alice Miller (fifteen years old) was fallen into a trance. I went down immediately, and found her sitting on a stool and leaning against a wall, with her eyes open and fixt upward. I made a motion as if going to strike; but they continued immovable. Her face shewed an unspeakable mixture of reverence and love, while silent tears stole down her cheeks. Her lips were a little open, and sometimes moved; but not enough to cause any sound. I do not know whether I ever saw a human face look so beautiful. Sometimes it was covered with a smile, as from joy mixing with love and reverence. But the tears fell still, tho' not so fast. Her pulse was quite regular. In about half an hour I observed her countenance change, into the form of fear, pity, and distress. Then she burst into a flood of tears, and cried out, "Dear Lord! They *will* be damned! They will all be damned!" But, in about five minutes, her smiles returned, and only love and joy appeared in her face.

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About half an hour after fix, I observed distress take place again; and soon after she wept bitterly, and cried out, "Dear Lord, they will go to hell! The world will go to hell!" Soon after, she said, "Cry aloud: Spare not!" And in a few minutes her looks were composed again, and spoke a mixture of reverence, joy, and love. Then she said aloud, "Give God the glory." About seven her senses returned. I asked, "Where have you been?" "I have been with my Saviour." "In heaven or on earth?" "I cannot tell: but I was in glory!" "Why then did you cry?" "Not for myself: but for the world; for I saw they were on the brink of hell." "Whom did you desire to give the glory to God?" "Ministers that cry aloud to the world. Else they will be proud. And then God will leave them, and they will lose their own souls."

I preached at eight on, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the people that forget God." The whole congregation was earnestly attentive. But not above one or two cried out. And I did not observe any one that fainted away, either then or in the morning. I have generally observed more or less of these outward symptoms, to attend the beginning of a general work of God. So it was in New-England, Scotland, Holland, Ireland, and many parts of England. But after a time they gradually decrease, and the work goes on more quietly and silently. Those whom it pleases God to employ in his work, ought to be quite passive in this respect. They should choose nothing; but leave entirely to him, all the circumstances of his own work.

Tuesday 7, after preaching at four (because of the harvest) I took horse and rode easily to London. Indeed I wanted a little rest; having rode in seven months, above four and twenty hundred miles.

Wednesday 8, our Conference began, the time of which was almost entirely employed, in examining, Whether the spirit and lives of our preachers were suitable to their profession? On Saturday in the after-

noon we concluded. Great was the unanimity and love that reigned among us. And if there were any who hoped or feared the contrary, they were happily disappointed.

Sunday 12, I was afraid to look forward to the work of the day, knowing my strength was not sufficient for it. But God looked to that; for though I was exceedingly weak at Snowsfields in the morning, I was stronger at noon. And after preaching in the afternoon in the fields, and meeting the Society, I felt no weakness at all.

Monday 13, I took a little ride to Croydon, one of the seats of the Archbishops of Canterbury. Was it one of these who ordered many years ago (for the characters are of old standing) that dreadful inscription to be placed, just over the communion table? *And now, ye priests, this commandment is for you. If ye will not hear, and if ye will not lay it to heart, to give glory unto my name, saith the Lord, I will even send a curse among you, and I will curse your blessings. Yea, I have cursed them already, because ye do not lay it to heart. Behold I will corrupt your seed, and spread dung upon your faces, even the dung of your solemn feasts, and one shall take you away with it.*

The Archbishop's palace is an antient, venerable pile, and the gardens are extremely pleasant. The late Archbishop had improved them at a large expence: but continual illness prevented his enjoying them, till after four years constant pain, he was called away, one may hope, to the garden of God.

I dined at Mr. B's at Epsom, whose house and gardens lie in what was once a chalk pit. It is the most elegant spot I ever saw with my eyes; every thing within doors and without, being finished in the most exquisite taste. Surely nothing on earth can be more delightful. O what will the possessor feel when he cries out,

“Must I then leave thee, Paradise? Then leave

These happy shades, and mansions fit for Gods?”

Friday

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Friday 17, I spent an hour pleasantly, and profitably at — —'s. How gracious is God who still preserves him unconsumed in fire! How plain, that with God all things are possible: he can draw the sting either of wealth or death!

Sunday 19, I preached in the afternoon to a huge multitude in the fields on, "Now God commandeth all men every where to repent." Monday 27, I rode to Bedford, and about fix, preached on St. Peter's-Green. None of the numerous congregation stood with their heads covered, except the Germans. Blessed be God, that I have not so learned Christ! If they know no better, I cannot help it.

Tuesday 28, I rode on to Mr. Berridge's at Everton, and in the evening went to the church, but unusually heavy and hardly expecting to do any good there. I preached on those words in the second lesson, "We know we are of God." One sunk down, and another and another cried aloud in agony of prayer. I would willingly have spent some time in prayer with them, but my voice failed, so that I was obliged to conclude the service, leaving many in the church crying and praying, but unable either to walk or stand. One young man and one young woman were brought with difficulty to Mr. B's house, and continued there in violent agonies both of body and soul. When I came into the room, the woman lay quiet, wrestling with God in silent prayer. But even the bodily convulsions of the young man were amazing. The heavings of his breast were beyond description: I suppose, equal to the throes of a woman in travail. We called upon God, to relieve his soul and body. And both were perfectly healed. He rejoiced in God with joy unspeakable, and felt no pain, or weakness, or weariness. Presently after the woman also was delivered, and arose rejoicing in God: her Saviour.

Wednesday 29, I rode to Lakenheath, and spoke exceedingly plain to an honest, drowsy people.

Thursday 30, I preached at the Tabernacle in Norwich, to a large, rude, noisy congregation. I took

knowledge, what manner of teachers they had been accustomed to, and determined to mend them or end them. Accordingly the next evening after sermon, I reminded them of two things; the one, that it was not decent, to begin talking aloud as soon as service was ended, and hurrying to and fro, as in a bear-garden: the other, that it was a bad custom, to gather into knots just after sermon, and turn a place of worship into a Coffee-house. I therefore desired, that none would talk under that roof, but go quietly and silently away. And on Sunday, September 2, I had the pleasure to observe, that all went as quietly away, as if they had been accustomed to it for many years.

Monday 3, I met the Society at five, and explained the Nature and Use of meeting in a Class. Upon enquiry I found, we had now about five hundred members. But a hundred and fifty of these do not pretend to meet at all. Of those therefore I make no account. They hang on but by a single thread.

Tuesday 4, I walked to Hemnal, nine miles from Norwich, and preached at one o'clock. The ring-leader of the mob, came with his horn, as usual, before I began. But one quickly caught and threw away his horn, and in a few minutes he was deserted by all his companions: who were seriously and deeply attentive to the great truth, "By grace ye are saved through faith."

Sunday 9, I met the Society at seven, and told them in plain terms, that they were the most ignorant, self-conceited, self-willed, fickle, untractable, disorderly, disjointed Society, that I knew in the three kingdoms. And God applied it to their hearts: so that many were profited, but I did not find that one was offended.

At ten we had another happy opportunity, and many stubborn hearts were melted down. Just at two the great congregation met, and the power of God was again present to heal: though not so eminently as at five, while I was describing "The peace that passeth all understanding." After preaching I was desired to spend an hour with some whom I supposed to be
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of our own society. But I soon found my mistake :

Sensu medios delapsus in hostes.

One in particular, warmly told me, 'She could not like mine or Mr. Murlin's doctrine: it always threw her into heaviness. But in dear Mr. Cudworth's she could find comfort.' I desired we might pray. God quickly answered for himself. Her heart was broken in pieces. She was filled with love, and grief, and flame ; but could only tell it by her eyes and her tears.

About this time I received a remarkable Letter from abroad, an extract of which follows.

“ Berlin, August 26, 1759.

“ God has again wrought publickly in this place, in the presence of many thousands of people. A soldier of the king's-guard was sentenced to be hanged, for desertion and theft. He was a wretch abandoned to all manner of wickedness. General K—— was much concerned for his soul. He earnestly desired me, to take the charge of it, though we saw no prospect of success. I visited him the day he was condemned, being on Thursday. He seemed quite careless and unconcerned. I endeavoured to convince him of sin ; but did not perceive any effect. I begged of him not to deceive his own soul, but to consider the condition he was in. On Friday, this began to sink into his heart, and on Saturday, much more. Perceiving this, I much insisted on those words, ' This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' The effect was astonishing. He laid hold on them by faith, and not only his burden was gone, but he had such experience of the love of Christ, as it is impossible to describe. His peace, triumph, and joy, increased every hour, till the night before his execution : and indeed were never more observable, than when he was brought out of prison. In his way to the place of execution he

He praised God, for dragging him as it were with chains to heaven. 'What,' said he, 'will God after all my hellish actions, give me eternal life into the bargain?' The efficacy of the blood and death of Christ being made known to him by the Holy Ghost, he spoke of nothing but his wedding-day, which was to be this thirteenth of August. Every one that looked upon him was struck. Officers and all were moved. Being entered into the ring, I once more prayed with him, and gave him the last blessing. But the very instant he was to be turned off, Colonel H. called out 'Pardon!' I was thunder-struck, and Mitelstadt protested, it was to him, like a ball shot through his body. He fainted away for some time. Being recovered, his first words were, 'Why was I not rather hanged, or even crucified, than pardoned? Why am I thus stopped in my course? I should now have been with Christ!' I was myself more afraid of him now than ever. But the Grace of God was strong in his soul. And ever since it has continued the same. Yesterday I was informed by one who went on purpose to enquire, that his whole employ during his confinement (which is to continue six months) is reading, praying, and comforting himself with the blood of Christ."

Monday 10, we took horse at half an hour after four. Before eight it was as warm as it is usually at Midsummer. And from ten we had the sun in our face, all the way to Colchester. But we had the wind in our face too, or the heat would have been insupportable. I was in a fever from the moment I came into the house. But it did not hinder me from preaching on the Green, and afterwards meeting the Society. I then lay down as soon as possible, but could not sleep a quarter of an hour till between two and three in the morning. I do not know that I have lost a night's sleep before, sick or well, since I was six years old. But it is all one: God is able to give strength, either with sleep or without it. I rose at my usual time and preached at five, without any faintness or drowsiness.

Thursday

Thursday 13. We set out between four and five and rode to Denmow, about four and twenty miles. But here we were at a full stop. None could direct us any farther. So we were to cross the country as well as we could. But whenever we were at a loss (eight or ten times) we met some one to help us out. So, about half an hour past one, we were come within sixteen miles of Sundon.

An honest blunderer then undertook, to direct us a nearer way. By his help we wandered up and down, till our sixteen miles grew into six and twenty. However we got to Sundon before seven, where a considerable number of people soon met : to whom I explained, (what they seemed to know very little of) "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Friday 14, I returned to London. Saturday 15, having left orders for the immediate repairing of West-Street chapel, I went to see what they had done, and saw cause to praise God for this also. The main timbers were so rotten, that in many places one might thrust one's fingers into them. So that probably, had we delayed till Spring, the whole building must have fallen to the ground.

Monday 17, I went to Canterbury. Two hundred soldiers. I suppose, and a whole row of officers attended in the evening. Their number was increased the next evening, and all behaved as men fearing God. Wednesday 19, I preached at Dover, in the new room, which is just finished. Here also the hearers increase, some of whom are convinced, and others comforted daily. Thursday 20, I strongly applied at Canterbury, to the soldiers in particular, "He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God, hath not life." The next day in my return to London, I read Mr. Huygen's "Conjectures on the Planetary World." He surprised me. I think, he clearly proves, That the moon is not habitable: that there are neither

"Rivers nor mountains on her spotty globe:"

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That there is no sea, no water on her surface, nor any atmosphere. And hence he very rationally infers, That "neither are any of the secondary planets inhabited." And who can prove that the primary are? I know, the earth is. Of the rest I know nothing.

Sunday 23, a vast majority of the immense congregation in Moorfields were deeply serious. One such hour might convince any impartial man of the expediency of field preaching. What building, except St. Paul's church, would contain such a congregation? And if it would, what human voice could have reached them there? By repeated observations I find, I can command thrice the number in the open air, than I can under a roof. And who can say, the time for field-preaching is over, while, 1. Greater numbers than ever attend: 2. The converting, as well as convincing power of God, is eminently present with them?

Monday 24, I preached about eight at Brentford, and in the evening at Basingstoke, to a people slow of heart and dull of understanding. Tuesday 25, I preached in the new house at Whitchurch, and at Salisbury in the evening. The new room there is, I think, the most complete in England. It strikes every person of any taste that sees it: not with any single part, but an inexpressible *something* in the whole.

The militia from Hampshire being in town, a large number of them were at the preaching. But it was as music to a horse: such brutish behaviour have I seldom seen. The next evening, they behaved, if possible, worse than before. However, many of them, I believe, were struck. For they came again in the morning, and then appeared to be of quite another spirit, earnestly attending to what was spoken. Thursday 27, I had appointed to preach at seven in the evening at Bradford. But when I came, I found Mr. Hart was to preach at six. So I delayed, till the church-service was ended; that there might not appear, (at least on *my* part) even the shadow of opposition between us.

Friday

Friday 28, I reached Bristol. Sunday 30, the weather being fair and calm, I preached in the new square, for the sake of many people, who do not choose to come to the room. My text was, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out," I believe many found desires of coming to him. O that they may be brought to good effect!

Monday, October 1, all my leisure time, during my stay at Bristol, I employed in finishing the fourth volume of discourses; probably the last which I shall publish. Monday 15, I walked up to Knowle, a mile from Bristol, to see the French Prisoners. Above eleven hundred of them, we were informed, were confined in that little place: without any thing to lie on, but a little dirty straw, or any thing to cover them, but a few foul thin rags, either by day or night, so that they died like rotten sheep. I was much affected, and preached in the evening, on Exodus xxiii. 9, "Thou shalt not oppress a stranger; for ye know the heart of a stranger, seeing ye were strangers in the land of Egypt." Eighteen pounds were contributed immediately, which were made up four-and-twenty the next day. With this we bought linen and woollen cloth, which was made up into shirts, waistcoats, and breeches. Some dozens of stockings were added; all which were carefully distributed, where there was the greatest want. Presently after, the Corporation of Bristol sent a large quantity of mattresses and blankets. And it was not long, before contributions were set on foot, at London, and in various parts of the kingdom. So that I believe from this time they were pretty well provided with all the necessaries of life.

Monday 22, I left Bristol, and having preached at Shepton, Coleford, Frome, and Salisbury in my way, on Thursday 25, determined to try, if I could do any good at Andover. The congregation at ten in the morning was small: in the evening their number was increased, and I think some of them went away, crying out, *God be merciful to me a sinner!*

Friday 26, I rode to Basingstoke. I was extremely tired when I came in, but much less so, after preaching. I then sent to enquire, if there was a vacant place in any of the coaches which were going to London the next day? But they were all full: and I had promised to send back my mare to Bristol. The only way that remained was, to take Joseph Jones' horse, and let him ride behind one of the coaches. So I ordered the horse to be brought soon after four in the morning, and was waiting for the coach, when a post-chaise drove by. I rode close after it, tho' it was so dark, I could not see my horse's head. But I could *hear*, which was enough. About day-break, it drove away: but then I could see the road. It rained without intermission, from the time I took horse, till I came to the Foundery: so that I was wet thro' a great part of the day. But it did me no hurt at all.

Sunday 28, I found the ancient spirit in the congregation, both at Spitalfields and the Foundery. Tuesday 30, I preached at Deptford, and rejoiced to find an increasing work there also. Wednesday, and Thursday I spent in revising and perfecting a Treatise on Electricity. Friday, November 2, I spent an hour with that miracle of mercy Miss——: a clear proof, that God *can*, even without external means, preserve a bush in the midst of the fire.

Sunday 4, as I was applying those words, "They neither marry, nor are given in marriage. For neither can they die any more; for they are equal to angels," the power of God fell upon the congregation, in a very uncommon manner. How seasonable! O how does God sweeten whatever cross we bear for his sake!

Monday 12, I talked with J—D—, a gentleman's coachman, an uncommon monument of mercy. Last year he was a violent persecutor of the truth and of his wife, for the sake of it. But the second or third time he heard for himself, he was thoroughly convinced. Soon after, he entered into the Society, and
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in fix weeks found peace with God. Yet his natural tempers quickly revived, which made him restless after a thorough change. In Spring, this restlessness so increased, that he was crying to God day and night, till, on Sunday May 27, he was utterly broken in pieces, and ready to cast away the hope of it. But, just as he received the bread in the Lord's Supper, the love of God filled his heart. And, from that moment, he had no doubt, but has continued always rejoicing, always praying and praising God.

Saturday 17, I spent an hour agreeably and profitably with Lady G—H—, and Sir C—H—. It is well a few of the rich and noble are called. O that God would increase their number! But I should rejoice, (were it the will of God) if it were done by the ministry of others. If I might choose, I should still (as I have done hitherto) *preach the gospel to the poor.*

Monday 19, I spent an hour with Mr. B—, who has escaped from G—e, as with the skin of his teeth. He informed me that all the water they had in the voyage, stunk so intolerably, that the biscuit was full of maggots, and the beef mere carrion, so that none could bear to stand near a cask when it was opened. What wonder that the poor men died in troops! Who shall answer for their blood?

Tuesday 22, I took horse between six and seven, in one of the coldest morning's I ever remember. We reached St. Alban's without much difficulty; but then the roads were all covered with snow. However, there was a beaten path, tho' slippery enough, till we turned into the by-road to Sundon. What we could have done there, I cannot tell, for the snow lay deeper and deeper, had not a waggon gone awhile before us, and marked the way for six miles, to Mr. Cole's gate.

Friday 23, the roads were so extremely slippery, it was with much difficulty we reached Bedford. We had a pretty large congregation; but the stench from the swine under the room, was scarce supportable. Was ever a preaching-place over a hog-sty before?

Surely they love the gospel, who come to hear it in such a place.

Saturday 24, we rode to Everton; Mr. Berridge being gone to preach before the University at Cambridge. Many people came to his house in the evening, and it was a season of great refreshment.

Sunday 25, I was a little afraid my strength would not suffice, for reading prayers and preaching, and administering the Lord's Supper alone, to a large number of communicants. But all was well. Mr. Hickes began his own service early, and came before I had ended my sermon. So we finished the whole before two, and I had time to breathe before the evening service.

In the afternoon God was eminently present with us, thro' rather to comfort than convince. But I observed a remarkable difference since I was here before, as to the *manner* of the work. None now were in trances, none cried out: none fell down or were convulsed. Only some trembled exceedingly: a low murmur was heard: and many were refreshed with the *multitude of peace*.

The danger *was* to regard *extraordinary* circumstances too much, such as outcries, convulsions, visions, trances, as if these were *essential* to the inward work, so that it *could not* go on without them. Perhaps the danger is, to regard them too little: to condemn them altogether; to imagine, they had nothing of God in them, and were a hindrance to his work. Whereas the truth is, 1. God suddenly and strongly convinced many that they were lost sinners; the *natural* consequence whereof were sudden outcries, and strong bodily convulsions: 2. To strengthen and encourage them that believed, and to make his work more apparent, he favoured several of them with divine dreams, others with trances and visions. 3. In some of these instances, after a time, nature mixt with grace. 4. Satan likewise mimicked *this* work of God, in order to discredit the whole work. And yet it is not wise, to give up *this*

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this part, any more than to give up the whole. At first it was doubtless wholly from God. It is partly so at this day. And he will enable us to discern, how far in every case the work is pure, and where it mixes, or degenerates.

Let us even suppose, that in some few cases, there was a mixture of *diffimulation*: that persons *pretended* to see or feel what they did not, and *imitated* the cries or convulsive motions of those who were really overpowered by the Spirit of God. Yet even this should not make us either deny or undervalue the real work of the Spirit. The shadow is no disparagement of the substance, nor the counterfeit of the real diamond.

We may farther suppose, that Satan will make these visions an *occasion* of pride. But what can be inferred from hence? Nothing but that we should guard against it: that we should diligently exhort all, to be little in their own eyes, knowing that nothing avails with God but humble love. But still, to slight or censure visions in general, would be both irrational and unchristian.

Monday 26, in the evening I preached in Mr. Hicker's church at Wrestlingworth, and at ten the next morning. The people were deeply attentive, but none were so affected, as when I was here last. In the evening Mr. B. returned from preaching before the University. In the midst of the sermon, he informed me, one person cried out aloud; but was silent in a few moments. Several dropped down, but made no noise: and the whole congregation, young and old, behaved with seriousness. God is strong as well as wise. Who knows what work he may have to do here also?

Wednesday 28, I returned to London, and on Thursday the 29th, the day appointed for a general Thanksgiving, I preached again in the chapel near the Seven Dials, both morning and afternoon. I believe the oldest man in England has not seen a thanksgiving day so observed before. It had the solemnity of the

general Fast. All the shops were shut up. The people in the streets appeared, one and all, with an air of seriousness. The prayers, lessons, and whole public service, were admirably suited to the occasion. The Prayer for our Enemies, in particular, was extremely striking: perhaps it is the first instance of the kind in Europe. There was no noise, hurry, bonfires, fireworks, in the evening: and no public diversions. This is indeed a *Christian* holy-day, a *rejoicing unto the Lord!* The next day came the news, that Sir Edward Hawke had dispersed the French fleet.

Sunday, December 9, I had, for the first time, a Love-feast for the whole Society. Wednesday 12, I began reading over the Greek Testament and the Notes, with my brother and several others, carefully comparing the Translation with the Original, and correcting or enlarging the Notes, as we saw occasion.

The same day I spent part of the afternoon in the British Museum. There is a large library, a great number of curious manuscripts, many uncommon monuments of antiquity, and the whole collection of shells, butterflies, beetles, grass-hoppers, &c., which the indefatigable Sir Hans Sloane, with such vast expence and labour, procured in a life of four score years!

Friday 14, I was at a *Christian* wedding, to which were invited only two or three relations, and five Clergymen, who spent part of the afternoon, in a manner suitable to the solemn occasion.

Wednesday 19, I was desired to read over a Chancery Bill. The occasion of it was this. "A. B. tells C. D., that one who owed him thirty pounds wanted to borrow thirty more, and asked, Whether he thought the eighth part of such a ship, then at sea, was sufficient security? He said, he thought it was." On this, A. B. lent the money. The ship came home. But, thro' various accidents, the eighth part yielded only twenty pounds. A. B. on this commenced a suit, to make C. D. pay him the residue of his money."

This

This worthy story is told in no less, than a hundred and ten sheets of paper! C. D. answers, "He advised to the best of his judgment; not foreseeing these accidents, whereby the share which cost two hundred pounds, yielded no more than twenty." This answer brought on fifteen sheets of exceptions, all which a quarter of a sheet might have contained! I desired the Plaintiff and Defendant to meet me the next day, both of whom were willing to stand to arbitration. And they readily agreed, that C. D. should pay half his own costs, and A. B. the rest of the expence.

Friday 21, I enquired into the particulars of a very remarkable story. A ship laden with wheat, and having no other ballast, about one in the morning, on Sunday, November 18, the wind blowing hard, shifted her cargo, and, in half an hour, sunk. Mr. Austin, the mate, leaped off her side, as she sunk, and being an excellent swimmer, kept above water, till he saw something floating towards him, which proved to be the capstern of the ship. He got upon it, and although washed off several times, yet still recovered his feet, and floated all day and all the following night. But on Monday morning he was quite exhausted, and faint almost to death with thirst, having swallowed abundance of salt-water. In this extremity he saw some apples floating toward him. He took up three, ate them and was much strengthened. About noon Admiral Saunders' fleet came in sight, one of whose ships saw and took him up. He could not stand; but being blooded, and put into a warm bed, and fed with small broth, a spoonful or two at a time, he recovered strength apace, and, in a few days, was as well as ever.

Saturday 22, I went to Colchester, and on Sunday 23, preached in the shell of the new house. It is twelve square, and is the best building, of the size, for the voice that I know in England. Monday 24, we did not set out till after seven, intending to ride about forty miles. But coming to Schole-Inn before

three, we pushed on and before seven came safe to Norwich.

Thursday 27, I began visiting the Society, and found the greater part much changed from what they were a year ago. They are indeed fewer in number, but are now of a teachable spirit, willing to be advised or even reproved. And if three hundred of this spirit remain, they are worth all our labour.

Tuesday, January 1, 1760, we began the service at four in the morning. A great number attended, and God was in the midst, strengthening and refreshing their souls. Thursday 3, in the evening, while I was enforcing those awful words of the prophet, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved:" a young woman, who had contained herself as long as she could, sunk down and cried aloud. I found this was a new thing in Norwich. The women about her got water and hartshorn in abundance. But all would not do. When service was ended, I asked her, "What do you want?" She immediately replied, "Nothing but Christ." And indeed what Physician beside him, is able to heal that sickness?

Friday 4, I preached about one at Fornett, to a much milder people than I left there: and in the evening at Kenninghall, where the Antinomians have laboured hard in the devil's service. Yet all are not lost. A few are still left, *who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit*. Saturday 5, I preached in the evening at Colchester, and on Sunday 6, rode to Langham, seven miles from thence, in such a day as I have seldom known: the North-East wind was so exceedingly keen, and drove the fleet full in our face. But this did not discourage the people, who flocked from all quarters. And those who took such pains to come, were not sent empty away.

Monday 7; I returned to London, and finished on the road the celebrated *Telemachus*. Certainly it is wrote with admirable sense. But is it without fault? Is there not abundantly too much machinery? Are not the gods (such as they are) continually introduced without

without why or wherefore? And is not the work spun out too long? Drawn into mere French wire? Would not twelve books have contained all the matter, much better than four and twenty?

Sunday 13, I preached again in West-Street chapel, now enlarged and thoroughly repaired. When I took this eighteen years ago, I little thought the world would have borne us till now. But *the right-hand of the Lord hath the pre-eminence*. Therefore we endure unto this day.

Wednesday 16, one came to me, as she said, with a message from the Lord, to tell me, "I was laying up treasures on earth, taking my ease, and minding only my eating and drinking." I told her, 'God knew me better. And if he had sent her, he would have sent her with a more proper message.'

Friday 18, I desired those who believed they were saved from sin, (sixteen or seventeen in number,) to meet me at noon, to whom I gave such cautions and instructions as I judged needful. Nor did any of these pretend to be above man's teaching, but received it with all thankfulness.

Thursday 24, I rode to Brentford, where, after a stop of ten or twelve years, the work of God is broke out afresh. I preached in a large place newly fitted up. It was supposed there would be much disturbance, as a considerable number of rude, boisterous people, were gathered together for that purpose. But God over-ruled, and they all calmly and silently attended to his word. Surely the *times and seasons* of sending his word effectually to any place, *God hath reserved in his own power*.

Monday 28, I began visiting the Classes in London, and that with more exactness than ever before. After going through them, I found the Society now contained about three and twenty hundred and fifty members: few of them we could discern to be triflers, and none we hope, live in any wilful sin.

Tuesday,

Tuesday, February 5, I baptized a gentlewoman at the Foundry, and the peace she immediately found, was a fresh proof, that the outward sign duly received, is always accompanied with the inward grace. Tuesday 12, after preaching at Deptford, I rode on to Welles, where I received (what few expected) an exceeding comfortable account of the death of Mr. Mason of Bexley. For many years he seemed to be utterly senseless; neither justified, nor even convinced of sin. But in his last sickness, the God that heareth prayer, broke in upon his soul. And the nearer death came, the more did he rejoice, to the astonishment of all that saw him.

Saturday 16, I spent an hour in the evening with a little company, at Mr.——. I have not known so solemn an hour for a long season, nor so profitable to my own soul. Mysterious Providence! Why am I cut off from those opportunities, which of all others I most want? Especially considering the benefit I might impart, as well as that which I might receive: seeing they stand in as much need of light, as I do of heat.

About this time we had a remarkable account from Yorkshire; "On February 18, about thirty persons were met together in Otley (a town about twelve miles from Leeds) about eight o'clock in the evening in order (as usual) to pray, and sing hymns, and provoke each other to love and good works. After prayer was ended, when they proceeded to speak of the state of their souls, some with deep sighs and groans, complained of the burden they felt, for the remains of indwelling sin; seeing in a clearer light than ever before, the necessity of a deliverance from it.

"When they had spent the usual time together, a few went to their own houses. But the rest remained upon their knees, groaning for the great and precious promises of God. One being desired to pray, he no sooner began to lift up his voice to God, than the Holy Ghost made intercession in all that were present,

present, with groanings that could not be uttered. At length the travail of their souls burst out into loud and ardent cries. They had no doubt of the favour of God, but they could not rest, while there was any thing in them contrary to his nature. One cried out, in an exceeding great agony, 'Lord, deliver me from my sinful nature;' then a second, a third and fourth. And while the person who prayed first, was calling upon God in those words, 'Thou God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, hear us, for the sake of thy Son Jesus,' one was heard to say, 'Blessed be the Lord God for ever, for he hath cleansed my heart. Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise his holy name.' Another said, 'I hold thee with a trembling hand, but will not let thee go,' and in a little time cried out, 'Praise the Lord, with me; for he hath cleansed my heart from sin.' Another cried, 'I am hanging over the pit of hell, by a slender thread;' a second, with loud and dismal shrieks, 'I am in hell: O save me:' while a third said, with a far different voice, 'Blessed be the Lord, for he hath pardoned all my sins.' Thus they continued for the space of two hours, some praising and magnifying God, some crying to him for pardon or purity of heart, with the greatest agony of spirit. Before they parted, three believed God had fulfilled his word, and 'cleansed them from all unrighteousness.'

"The next evening they met again. And the Lord was again present to heal the broken in heart. One received remission of sins, and three more believed God had 'cleansed them from all sin.' And it is observable, these are all poor illiterate creatures, of all others most incapable of counterfeiting, and most unlikely to attempt it. But 'when his word goeth forth, it giveth light and understanding to the simple.'

Friday 29, a great number of us waited upon God, at five, at nine, and at one, with fasting and prayer. And at six in the evening we met at the church in Spitalfields, to renew our covenant with God. It was a blessed time. The windows of heaven were open, and the skies poured down righteousness.

Monday,

giving. And I have a continual witness in myself, that whatever I do, I do it to his glory."

E—L. said, "I was born in 1730, My mother died in child-bed of me, and my father, when I was a year or two old. So I was brought up by the parish, and taught nothing, not so much as to read. About eleven years old, I was put out parish-'prentice, to a man and woman who used me very harshly. I wanted much to learn to read; but they would not spare the time. I was about fourteen, when I heard Mr. J. W. preach at the cross in Wednesbury. I immediately believed it was the right way, and begun to be very uneasy. I often wished I had died with my mother, fearing I should never be saved. But my convictions wore away by degrees: though still I could find no rest. About twenty I was married. My husband had sometimes heard the preaching, but not lately. Soon after he began again, going with me constantly. I was now more and more convinced, that I was a guilty, undone sinner. I cried to God day and night, laying down my work many times in a day. On Holy-Thursd'ay, 1756, I was sadly afraid of going to the sacrament. However, I broke through and went. At the Lord's table, I found such a love as I cannot express. As soon as I came back, I went up into my chamber, and kneeled down to prayer. In praying I heard a voice saying, *Go in peace; thy sins are forgiven thee.* My soul sunk into nothing before God, and was filled with humble love. I loved God and all mankind, and thought no temptation could ever shake me more. But in a few days, being low and weak in body, I found hard thoughts of God. Yet I could not give up my confidence that my sins were forgiven. Nor do I know, that I ever committed any wilful sin, after I was justified. About a year and half ago Mr. Fugill came: One evening while he was preaching, I was convinced that my heart was still desperately wicked, and needed to be wholly renewed. This made me sometimes afraid to die, lest I should be called before that change was wrought.

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wrought. But I had still hope at the bottom, and never could doubt but that God was my God. In the meanwhile my desire to be wholly renewed increased continually. And I was every day and every hour praying for it, whatever I was about. When my hopes prevailed, I was happy: when my fears, I was quite cast down. Being convinced, how little I loved God, I was grieved and ashamed before him.

“ On Friday, January 25, I took no food till the afternoon, though I had a child at my breast. I was much tempted to think, I should never attain, and was quite uneasy. But the next morning my uneasiness was gone, and I calmly waited for what I believed God would soon give. In the evening I went to the preaching with full expectation that he would meet me there. And so he did. As soon as Mr. Fugill began to speak, I felt my soul was all love. I was so stayed on God as I never felt before, and knew that I loved him with all my heart. When I came home I could ask for nothing: I could only give thanks. And the witness, that God had saved me from all my sins, grew clearer every hour. On Wednesday this was stronger than ever. I have never since found my heart wander from God. When I have business to do, I just take a thought and do it; and it is gone, and my heart is with the Lord. I often in a day bow my knee to God: but my heart prays continually. He is never out of my thoughts: I see him always; although most at preaching, and in my band and class. But I do not only see him: I feel him too, so as I cannot express. And the more I see and feel of God, the more I feel I am nothing. When I sleep, I sleep as in the arms of Jesus; and when I awake, my soul is full of praise, and it is as if all the angels were in the room round about me praising God. I never find any heaviness or coldness: and when I go among the people of the world, God is as much with me as before, and I long for them, so as no tongue can tell. I am careful of every word I

XI.

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speak,

speaking, and every look, and every thought. I search my heart again and again: and I can find nothing but love there. Indeed I know, if God left me a moment, I should fall. But I trust, he will never leave me, nor forsake me."

I observe, the spirit and experience of these two, run exactly parallel. *Constant communion* with God the Father and the Son, *fills* their hearts with *humble love*. Now this is what I always did, and do now mean by *perfection*. And this I believe many have attained, on the same evidence that I believe many are justified. May God increase their number a thousand-fold!

Friday 7, I rode to Dudley, formerly a den of lions. I was constrained to preach abroad. But no one opened his mouth, unless to pray or praise God. I believe the steady behaviour of the Society, has made an impression on most of the town.

Saturday 8, I was surprised at coming into Wolverhampton, which is what Dudley *was*, to find the people so still, many gaping and staring, but none speaking an uncivil word. "Ay, said a well meaning man, we shall not find them so civil by and by." I wish these *croakers* would learn to hold their peace. I desire to hear no *prophets of evil*. What do they do, but weaken the hands both of preachers and people, and transfuse their own cowardice into others?

But this prophet of evil was a false prophet too. For neither while I was preaching, nor after I had done, did any one offer the least rudeness whatever. And we rode as quietly out of the town, as we could out of London or Bristol.

Hence we went on to Burslem, near Newcastle-under-Line, a scattered town on the top of a hill, inhabited almost entirely by potters, a multitude of whom assembled at five in the evening. Deep attention sat on every face, though as yet accompanied with deep ignorance. But if the heart be towards God, he will in due time enlighten the understanding.

Sundry

March, 1760.

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Sunday 9, I preached at eight to near double the number, though scarce half as many as came at five in the evening. Some of these seemed quite innocent of thought. Five or six were laughing and talking till I had near done: one of them threw a clod of earth, which struck me on the side of the head. But it neither disturbed me, nor the congregation.

Monday 10, about nine I preached at Biddulph, about eight miles North of Burslem. The earnestness of the whole congregation, well rewarded me for my labour. Hence we had an extremely pleasant walk three or four miles, to Congleton. Here we were accosted in a very different manner almost as soon as we entered the town, which caused some of our brethren to apprehend, we should have rough treatment before we got out of it. That I left to God. They had procured the use of a meadow adjoining to the preaching-house, in the window of which they had fixt a kind of scaffold. Most of the congregation were deeply serious: so that three or four who took much pains to disturb them, entirely lost their labour.

About seven in the evening I preached at Stockport, where more and more hear the word of God and keep it. In the morning we took horse at five, but could find none to tell us which was the road to Leeds. So we rode on to Mottram. Following the directions we received there, we rode up a mountain, and our path ended. We made toward a large house, and the gentleman sent a servant, who pointed out the way we were to take. But soon after, it divided: and an honest man bidding us to keep to the right, (meaning the left) we did so, till we came to the top of another high mountain, among several old quarries. Here that road ended. However we went straight forward, till we came to the brow. With great difficulty we led our horses down, and rode up a path on the opposite mountain. But at the top this likewise ended. Still we thought it best to push forward. But my horse was quickly embogged. After he had

thrown me on one side, and scrambled out himself, we endeavoured to walk down the mountain: but such a walk I never had before, for steepness, and bogs, and large stones intermixt. That we got to the bottom without hurt either to man or beast, was little less than a miracle. But we were still at a loss, till we met a sensible man, who directed us to Saddleworth. In our Inn here we found one who had frequently heard me preach at Builth in Brecknockshire. I fear, to little purpose; for, on my speaking a few words, he ran away in haste. But the whole family seemed to fear God. So we did not repent of our clambering up and down the mountains.

At six we reached Leeds, sufficiently tired. But I forgot it as soon as I began to preach: and the spirit of the congregation comforted us over all our labour.

Wednesday 12, having desired that as many as could of the neighbouring towns, who believed they were saved from sin, would meet me, I spent the greatest part of this day, in examining them one by one. The testimony of some I could not receive: but concerning the far greatest part, it is plain (unless they could be supposed to tell wilful and deliberate lies) 1. That they *feel* no inward sin, and to the best of their knowledge, *commit* no outward sin: 2. That they *see* and *love* God every moment, and *pray, rejoice, give thanks evermore*. 3. That they have constantly as clear a *witness* from God of sanctification as they have of justification. Now in this I do rejoice and will rejoice, call it what you please. And I would to God thousands had experienced thus much: let them afterward experience as much more as God pleases.

Thursday 13, we rode over the mountains through furious wind and rain, which was ready to overthrow both man and beast. However, in the afternoon we came well to Manchester. On Friday the 14th, being the National Fast-Day, we had service at five, at seven, and at five in the evening. But I did not observe here any thing, of that solemnity with which
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the public Fasts are observed in London. I was much out of order on Saturday, and not well on Sunday. However, having appointed to preach in Stockport at noon, I determined not to break my word. As it rained, our friends provided a post-chaise. When we were gone half a mile, one of the horses began to kick and rear, and would go no further. So we got out and walked on. But another driver brought the chaise after, and carried me to Stockport. A large congregation was waiting, and received the word with all readiness of mind. For some years the seed seemed to be here sown in vain: but at length it yields a good increase.

On the following days, I preached in several neighbouring towns, and on Wednesday evening at Liverpool. Thursday 20, I had a good deal of conversation with Mr. N—n. His case is peculiar. Our church requires, that Clergymen should be men of learning, and to this end, have an University education. But how many have an University-education; and yet no learning at all! Yet these men are ordained! Meantime one of eminent learning, as well as unblamable behaviour, cannot be ordained, “because he was not at the University!” What a mere farce is this? Who would believe, that any Christian Bishop would stoop to so poor an evasion?

Monday 24, about noon I preached at Warrington. Many of *the beasts of the people* were present. But the bridle from above was in their teeth, so that they made not the least disturbance. At seven in the evening, I preached at Chester; but I was scarce able to open my eyes. They were much inflamed before I set out: and the inflammation was much increased, by riding forty miles, with a strong and cold wind exactly in my face. But, in the evening, I applied the eye-water, made with Lapis Calaminaris, which removed the disorder before morning.

Tuesday 25, I rode to Mould in Flintshire. The wind was often ready to bear away both man and horse. But the earnest, serious congregation, re-

warded us for our trouble. Wednesday 26, about nine I preached at Little Lee, a mile or two from Northwich. Many of the congregation, scarce ever heard a Methodist before. But I trust, they did not hear in vain.

Thursday 27, I rode to Liverpool, in order to embark for Dublin. We were desired to be on board by nine on Saturday morning. But the wind falling, and a fog coming on, we gained a little more time. So we had one more solemn opportunity in the evening. Sunday 30, the fog was gone and the wind fair. We took ship about nine, and got under sail at noon, having only eight cabin passengers, seven of whom were our own company. So we prayed and sung, and conversed at our own discretion. But a poor woman, whom we permitted to come into the cabin, gave us some uneasiness. She had been tapped for the dropsy in the Infirmary, but two days before. When I spoke to her concerning her soul, she gave but little answer, appearing to be serious, and willing to hear, but totally uninstructed. She would eat nothing, but willingly accepted a dish or two of tea, and two or three glasses of wine. The next morning she was extremely restless, continually moving from place to place, till the Captain put a bed for her in the forecabin, on which she lay down about eight o'clock. A little after she grew light-headed and began shrieking dreadfully. This she continued to do, till about noon, and then died. At night, the Captain and all the sailors being present, we committed her body to the deep. On Tuesday noon April 1, we landed safe at Dublin.

I never saw more numerous, or more serious congregations in Ireland, than we had all this week. On Easter-day, April 6, I introduced our English custom, beginning the service at four in the morning. Monday 7, I began speaking severally to the members of the Society, and was well-pleased to find so great a number of them much alive to God. One consequence of this is, that the Society is larger, than
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It has been for several years. And no wonder: for where the real power of God is, it naturally spreads wider and wider.

Thursday 10, I was fitting with a friend, when poor Mr. Cook came in. His eyes, his look, his hair standing

“Like quills upon the fretful Porcupine,”

his tattered gown, his whole person, as well as his speech, immediately bewrayed him: But he is quite an original, and has so much vivacity, with touches of strong sense, that I do not wonder the gentlemen of the College, as he told me, have given him an apartment there. What a noble fabric lies here in ruins! What pity, that when he first found himself a sinner, he had not one to speak to, that understood his case, and could teach him the only method of cure!

Sunday 13, at three in the afternoon, I preached in the Barrack-Square, another kind of place than Ormondstown Green. (So the word ought to be written.) No mob must shew their heads here; for the soldiers would give them no quarter. Tuesday 15, I preached there again. But on Thursday, it being a rainy day, an offer was made me of the riding-house, a very large commodious building, designed by Lord Chesterfield for a church, but never used as such till now. A troop of soldiers was exercising there when I came. But this was clear gains. For the Officers forbade any of them to go away, before the sermon was ended.

Friday 18, I went with Miss F—, to see the French prisoners, sent from Carrickfergus. They were surprised at hearing as good French spoke in Dublin, as they could have heard in Paris: and still more at being exhorted to heart-religion, to the *Faith that worketh by love*.

Sunday 20, I appointed those of the Society, who desired to renew their covenant with God, which I had several times before explained, to meet me in the
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evening. And I believe of the five hundred and twelve members, hardly twelve were wanting.

Monday 21, in riding to Rosemead, I read Sir John Davies' Historical Relations concerning Ireland. None who reads these can wonder, that, fruitful as it is, it was always so thinly inhabited. For he makes it plain, 1. That *murder* was never *capital* among the native Irish. The murderer only paid a small fine, to the Chief of his Sept. 2. When the English settled here, still the Irish had no benefit of the English laws. They could not so much as sue an Englishman. So the English, beat, plundered, yea, murdered them at pleasure. 3. Hence, arose continual wars between them, for three hundred and fifty years together. And hereby both the English and Irish natives, were kept few, as well as poor. 4. When they were multiplied during a peace of forty years, from 1600 to 1641, the general Massacre, with the ensuing war, again thinned their numbers: not so few as a million of men, women and children, being destroyed in four years time. 5. Great numbers have ever since, year by year, left the land merely for want of employment. 6. The gentry are continually driving away hundreds, yea, thousands of them that remain, by throwing such quantities of arable land into pasture, which leaves them neither business nor food. This it is that now dispeoples many parts of Ireland, of Connaught in particular, which it is supposed, has scarce half the inhabitants at this day, which it had fourscore years ago.

Wednesday 23, I rode to Newry, and preached at seven in the evening, to a numerous congregation. Sunday 27, we had a useful sermon at church. But they told me, few attended the prayers in the afternoon. However, I resolved to set them the example: and the church was as full as in the forenoon. Of what importance is every step we take! Seeing so many are ready to follow us!

Monday 28, I rode to Rathfriland, seven Irish miles from Newry, a small town built on the top of a mountain,

mountain, surrounded first by a deep valley, and at a small distance by higher mountains. The Presbyterian Minister, wrote to the Popish Priest, "To keep his people from hearing." But they would not be kept. Protestants and Papists flocked together, to the meadow where I preached, and sat on the grass, still as night, while I exhorted them, to *Repent and believe the Gospel*. The same attention appeared in the whole congregation, at Terryhugan in the evening: where I spent a comfortable night in the Prophet's chamber, nine foot long, seven broad, and six high. The cieling, floor and walls were all of the same marble, vulgarly called clay.

Thursday, May 1, I rode to Moyra. Soon after twelve, standing on a tomb-stone, near the church, I called a considerable number of people, to "know God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent." We were just opposite to the Earl of Moyra's house, the best finished of any I have seen in Ireland. It stands on a hill with a large avenue in front, bounded by the church on the opposite hill. The other three sides are covered by orchards, gardens, and woods, in which are walks of various kinds.

General Flaubert, who commanded the French troops at Carrickfergus, was just gone from Lord Moyra's. Major Brajelon was now there, a man of a fine person and extremely graceful behaviour. Both these affirmed, That the French were all picked men, out of the King's guards. That their commission was, to land either at Londonderry or Carrickfergus, while Monsieur Conflans landed in the South: and if they did not do this within three months, to return directly to France.

Friday 2, in the evening, and morning and evening on Saturday I preached at Lisburn. The people here (as Mr. Boston said,) are "all ear;" But who can find a way to their heart?

Sunday 4, after preaching to a large congregation at seven, I hastened to Cumber, in order to be at Church in time. As soon as service was ended, I began,

began, and four in five of the people behaved well. About six in the evening, I preached at Newtown: where there is usually the largest congregation in Ulster. But what avails *the hearing ear*, without the *understanding heart*?

Monday 5, after preaching in the Market-place at Belfast, to a people who *care for none of these things*, we rode on, with a furious East-wind right in our face to Carrickfergus, where I willingly accepted of an invitation from a merchant in the town, Mr. Cobham, to lodge at his house: the rather, when I understood, that Mr. Cavenac, the French Lieutenant General, was still there. I now received a very particular account of what had been lately transacted here. Mrs. Cobham said, "My Daughter came running in and said, 'Mamma, there are three India-men come into the Bay, and I suppose my brothers are come in them,' (who had been in the East-Indies for some time.) An hour after she came in again, and cried, 'O Mamma, they say they are French men. And they are landing, and their guns glitter in the sun.'" Mr. Cavenac informed me, that Mr. Thurot had received a thousand men out of the King's-guards, with orders to land in the North of Ireland, at the same time that Monsieur Conflans landed in the South. That a storm drove him up to Bergen in Norway, from whence he could not get out, till his ships were much damaged, and his provisions consumed; nor could he there procure a supply at any price: that another storm drove him to 66 degrees North Latitude; from whence he did not get back to Carrick Bay, till all on board were almost famished, having only an ounce of bread per man daily: that they then landed merely to procure provisions. I asked, 'Is it true, that you had a design to burn the town?' He cried out, 'Jesu, Maria!' We never had such a thought! To burn, to destroy, cannot enter into the heart, or head of a good man."

After they had landed (Mrs. Cobham and others informed me) they divided into two bodies. One of these marched up to the East-gate, the other to the North.

North. Twelve soldiers and a corporal were there on the wall, who fired upon them when they came near. Immediately general Flaubert fell, having his leg broke by a musket-ball. The next in command, a young Marquis, then led them on. When the English had fired four rounds, having no more ammunition, they retired, and the French entered the town, and at the market-place met those who had come in at the East-gate. When they had joined, they marched up to the castle, (though the English there, who were a hundred and sixty-two in number, kept a constant fire,) the gate of which was not barred, so that the Marquis thrust it open and went in. Just then he was shot dead. Mr. Cavenac immediately took his place, and drew up his men again. The English then desired a parley, and articted to furnish them with provisions in six hours. But they could not perform it, there being little in the town. On this Mr. Cavenac sent for Mr. Cobham, and desired him to go up to Belfast and procure them, leaving his wife with the general, as an hostage for his return. But the poor Frenchmen could not stay for this. They began presently to serve themselves with meat and drink: having been in such want, that they were glad to eat raw oats to sustain nature. They accordingly took all the food they could find, with some linen and wearing apparel. But they neither hurt nor affronted man, woman, or child, nor did any mischief, for mischief's sake: though they were sufficiently provoked; for many of the inhabitants affronted them without fear or wit, cursed them to their face, and even took up pokers or other things to strike them.

While Mrs. Cobham was with the General, a little plain-dressed man came in, to whom they all shewed a particular respect. It struck into her mind, Is not this Mr. Thurot? which was soon confirmed. She said to him, "Sir, you seem much fatigued. Will you step to my house and refresh yourself?" He readily accepted the offer. She prepared a little veal, of which he ate moderately, and drank three glasses of small, warm punch: after which he told her, "I

have not taken any food before, nor slept for eight and forty hours." She asked, "Sir, will you please to take a little rest now?" Observing he started, she added, "I will answer, life for life, that none shall hurt you under my roof." He said, "Madam, I believe you: I accept the offer." He desired that two of his men might lie on the floor by the bed-side, slept about six hours, and then returning her many thanks, went aboard his ship.

Five days he was kept in the Bay by contrary winds. When he sailed, he took the mayor of Carrick and another gentleman, as hostages for the delivery of the French prisoners. The next morning as he was walking the deck, he frequently started, without any visible cause, and stepped short, and said, "I shall die to day." Awhile after, he said to one of the English, "Sir, I see three ships. Pray take my glass, and tell me freely, what you think they are?" He looked some time, and said, "I think they are English, and I guess they are about forty gun ships." He called his officers together, and said, "Our ships are too foul to fight at a distance: we must board them." Accordingly when they came up, after a short fire, he ran up close to Captain Elliot, and Captain Scoreck with his four-and-twenty Hussars, immediately leaped on board. Almost instantly, nine of them lay dead; on which he was so enraged, that he rushed forward with his sabre among the English, who seized his arms, and carried him away. Meantime, his men that were left, retired into their own ship. Thurot seeing this, cried out, "Why should we throw away the lives of the poor men?" and ordered to strike the colours. A man going to do this, was shot dead: as was likewise a second. And before a third could do it, Mr. Thurot himself was shot through the heart. So fell a brave man: giving yet another proof, that *there is no counsel or strength against the Lord.*

Conclusion of the Eleventh Journal.

AN
EXTRACT
OF THE
REV. MR. JOHN WESLEY'S
JOURNAL,

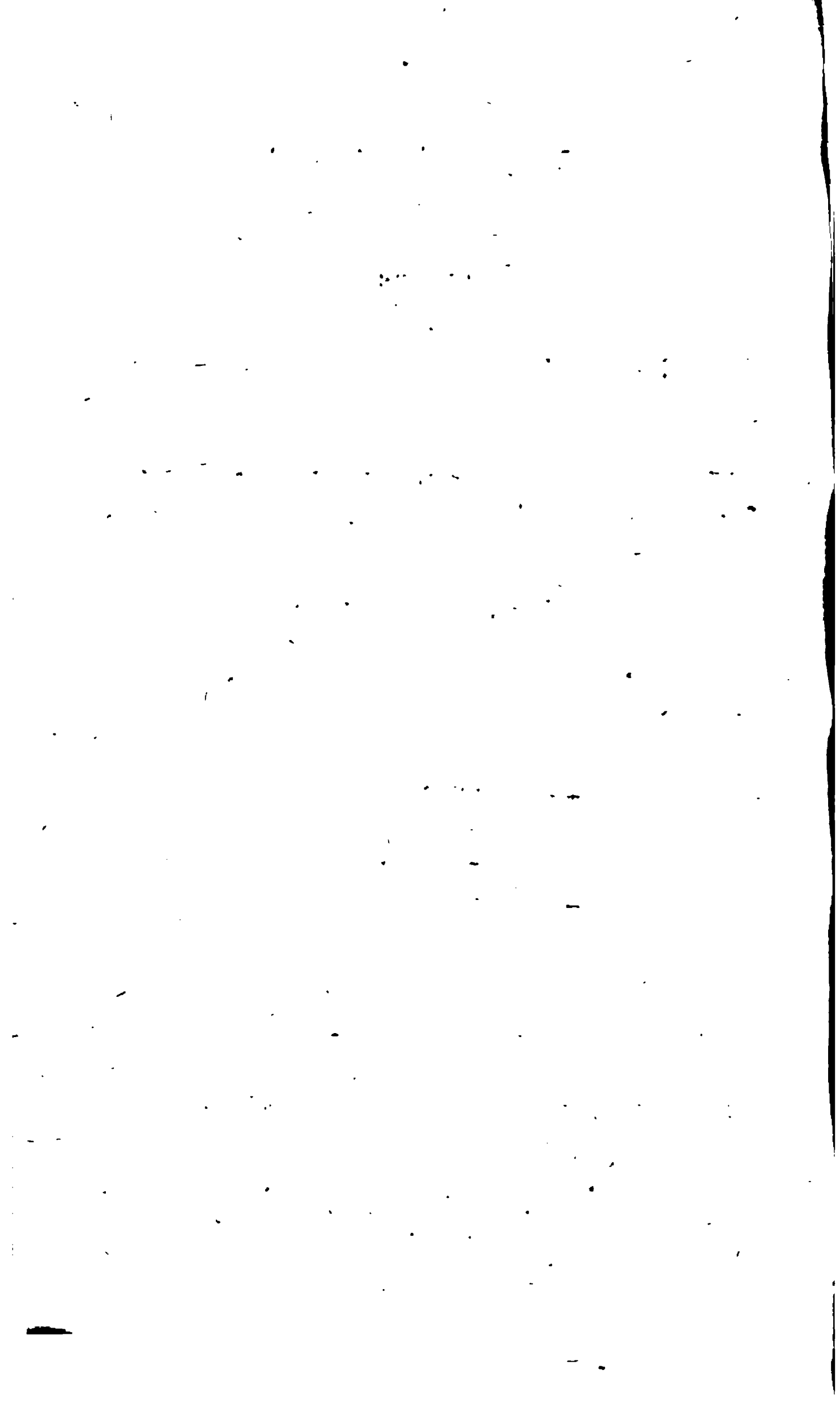
From MAY 6, 1760,
To OCTOBER 28, 1762.

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XII.
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**PRICE TEN-PENCE.**



## To the READER.

**I** AM sensible, there are many particulars in the ensuing Journal, which some serious persons will not believe, and which others will turn to ridicule. But this I cannot help, unless by concealing those things which I believe it my bounden duty to declare. I cannot do otherwise, while I am persuaded, that this was a real work of God: and that he hath so wrought this, and all “his marvellous works, that they ought to be had in remembrance.” I have only to desire, That those who think differently from me, will bear with me, as I do with them: and that those who think with me, That this was the most glorious Work of God, which has ever been wrought in our memory, may be encouraged to expect to be themselves partakers of all the great and precious promises: and that without delay; seeing “Now is the accepted time! Now is the day of salvation!”

*LONDON, Jan. 31, 1767.*



AN  
EXTRACT  
OF THE  
REV. MR. JOHN WESLEY'S  
TWELFTH  
JOURNAL.

TUESDAY, May 6, 1760, I had much conversation (at Carrickfergus) with Monsr. Cavenac, the French General, not on the circumstances, but the essence of religion. He seemed to startle at nothing; but said more than once, and with much emotion, "Why, this is *my* religion! there is *no true religion* besides it."

Wed. 7, I rode to Larn. The rain, which had continued with little intermission for several days, stopped this afternoon; so that I had a very large as well as serious congregation. And I spoke to them with the utmost plainness. But I could not find the way to their hearts.

Thurs. 8, we rode over the mountains to Ballinena, and had just passed thro' the town, when a man came running out of the field, called me by my name, and pressed me much to preach there. But I could not stay, having appointed one to meet me at Portlo-nane, which he accordingly did, and brought me to Mr. Burrows, near Garvah.

Fri. 9, a little rest was acceptable. Sat. 10, I preached, morning and evening, in Mr. B—'s house, to a well-behaved congregation, tho' of various denominations, Churchmen, Papists, Presbyterians, Cameronians. One Seceder likewise ventured in, but the moment he heard, "Our Father which art in heaven," he ran away with all speed.

Sun. 11, we had such a congregation in the church, as perhaps had not been there in this century. And I believe God reached some of their hearts: several were in tears. I spoke extremely plain; especially to those who were full of their own wisdom and righteousness.

Mon. 12, returning thro' Ballimena, I preached in the market-house to a large concourse of people. And God was there of a truth. I have found no such spirit in any congregation since I left Dublin. Thence I rode to Moyra and preached to a very civil congregation. But there is no life in them!

Tues. 13, my Irish horse was thoroughly tired. However, with much difficulty, partly riding, and partly walking, about eight in the evening I reached Coote-hill. I preached in the house now, and at five in the morning; but at eleven in the market-house, where I delivered my own soul, to most of the protestants in the town.

Having procured a fresh horse, I rode on to Belurbet, a town in which there is neither Papist, nor Presbyterian. But to supply that defect, there are sabbath-breakers, drunkards, and common-swearers in abundance. Thurs. 15, we rode thro' a delightful country to Swadling-bar, famed for its mineral waters. Soon after my new horse began to tire, so that it was with much difficulty I got to Sligo.

Fri. 16, I walked round the ruins of the abbey, formerly one of the largest in the kingdom. The walls of it are standing, and three sides of the cloysters are entire. But you can scarce tread, either within or without, unless you will step upon skulls or human bones, which are every where scattered up and down,

May, 1766,

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as dung upon the earth. Surely no other nation, christian or heathen, would endure this!

In the evening the congregation was a little disturbed by two or three giddy officers. I spoke to them and they stopped: but they soon recovered their spirits, and behaved—as they used to do at church!

Sun. 18, I preached at nine to a large congregation, who all seemed to hear with understanding. At five in the evening they were not less attentive, tho' abundantly more numerous. On Monday we met, for the last time, between four and five. Many were deeply affected, and all received the word *with all readiness of mind*. But which of these will *bring forth fruit with patience*? God only knoweth.

Mon. 19, we rode to Castle-barr, where I preached in the evening. I was particularly concerned for the poor backsliders. It seems as if most of us said in our hearts, "If they have a mind to go to hell, let them go." Not so: rather let us pluck the *brands*, willing or unwilling, *out of the burning*!

Thurs. 22, I rode to Newport, and preached at seven in the evening. I suppose all the Protestants in the town were present, and many of the Papists, notwithstanding the prohibition and bitter curses of their priests. So has God spread the line from sea to sea, from Dublin on the east, to this place on the Western Ocean.

Sun. 25, being Whitsunday, Mr. Ellison desired me to assist him at the Lord's-supper. Tues. 27, there was a remarkable trial here. A Swedish ship, being leaky, put into one of our harbours. The Irish, according to custom, ran to plunder her. A neighbouring gentleman hindered them, and for so doing demanded a fourth part of her cargo. And this, they say, *The law allows*! But where, mean time, is the law of God? To hear this cause all the gentlemen of the country were come to Castle-barr. It was to be heard in the court-house, where I preached. So they met an hour sooner, and heard the sermon first. Who knows but even some of these may be found of *Elia* they sought not?

Wed.

June, 1760.

Wed. 28, I rode to Hollymount, and the next day to Aghrim, where were a people alive to God. I told them plainly what things they wanted still. And surely God will supply all their wants!

June 1, being Trinity-Sunday, I preached about nine in the market-house at Athlone on, "There are Three that bear record in heaven—and these three are one." Afterwards, at the minister's desire, I read prayers in the church, and in the evening preached on the Connaught side of the river on, "Ye must be born again." Both Papists and Protestants attended. And some seemed cut to the heart.

Tues. 3, I met the classes and was agreeably surprized, to find that bitterness against the church, with which many were infected when I was here before, was now entirely over. Yet the deadness which it had occasioned, remained, and I doubt it will not soon be removed.

Fri. 6, I preached in the evening at Ahaskra, where the bulk of the congregation were Papists. Yet the decency of their behaviour was such as might have made many Protestants ashamed.

Sun. 8, I rode over to Aghrim again. Understanding the rector had none to assist in the service, I offered to read prayers for him, which he willingly accepted. Immediately after the church service, I preached to a numerous congregation, and returned to Athlone, soon enough to speak once more to a large concourse of all ranks and religions. But great part of them were as bullocks unaccustomed to the yoke, neither taught of God, nor man.

Mon. 9, about one I preached at Abidarrig, and then rode on to Longford. The town was so thronged by reason of the approaching Fair, that we had much ado to pass. But this increased the evening congregation much: among whom was Dr. Hort, then rector of the parish, a learned, sensible, pious man, and a pattern both for clergy and laity.

Tues. 10, I rode to Drumerstave, a village delightfully situated. Almost the whole town, Protestants and  
Papists,



June, 1760.

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Papists, were present at the sermon in the evening: and a great part of them in the morning: but O! how few of them will bear fruit to perfection!

At noon William Ley, James Glasbrook, and I, rode to Carrick upon Shannon. In less than an hour, an Esquire and Justice of the peace, came down with a drum and what mob he could gather. I went into the garden with the congregation, while he was making a speech to his followers in the street. He then attacked William Ley, (who stood at the door) being armed with an halbert and long sword: and ran at him with the halbert, but missing his thrust, he then struck at him, and broke it short upon his wrist. Having made his way thro' the house to the other door, he was at a full stop. James Glasbrook held it fast on the other side. While he was endeavouring to force it open, one told him, I was preaching in the garden. On this he quit- ted the door in haste, ran round the house, and with part of his retinue, climbed over the wall into the garden; and with a whole volley of oaths and curses declared, "You shall not preach here to day." I told him, 'Sir, I do not intend it; for I have preached already.' This made him ready to tear the ground. Finding he was not to be reasoned with, I went into the house. Soon after, he revenged himself on James Glasbrook, (by breaking the truncheon of his halbert on his arm) and on my hat, which he beat and kicked most valiantly. But a gentleman rescued it out of his hands, and we rode quietly out of the town.

After preaching to several of the intermediate societies in the way, on Saturday 15, I came to Tyrrels-pass, and found several of our friends, who were come from various parts. Sun. 15, I preached at eight and at twelve, (there being no service at the church.) A heap of fine, gay people came in their chaises to the evening preaching. I spoke very plain, but the words seemed to fly over them. "Gallio cared for none of these things."

Monday 16, I preached in the evening in the long shady walk at Edinerry, to such a congregation as I had not seen there for many years. And God gave an

edge to his word, both this evening and the next morning. He *can* work, even among these dry bones.

Wed. 18, I designed to preach in the Market-house at Portarlington. But it was pre-engaged for a ball. So I preached, and with much comfort, in our own room: as also at five in the morning. I preached at ten, for the sake of the gentry. But it was too early: they could not rise *so soon*.

In the afternoon I rode to Mountmelick. The rain was suspended in the evening, while I exhorted a large congregation, to *walk in the old paths*. Many Papists appeared to be quite astonished: some of them almost persuaded to *walk therein*. The next evening I preached in the Market-place, for the sake of the rich, who could hear there, without impeachment to their honour. And some were deeply affected. Surely the thorns will not choak *all* the good seed!

Sat. 21, the congregation at Tullamore was near as large as at Mountmelick. At eight in the morning, Sun. 22, it was much increased, but much more at one. And I have reason to believe that God at this time, touched several careless hearts. I rode from thence to Coolylough, and found a congregation gathered from twenty miles round. It rained when I began to preach; but none offered to go away. And God did indeed *send a gracious rain upon his inheritance*, and comforted the souls of his servants.

Mon. 23, being the quarterly meeting, the stewards, from all the country Societies, were present, a company of settled, sensible men. Nothing is wanting in this kingdom but zealous, active preachers, tenacious of order, and exact discipline.

Tues. 24, I took horse early, and at ten preached at Cloughan, about twenty-four miles from Coolylough. We afterwards rode thro' Longford, but did not stop, as the day was cool and pleasant. About two we were unawares encompassed with a multitude of Papists, coming out of their mass-house. One of them knowing me, soon alarmed the rest, who set up a hideous roar, and drew up in battle-array. But we galloped thro' them,

June, 1760.

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them, and went on to Drumersnave, where I preached in the evening, and the next day, Wed. 25, rode on to Sligo.

Never did I see a fairer prospect of good than here. But blossoms are not fruit. As large, if not a larger congregation than before, was at the market-place in the evening. I was exceeding weary, having rode an extremely dull horse: but I soon forgot my weariness, seeing so many young and old, rich and poor, receiving the word with all gladness.

Thurs. 26, I preached at five in a large commodious room, which has been procured since I was here last. I breakfasted at Mr. A—'s, and dined at Mr. M—'s: but two such families I have seldom seen. They had feared God for many years, and served him in the best manner they knew. Nothing was wanting but that they should hear the more *excellent way*, which they then embraced with all their heart.

Fri. 27, our morning congregation was doubled: Mr. M— did not fail to be there, tho' it seemed strange to him at first, when mention was made of preaching at five in the morning. In the evening we had a still larger congregation, and I believe God applied his word. Some trembled, others wept. Surely some of these shall know, *there is balm in Gilead*.

Sat. 28, at five the congregation was larger than ever it had been at that hour. After breakfast I rode out with Mr. K— and Mr. D—: who hearing I was ill-mounted, desired me to make use of one of his horses, during my stay in Ireland.

In the evening (it being market-day, so that the market-house was full of people) I wrote a line to the Colonel, who readily gave me the liberty of preaching in the Barrack-yard. He likewise came to hear himself, as did several of the officers. It was a solemn conclusion of the happiest birth-day which I have known for many years.

Sun. 29, we had a solemn meeting of the Society at five. At eight I preached again in the Barrack-yard:  
And

And I did not observe a trifle there. They all seemed to hear as for life.

To-day I saw an odd instance of the force of example. When we were at church in the morning scarce any one either sung or stood at the Psalms; so that I was almost alone therein. But in the afternoon almost every one stood up: and most of them sung, or endeavoured so to do. After service I went directly to the Market-house, and enforced those solemn words, "What doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

Mr. D— had left us at six in the morning, in order to serve his cure. But about ten at night he came back, and was with me soon after four, importuning me to stay another day. But as my journies were fixt, I could not do that, without disappointing several congregations. Now was the general call for the town of Sligo, And many did *receive the word with joy*. But the greatest part had *no root in themselves*. What fruit then could be expected from them?

Mon. 30, I have rarely seen so heavy rain in Europe, as we had in the way to Tubber-curraugh. I was quickly wet to my toe's end: but the day clearing, I was dry again in a few hours. We had a very large congregation at Castle-barr in the evening; and many seemed *almost persuaded to be Christians*. O what does it avail, *almost* to hit the mark? *Almost* to escape the damnation of hell?

Tues. July 1, we took horse about four. And it was well we did. For our seven and thirty Irish miles, so called, were little less than seventy English. I preached at a friend's house soon after three; and then procured a fresh horse, about the size of a jack-ass. I rode on, with more ease than state, to Aghrim.

Wed. 2, we rode on to Eyre-court, where many threatened great things: but all vanished into air. I preached at ten in the court-house: Colonel Eyre was there, and several other persons of fashion. In the evening I preached at Bix, with more satisfaction than  
for

for several years; finding many more alive to God than ever, and provoking one another to love and to good works. I had purposed to set out early in the morning; but their love constrained me to stay a day longer. So I had leisure to complete the account of the societies. At present the societies in Connaught contain little more than two hundred members: those in Ulster, about two hundred and fifty; those in Leinster, a thousand.

Fri. 4, I took my ease, riding in a chaise to Limerick, where on Sat. 5, ten of us met in a little Conference. By the blessing of God we were all of one mind, particularly, with regard to the church. Even J—D— has not now the least thought of leaving it, but attends there, be the minister good or bad. On Tues. 8, having settled all our little affairs, we parted in much love.

Wed. 9, I rode over to Killiheen, a German settlement, near twenty miles south of Limerick. It rained all the way, but the earnestness of the people made us quite forget it. In the evening I preached to another colony of Germans at Ballygarane. The third is at Court-mattrafs, a mile from Killiheen. I suppose three such towns are scarce to be found again in England or Ireland. There is no cursing or swearing, no sabbath-breaking, no drunkenness, no ale-house in any of them. How will these poor foreigners rise up in the judgment against those that are round about them!

Fri. 11, I preached in the New House at Clare, to a genteel congregation. What a contrast between these and the poor people at Killiheen! We had a still more genteel congregation the next morning at nine in the court-house at Ennis, to whom I spoke with all plainness. I did the same on Sun. morning: so if they hear me no more, I am clear of their blood. I took my leave of them at Clare in the afternoon, and in the evening returned to Limerick.

Wed. 16, I rode to Newmarket, which was another German settlement. But the poor settlers with all their diligence and frugality, could not procure even the coarsest food to eat, and the meanest raiment to put on.

under their *merciful* landlords! So that most of these, as well as of those at *Balligarane*, have been forced to seek bread in other places: some of them in distant parts of Ireland, but the greater part in America.

Thurs. 17, I met the classes at Limerick, and found a considerable decrease. And how can it be otherwise, when vice flows as a torrent, unless the children of God are all life, zeal, activity? In hopes of quickening them, I preached at seven in the old camp, to more than twice the usual congregation: which the two next evenings was more numerous still, and equally attentive. I was well pleased to see a little army of soldiers there, and not a few of their officers. Nor did they behave as unconcerned hearers, but like men that really desired to save their souls.

Sun. 20, I took my leave of that comfortable place, where some thousands of people were assembled. I have seen no such sight since I came to the kingdom. They not only filled all the lower ground, but completely covered the banks that surrounded it, tho' they stood as close as possible. I exhorted them to *ask for the old paths, and walk therein*, that they might *find rest to their souls*. We had afterwards a solemn meeting of the society, in confidence that God would revive his work.

Mon. 21, I left Limerick, and about noon preached at Shronill, near a great house which a gentleman built many years ago. But he cannot yet afford to finish it, having only thirty thousand a year, and some hundred thousands in ready money!

“ The beggars but a common lot deplore:  
The rich poor man's emphatically poor.”

At six I preached at the camp near Caire, to a large and serious congregation of soldiers. Thence we rode on to Clonmell, where I preached near the barracks at eight in the morning, to a wild, staring people; but quite perforce; for the soldiers kept them in awe. We rode in the afternoon to Waterford, where our friends had procured a commodious place, inclosed on all sides.

I preached

I preached there three evenings, with great hope of doing good. Our large room was full every morning. O why should we despair of any souls whom God hath made?

Thurs. 24, I looked over that well-written book, Mr. Smith's "State of the county and city of Waterford." He plainly shews, that twelve hundred years ago, Ireland was a flourishing kingdom. It seems to have been declining almost ever since; especially after it was torn into several independent kingdoms. Thenceforward it grew more and more wild and barbarous, for several hundred years. In Queen Elizabeth's time it began to revive. And it increased greatly both in trade and inhabitants, till the deadly blow, which commenced on October 23, 1641. Three hundred thousand Protestants, by a moderate computation, were then destroyed in less than a year: and more than twice as many Papists, within a few years following. Most of these were adults: and this was a loss, which the nation has not recovered yet. Nay, it will probably require another century, to restore the number of inhabitants it had before.

Fri. 25, I preached once more near the barracks in Clonmell, and the next morning took horse at four. About eleven the sun was scorching hot, until a little cloud rose and covered us till we were near Rathcor-muck. Here we rested two hours, and then rode on (mostly shaded by flying clouds,) to Cork.

Sun. 27, the house was well filled: but I expect small increase of the work of God until we preach abroad. Thurs. 31, I rode to Bandon: but my good, old friend, Mrs. Jones, did not stay for my coming. She was released out of life some weeks ago, in the seventy-second year of her age. I preached as usual in the main street, to a large and attentive congregation. And they were nearly doubled the next evening; yet all behaved with the utmost decency. The market obliged me to preach in the house on Saturday in the afternoon, a very neat and lightsome building. Having

August, 1786.

spent the time I proposed here, with much satisfaction; in the evening I returned to Cork.

Sun. August 3, I had wrote to the Commanding Officer, for leave to preach near the barracks. But he was just gone out of town. So I was obliged once more to coop myself up in the room. Mon. 4, knowing by the experiment I made two years since, that it was an entertainment above the taste of our evening congregation, I read some select letters at five in the morning, to those who desired to hear them. And many of them were not a little comforted, and established in the ways of God.

Thurs. 7, in the afternoon I set out for Kinsale. In the way a violent storm drove us into a little hut, where a poor woman was very thankful for physical advice, and another for a little money to buy her food. The sky then clearing, we soon reached Kinsale, where I preached at six in the exchange, to a multitude of soldiers, and not a few of the dull, careless, town's-folk. At five in the morning, it being a field-day, the soldiers could not attend. But I had a large and serious congregation notwithstanding. Surely good might be done here also, would our preachers always preach in the exchange, as they may without any molestation, instead of a little, ugly, dirty garret.

About nine, a sharp storm having put an end to their exercise, I went to the soldiers in the field. I stood so near the intrenchments of the fort, that they could hear within as well as without. The sun indeed shone extremely hot on my head: but presently a cloud interposed. And when I began to be chill (for the wind was high and sharp,) it removed, until I wanted it again. How easily may we see the hand of God, in small things as well as great? And why should a little pointless railery make us ashamed to acknowledge it?

In the evening I preached to the usual congregation in the main Street at Bandon on, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." The congregation was near twice-as large at five in the morning, as it was last week, when I preached an hour later.

Sun.



Sun. 10, after preaching at seven, in a house crowded within and without, I left this comfortable place, and went back to Cork. I had a desire to preach abroad in the evening; but the weather would not permit. When the Society met, a person hugely daubed with gold, thrust violently in. By his appearance I should have judged him to be some nobleman. But I was afterward informed, it was Dr. Taylor.

On Monday and Tuesday I took an account of the Society, and was grieved, tho' not surprized, to find such a declension. I left two hundred and ninety members: I find only two hundred and thirty-three. And what will the end be, unless those that remain, learn to bear one another's burdens? Adding to those in the other provinces, about six hundred who are in Munster, the whole number is a little above two thousand.

Our evening congregations this week were smaller than usual: as the gentry were engaged in a more important affair. A company of players were in town. However many of them came on Friday: for a watch-night was newer to them than a comedy.

Mon. 18, being advised from Dublin, that Capt. Dansey (with whom I desired to sail) would sail on the 19th or 20th, I took horse early, and reached Clonmell between five and six in the evening. I took my usual stand near the barrack gate; and had abundantly more than my usual congregation, as it was the assize week, so that the town was extremely full of gentry as well as common people.

Tues. 19, we had many light showers, which cooled the air, and laid the dust. We dined at Kilkenny, noble in ruins: I see no such remains of magnificence in the kingdom: The late Duke of Ormond's house, on the top of a rock, hanging over the river, the antient cathedral, and what is left of many grand buildings, yield a melancholy pleasure. Thus

“ A little power, a little sway,  
A sun-beam in a winter's day,

B. 3.

Is

Is all the great and mighty have  
Between the cradle and the grave ! ”

We lodged at Castle Dermot, and reached Dublin on Wed. 20 ; but Capt. Dansey was not to sail this week. I then enquired for a Chester ship, and found one, which was expected to sail on Friday morning. But on Friday morning, the captain sent us word, “ He must wait for general Montague.” So in the afternoon I rode over to the Skirries, where the Packet lay. But before I came thither, the wind, which was fair before, shifted to the east, and blew a storm. I saw the hand of God, and after resting awhile, rode cheerfully back to Dublin. It being the watch-night, I came just in time, to spend a comfortable hour with the congregation. O how good it is, to have no choice of our own, but to leave all things to the will of God !

Sat. 23, the captain of the Chester ship sent word, “ The general would not go, and he would sail the next morning.” So we have one day more to spend in Ireland. Let us “ Live this day, as if it were our last ! ”

Sun. 24, at seven I took leave of my friends, and about noon embarked in the Nonpareil for Chester. We had forty or fifty passengers on board, half of whom were cabin passengers. I was afraid we should have an uneasy time, in the midst of such a crowd of gentry. We sailed out with a fair wind, but at four in the afternoon it failed and left us in a dead calm. I then made the gentlemen an offer of preaching, which they thankfully accepted. While I was preaching the wind sprung up fair : but the next day we were becalmed again. In the afternoon they desired me to give them another sermon, and again the wind sprung up while I was speaking, and continued till about noon on Tuesday, we landed at Parkgate.

Being in haste, I would not stay for my own horse, which I found could not land until low water. So I bought one, and having hired another, set forward without delay. We reached Whitchurch that evening.

Wed. 27, we breakfasted at Newport, where find-  
ing

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ing our horses begin to fail, we thought it best to take the Birmingham road that if they should fail us altogether we might stay among our friends. But they would go no farther than Wolverhampton; so we hired fresh horses there, and immediately set out for Worcester. But one of them soon after fell, and gave me such a shock, (tho' I did not quit my seat) that I was seized with a violent bleeding at the nose, which nothing we could apply would stop, so we were obliged to go a foot-pace for two miles, and then stay at Broadwater.

Thurs. 28, soon after we set out, the other horse fell lame. An honest man at Worcester found this was caused by a bad shoe. A smith cured this by a new shoe: but at the same time, by paring the hoof too close, he effectually lamed the other foot, so that we had hard work to reach Gloucester. After resting here a while, we pushed on to Newport: where I took a chaise, and reached Bristol before eleven.

I spent the two following days with the preachers, who had been waiting for me all the week. And their love and unanimity was such as soon made me forget all my labour.

Mon. Sept. 1, I set out for Cornwall, preaching at Shepton, Middlesey and Tiverton in the way. Wed. 3, I reached Launceston, and found the small remains of a dead, scattered Society. And no wonder, as they have had scarce any discipline, and only one sermon in a fortnight. On Fri. 5, I found just such another Society at Camelford. But their deadness here was owing to bitterness against each other; in the morning I heard the contending parties face to face; and they resolved and promised on all sides, to let past things be forgotten. O how few have learned to forgive *one another, as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven us?*

Sat. 6, we had an exceeding lively congregation in the evening at Trewalder. Indeed all the Society stands well, and *adorns the doctrine of God our Saviour*. Sun. 7, at eight I preached again, and was much comforted. I then rode to Port-Isaac church, and had the satisfaction

tion of hearing an excellent sermon. After service I preached at a small distance from the church, to a numerous congregation: and to a far more numerous one in the town, at five in the afternoon.

In examining this Society, I found much reason to bless God on their behalf. They diligently observe all the Rules of the Society, with or without a preacher. They constantly attend the church and sacrament, and meet together at the times appointed. The consequence is, that thirty out of thirty-five, their whole number, continue to walk in the light of God's countenance.

Mon. 8, a gentleman followed me to my Inn at St. Columb's, and carried me to his house, where were three or four more as friendly as himself. One of them rode with me seven or eight miles, and gave me a pleasing account of two young clergymen, Mr. C— and Mr. Phelps, who had the care of three adjoining parishes. Surely God has a favour for the people of these parts! He gives them such serious, zealous, lively preachers. By these and the Methodists together, the line is now laid, with no inconsiderable interruption, all along the north sea, from the eastern part of Cornwall to the Land's-End. In a while, I trust, there will be no more cause on these coasts, to accuse "*Britannos hospitibus feros.*"

The congregation at St. Agnes in the evening was, I suppose, double to that at Port-Isaac. We had near as many, Tuesday 9, at five in the morning, as the Preaching house could contain. Afterward I examined the Society, and was surprized and grieved to find, that out of ninety eight persons, all but three or four had forsaken the Lord's table. I told them my thoughts very plainly; they seemed convinced, and promised no more to give place to the devil.

Wed. 10, I had much conversation with Mr. Phelps, a man of an humble, loving, tender spirit. Between him on the one hand and the Methodists on the other, most in the parish are now awakened. Let but our brethren have *zeal according to knowledge*, and few will escape them both.

When

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When I came to St. Ives, I was determined to preach abroad: but the wind was so high, I could not stand where I had intended. But we found a little inclosure near it, one end of which was native rock, rising ten or twelve feet perpendicular, from which the ground fell with an easy descent. A jetting out of the rock, about four feet from the ground, gave me a very convenient pulpit. Here well nigh the whole town, high and low, rich and poor, assembled together. Nor was there a word to be heard, or a smile seen, from one end of the congregation to the other. It was just the same the three following evenings. Indeed I was afraid on Satur. that the roaring of the sea, raised by the north wind, would have prevented their hearing. But God gave me so clear and strong a voice, that I believe scarce one word was lost.

Sun. 14, at eight I chose a large ground, the sloping side of a meadow, where the congregation stood, row above row, so that all might see as well as hear. It was a beautiful sight. Every one seemed to take to himself what was spoken. I believe every backslider in the town was there. And surely God was there, to *deal their backslidings.*

I began at Zennor, as soon as the church service ended: I suppose scarce six persons went away. Seeing many there who did once run well, I addressed myself to them in particular. The spirit of mourning was soon poured out: and some of them wept bitterly. *O that the Lord may yet return unto them, and leave a blessing behind him!*

At five I went once more into the ground at St. Ives, and found such a congregation, as I think was never seen in any place before, (Gwenap excepted) in this county. Some of the chief of the town were now not in the skirts, but in the thickest of the people. The clear sky, the setting sun, the smooth still water, all agreed with the state of the audience. Is any thing too hard for God? May we not well say, in every sense,

“Thou

“ Thou dost the raging sea controll  
 And smooth the prospect of the deep :  
 Thou mak’st the sleeping billows roll ;  
 Thou mak’st the rolling billows sleep.”

Mon. 15, -I enquired concerning the uncommon storm, which was here on March 9, the last year. It began near the Land’s-End, between nine and ten at night, and went eastward, not above a mile broad, over St. Just, Morva, Zennor, St. Ives and Gwinnear, whence it turned northward, over the sea. It uncovered all the houses in its way, and was accompanied with impetuous rain. About a mile south-east from St. Ives, it tore up a rock, twelve or fourteen ton weight, from the top of a rising ground, and whirled it down upon another, which it split thro’, and at the same time dashed itself in pieces. It broke down the pinnacles of Gwinnear church, which forced their way thro’ the roof. And it was remarkable, the rain which attended it, was as salt as any sea-water.

At one I preached in Maddern parish, and then rode to St. Just. I have not seen such a congregation here, for twice seven years. Abundance of backsliders being present, I chiefly applied to them. Some of them smiled at first ; but it was not long before their mirth was turned into mourning. And I believe few, if any, went away, without a witness from God, that he *willeth not the death of a sinner.*

Tues. 16, at five the room was near full : and the great power of God was in the midst of them. It was now accompanied with one unusual effect ; the mouth of those whom it most affected, was literally stopped. Several of them came to me, and could not speak one word : very few could utter three sentences. I rejoined to the society ten or eleven backsliders, and added some new members. Here (as at Port-Isaac, St. Agnes, and St. Ives) we are called to thankfulness : at most other places, to patience.

All the day it blew a storm : and in the evening, tho’ the rain ceased, the furious wind continued. I ordered :

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ordered all the windows of the preaching-house to be set open, so that most could hear without as well as within. I preached on, "He will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax." And again God applied his word, both to wound, and to heal them that were already wounded.

About this time I wrote the following letter:

To the Editor of the London Chronicle.

SIR,

Sept. 17, 1760.

As you sometimes insert things of a religious nature in your paper, I shall count it a favour, if you will insert this.

Some years ago I published *A Letter to Mr. Law*, and about the same time *An Address to the Clergy*. Of the former Mr. Law gives the following account, in his *Collection of Letters*, lately published.

"To answer Mr. Wesley's Letter seems to be quite needless, because there is nothing substantial or properly argumentative in it. I was once a kind of oracle to Mr. W—. I judged him to be much under the power of his *own spirit*. To this was owing the false censure which he published against the Mystics, as enemies to Good Works, p. 128, 130. His letter is such a juvenile composition of emptiness and pertness, as is below the character of any man, who had been serious in religion for half a month. It was not ability, but necessity, that put his pen into his hand. He had preached much against my books; and forbid his people the use of them; and for a cover of all this, he promised, from time to time, to write against them; therefore an answer was to be made at all adventures. He and the Pope conceive the same reasons for condemning the mystery revealed by Jacob Behme." p. 190.

Of the latter, he gives this account. "The pamphlet you sent is worse than no advice at all; but infinitely beyond Mr. Wesley's Babylonish *Address to the Clergy*: almost all of which is empty babble, fitter for an old Grammarian, that was grown *blear-eyed* in mending

mending dictionaries, than for one who had tasted of the powers of the world to come." p. 198.

I leave others to judge, Whether an answer to that letter be quite needless or no; and whether there be any thing *substantial* in it, but certainly there is something *argumentative*. The very queries relating to Jacob's philosophy, are arguments, tho' not in form; and perhaps most of them will be thought conclusive arguments, by impartial readers. Let these likewise judge if there are not arguments in it (whether conclusive or no) relating to that entirely new system of Divinity, which he has *revealed* to the world.

It is true, that Mr. Law, whom I love and reverence now, was once "a kind of oracle to me." He thinks I am still "under the power of my *own spirit*," as opposed to the Spirit of God. If I am, yet my censure of the Mystics is not at all owing to this, but to my reverence for the oracles of God, which, while I was fond of them, I regarded less and less; till at length, finding I could not follow both, I exchanged the Mystic writers for the Scriptural.

It is sure, in exposing the Philosophy of Behme, I use ridicule as well as argument; and yet I trust I have, by the Grace of God, been in some-measure "serious in Religion," not "half a month only," but ever since I was six years old, which is now about half a century. I do not know that the Pope has condemned him at all, or that he has any reason so to do. My reason is this, and no other: I think he contradicts Scripture, Reason, and Himself; and that he has seduced many unwary souls from the Bible-way of salvation. A strong conviction of this, and a desire to guard others against that dangerous seduction, laid me under a necessity of writing that letter. I was under no other necessity; tho' I doubt not but Mr. Law heard I was, and very seriously *believed* it. I very rarely mention his books in public: nor are they in the way of one in an hundred of those whom he terms *Idly People*; meaning, I suppose, the people called *idlers*. I had therefore no temptation, any more than



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than power, to forbid the use of them to the Methodists in general. Whosoever informed Mr. Law of this wanted either ability or integrity.

He is so deeply displeased with the *Address to the Clergy*, because it speaks strongly in favour of Learning. But still, if this part of it is only "fit for an old Grammarian, grown *blear-eyed* in mending Dictionaries," it will not follow, that "*almost all* of it is mere empty babble;" for a large part of it much more strongly insists on a single eye and a clean heart. Heathen Philosophers may term this *empty babble*; but let not Christians either account, or call it so!"

Wed. 17, the room at St. Just was quite full at five, and God gave us a parting blessing. At noon I preached on the Cliff near Penzance, where no one now gives an uncivil word. Here I procured an account from an eye-witness, of what happened the 27th of last month. A round pillar, narrowest at bottom, of a whitish colour, rose out of the sea near Mousehole, and reached the clouds. One who was riding over the Strand from Marazion to Penzance, saw it stand for a short space, and then move swiftly toward her, till the skirt of it touching her, the horse threw her and ran away. It had a strong sulphurous smell. It dragged with it abundance of sand and pebbles from the shore, and then went over the land, carrying with it corn, furze, or whatever it found in its way. It was doubtless a kind of water-spout; but a water-spout on land I believe is seldom seen.

The storm drove us into the house at Newlin also. Thurs. 18, as we rode from thence, in less than half an hour we were wet to the skin. But when we came to Penhale, the rain ceased, and the people flocking from all parts, we had a comfortable opportunity together. About six I preached near Helstone. The rain stopped till I had done, and soon after was as violent as before.

Fri. 19, I rode to Illuggan: We had heavy rain before I began, but scarce any while I was preaching. I learned several other particulars here, relating to the water-spout. It was seen near Mousehole an hour

before sun-set. About sun-set it began travelling over the land, tearing up all the furze and shrubs it met. Near an hour after sun-set it passed (at the rate of four or five miles an hour) across Mr. Harris's fields, in Cambourn, sweeping the ground as it went about twenty yards diameter at bottom, and broader and broader up to the clouds. It made a noise like thunder, took up eighteen stacks of corn, with a large hay-stack and the stones whereon it stood, and scattered them all abroad, (but it was quite dry) and then passed over the cliff into the sea.

Sat. 20, in the evening I took my old stand in the main street at Redruth. A multitude of people, rich and poor, calmly attended. So is the roughest become one of the quietest towns in England.

Sun. 21, I preached in the same place at eight. Mr. C of St. Cuthbert, preached at the church both morning and afternoon, and strongly confirmed what I had spoken. At one, the day being mild and calm, we had the largest congregation of all. But it rained all the time I was preaching at Gwenap. We concluded the day with a love-feast; at which James Roberts, a Tinner of St. Ives, related how God had dealt with his soul. He was one of the first in Society in St. Ives, but soon relapsed into his old sin, drunkenness, and wallowed in it for two years, during which time he headed the mob who pulled down the preaching-house. Not long after, he was standing with his partner, at Edward May's shop, when the preacher went by. His partner said, "I will tell him I am a Methodist." "Nay, said Edward, your speech will bewray you." James felt the word as a sword, thinking in himself, "So does my speech now bewray me!" He turned and hastened home, fancying he heard the devil stepping after him all the way. For forty hours he never closed his eyes, nor tasted either meat or drink. He was then at his wits end, and went to the window, looking to drop into hell instantly, when he heard those words, "I will be merciful to thy unrighteousness; thy sins and iniquities will I remember no more." All his load was gone :  
and

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and he has now for many years walked worthy of the gospel.

Mon. 22, I preached at Penryn in the evening. It rained before and after, but not while I was preaching. While we were at prayer, a sheet of light seemed to fill the yard, and *the voice of the Lord* was heard over our heads. This fixt the impression they had received, upon the minds of many : as if it had said in exprefs terms, "Prepare to meet thy God!"

On Wednesday evening, having (over and above meeting the Societies) preached thirty times in eleven days, I found myself a little exhausted : but a day's rest set me up. So on Fri. 26, I preached at noon again near Leskard. In the afternoon we had rain and wind enough : and when we came to Saltash, no boat would venture out : so we were obliged to take up our lodgings there.

Sat. 27, finding there was no hope of passing here, the wind being as high as ever, we determined to ride round by the New-bridge. The rain still fell on either side : but for near twenty miles we had not one drop, and not a considerable shower all day. Soon after four in the afternoon, we came safe to Plymouth-dock.

I had but a melancholy prospect here, finding most of the people dead as stones. And when I took an account of the Society, only thirty-four out of seventy were left. At seven in the evening, and at five in the morning, I strongly exhorted them to return to God. At eight I did the same, and at five in the afternoon : and God made his word as a hammer. At the meeting of the Society likewise, strong and effectual words were given me. Many were convinced afresh ; many backsliders cut to the heart. And I left once more between sixty and seventy members.

Mon. 29, being invited by the minister of Mary-Week to preach in his church, I crossed over the country, and came thither about four in the afternoon. The congregation was large, considering the weather, and quite attentive and unconcerned. Hence I rode on to Mill-house, and the next day to Collumpton : where,

finding the congregation waiting, I began preaching without delay, and felt no weariness or want of strength until I had delivered my message to them.

Wed. Oct. 1, after preaching at five I examined the Society, and found them more alive to God, than I had done for many years. About one I preached at Halberton, and at Tiverton in the evening. The next morning I rode to Maiden-down, where the congregation was waiting for me. About noon I preached at Taunton. The rain lessened the congregation at Bridgewater, a dead, uncomfortable place at best. About seven we set out thence for Baderipp, in as dark a night as I ever saw. But God gave his angels charge over us, and we dashed not our foot against a stone.

I was surprised to see a congregation at five in the morning, to whom I spoke with much enlargement of heart. About one I preached at Shepton-Mallet, and about seven in the evening at Bristol.

Sun. 5, I perceived by the liveliness of the people, that Mr. Gilbert's labour had not been in vain. But I found some exercise too. And this is always to be expected, among a large body of people: it being certain, that as *all men have not faith*, so all believers have not wisdom.

Sun. 12, I visited the classes at Kingwood. Here only there is no increase. And yet where was there such a prospect, until that weak man, John C—, confounded the poor people with strange doctrines. O what mischief may be done, by one that means well! we see no end of it to this day.

In the afternoon I had appointed the children to meet at Bristol, whose parents were of the Society. Thirty of them came to day, and above fifty more on the Sunday and Thursday following. About half of these I divided into four classes, two of boys and two of girls, and appointed proper leaders to meet them separate. I met them all together twice a week. And it was not long before God began to touch some of their hearts.

On Tuesday and Wednesday I visited some of the Societies in the country. On Thursday I returned to Bristol, and in the afternoon preached a charity sermon in Newgate, for the use of the poor prisoners. What a change is in this place since I knew it first ! 1. Every part of it, above stairs and below, even the pit, wherein the felons are confined at night, is as clean and sweet as a gentleman's house : it being a rule, that every prisoner wash and thoroughly cleanse his apartment twice a week. 2. Here is no fighting or brawling. If any think himself aggrieved, the cause is immediately referred to the keeper, who hears the contending parties face to face, and decides the affair at once. 3. The usual grounds of quarrelling are taken away : for it is very rarely that any one cheats or wrongs another, as being sure, if any thing of this kind is discovered, to be more closely confined. Here is no drunkenness suffered, however advantageous it might be to the keeper and tapster. 4. Nor any whoredom; the women prisoners being narrowly observed, and kept a part from the men : and no women of the town being now admitted, no, not at any price. 5. All possible care is taken to prevent idleness. Those who are willing to work at their callings, are provided with tools and materials, partly by the keeper, who gives them credit at a moderate profit, partly by the alms occasionally given, which are divided with the utmost impartiality. Accordingly at one time, a shoe-maker, a taylor, a brazier, and a coach-maker are all employed. 6. On the Lord's day they neither work nor play, but dress themselves as clean as they can, to attend the public service in the chapel, at which every person under the roof is present. None is excused unless sick : in which case he is provided both with proper advice and medicines. 7. To assist them in spirituals as well as temporals, they have a sermon preached every Sunday and Thursday. And a large bible is chained on one side of the chapel, which any of the prisoners may read. By the blessing of God on these regulations, the whole prison has a new face. Nothing offends either the eye or ear,

ear, and the whole has the appearance of a quiet, serious family.

On the three following days I preached severally to the members of the Society. As many of them increase in worldly goods, the great danger I apprehend now, is their relapsing into the spirit of the world. And then their religion is but a dream.

Wed. 22, being informed, that some neighbouring gentlemen had declared, "They would apprehend the next preacher who came to Pensford, I rode over to give them the meeting. But none appeared. The house was more than filled with deeply attentive hearers. It seems, the time is come at length, for the word of God to take root here also.

Fri. 24, I visited the French prisoners at Knowle, and found many of them almost naked again. In hopes of provoking others to jealousy, I made another collection for them, and ordered the money to be laid out in linen, and waistcoats, which were given to those that were most in want.

Sat. 25, King George was gathered to his fathers: When will England have a better prince?

Many of us agreed to observe Friday the 31<sup>st</sup> as a day of fasting and prayer, for the blessing of God upon our nation, and, in particular on his present Majesty. We met at five, at nine, at one, and at half an hour past eight. I expected to be a little tired, but was more lively after twelve at night, than I was at six in the morning.

Sat. November 1, I had the pleasure of spending a little time, with that venerable man, Mr. Walker of Truro. I fear his physicians do not understand his case. If he recover, it must be thro' an Almighty Physician.

Mon. 3, I left Bristol, and took Bath, Bradford, and Frome, in my way to Salisbury, where I spent a day with much satisfaction. Fri. 7, I preached about nine a Andover, to a few dead stones; at one in Whitchurch, and in the evening at Basingstoke. The  
next

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next day, Sat. 8, I was once more brought safe to London.

I spent about a fortnight, as usual, in examining the Society, a heavy, but necessary, labour.

Mon. 17, I sent the following Letter:

To the Editor of Lloyd's Evening Post

' SIR,

Nov. 17, 1760.

In your last paper we had a letter from a very angry Gentleman, (tho' he says, he had "put himself into as good humour as possible,") who *personates* a Clergyman, but is, I presume, in reality a Retainer to the Theatre. He is very warm against the people, vulgarly termed *Methodists*, "ridiculous Impostors," "religious Buffoons," as he styles them: "Saint Errants," (a pretty and quaint phrase!) full of "Inconsiderateness, Madness, Melancholy, Enthusiasm:" teaching a "knetty and unintelligible System of Religion," yea, a "contradictory or self-contradicting:" nay, "a mere Illusion," a "destructive Scheme and of pernicious Consequence:" since "an *Hypothesis* is a very slippery foundation to hazard our *all* upon."

' Methinks the Gentleman has a little mistaken his character: he seems to have exchanged the sock for the buskin. But, be this as it may, general charges prove nothing; let us come to particulars. Here they are, "The basis of *Methodism* is the *Grace of Assurance*," (excuse a little impropriety of expression,) "*Regeneration* being only a preparative to it." Truly this is somewhat "knotty and unintelligible." I will endeavour to help him out. The fundamental doctrine of the people called *Methodists* is, Whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the true Faith; the Faith which works by Love, which, by means of the Love of God and our neighbour, produces both inward and outward holiness. This Faith is an Evidence of things not seen; and he that thus believes, is regenerate, or born of God. And he has the witness in himself; (call it *Assurance* or what you please.) The Spirit itself witnesses with his spirit, that

that he is a child of God: "from what Scripture every one of these propositions is collected," any common concordance will shew. "This is the true portraiture of *Methodism*," so called. "A Religion superior to this" (the Love of God and man,) none can "enjoy," either in Time or in Eternity.

"But the *Methodists* do not hold Good Works meritorious." No; neither does ours, nor any other Protestant church. But meantime they hold, it is their bounden duty, as they have time, to do good unto all men; and they know the day is coming wherein God will reward every man according to his works.

"But they 'act with fullness and solemnity, and account innocent Gaiety and Cheerfulness a crime almost as heinous as Sacrilege.'" Who does? Name the meritorious. I know them not, and therefore doubt the fact: tho' it is very possible you account that kind of Gaiety innocent, which I account both foolish and sinful.

"I know none who denies, that true Religion, that is Love, the Love of God and our neighbour, 'elevates our spirits, and renders our minds cheerful and serene.'" It must, if it be accompanied, as we believe it always is, with Peace and Joy in the Holy Ghost; and if it produce a Conscience void of offence toward God and toward man.

"But they 'preach up Religion only to accomplish a lucrative design, to fleece their hearers, to accumulate wealth, to rob and plunder, which they esteem meritorious.'" We deny the fact. Who is able to prove it? Let the Affirmer produce his witnesses, or retract.

"This is the sum of your Correspondent's charge, not one article of which can be proved. But whether it can or no, 'we have made them, says he, a theatrical scoff, and the common jest and scorn of every Chorister in the street.'" It may be so; but whether you have done well herein, may still admit of a question. However, you cannot but wish "we had some formal Court of Judicature erected, (happy Portugal and Spain!) to take cognizance of such matters." Nay, *cur optas quod habes?* Why do you wish  
for



for what you have already? The court is erected; the holy, devout Play-house is become *the House of Mercy!* And does take cognizance hereof, "of all Pretenders to sanctity, and happily furnishes us with a discerning spirit to distinguish betwixt right and wrong." But I do not stand to their sentence: I appeal to Scripture and Reason, and by these alone consent to be judged. I am, Sir, your humble servant,  
 ' JOHN WESLEY, '

Sat. 22, I was obliged to trouble him with another Letter, as follows;

' SIR,

' Just as I had finished the letter published in your last Friday's Paper, four tracts came to my hands: One wrote, or procured to be wrote, by Mrs. Downes; one by a Clergyman in the county of Durham; the third, by a Gentleman of Cambridge; and the fourth, by a member (I suppose, Dignitary) of the church of Rome. How gladly would I leave all these to themselves, and let them say just what they please! As my day is far spent, and my taste for Controversy is utterly lost and gone. But this would not be doing justice to the world, who might take silence for a proof of guilt. I shall therefore say a word concerning each. I may, perhaps, some time say more to one or two of them.

' The letter which goes under Mrs. Downes's name, scarce deserves any notice at all, as there is nothing extraordinary in it, but an extraordinary degree of virulence and scurrility. Two things only I remark concerning it (which I suppose the Writer of it knew as well as I,) 1. That my letter to Mr. Downes was both wrote and printed *before* Mr. Downes died: 2. That when I said, *Tibi parvula res est*, (your ability is small) I had no view to his fortune, which I knew nothing of; but, as I there expressly say, to his Wit, Sense, and Talents, as a Writer.

' The Tract wrote by the Gentleman in the North, is far more bulky than this. But it is more considerable.

ble for its bulk, than for its matter, being little more than a dull repetition of what was published some years ago, in *The Enthusiasm of the Methodists and Papists compared*. I do not find the Author adds any thing new : unless we may bestow that epithet on a Sermon annex to his Address, which, I presume, will do neither good nor harm, So I leave the Durham Gentleman, with Mrs. Downes, to himself and his admirers.

‘ The Author of the Letter to Mr. Berridge is a more considerable Writer. In many things I wholly agree with him, tho’ not in admiring Dr. Taylor. But there is a bitterness even in him, which I should not have expected in a gentleman and a scholar. So in the very first page I read, “The Church, which most of your *graceless fraternity* have deserted.” Were the fact true (which it is not) yet is the expression to be commended? Surely Dr. G. himself thinks it is not. I am sorry too, for the unfairness of his quotations. For instance ; He cites me (p. 53.) as speaking of “Faith shed abroad in men’s hearts like lightning.” *Faith shed abroad* in men’s hearts ! I never used such an expression in my life : I do not talk after this rate. Again, he quotes, as from me, (p. 57,) so I presume, Mr. W. means, “A behaviour does not pretend to add the least to what Christ has done.” But be these words whose they may, they are none of mine. I never spoke, wrote, no, nor read them before. Once more ; Is it well judged, for any Writer to shew such an utter contempt of his Opponents, as you affect to do, with regard to the whole body of people, vulgarly termed *Methodists* ? “You may keep up (say you) a little bush-fighting in Controversy. You may skirmish a while with your feeble body of irregulars. But you must never trust to your skill in Reasoning,” p. 77. Upon this I would ask, 1. If these are such poor, silly creatures, why does so wise a man set his wit to them ? *Shall the king of Israel go out against a flea* ? 2. If it should happen, that any one of these silly bush-fighters steps out into the plain, engages hand to hand, and foils his champion by mere dint of Reason, will not his

his defeat be so much the more shameful, as it was more unexpected ? But I say the less at present, not only because Mr. Berridge is able to answer for himself, but because the title page bids me expect a letter, more immediately addressed to myself.

‘ The last Tract, intitled, “ A Caveat against the Methodists,” is, in reality, a Caveat against the Church of England ; or rather against all the Churches in Europe who dissent from the church of Rome. Nor do I apprehend the writer to be any more disgusted at the Methodists, than at Protestants of every denomination : as he cannot but judge it equally unsafe, to join to any Society but that of Rome. Accordingly all his arguments are levelled at the Reformed Churches in general : and conclude just as well, if you put the word Protestant throughout in the place of the word Methodist. Altho’, therefore, the author borrows my name, to wound those who suspect nothing less, yet I am no more concerned to refute him, than any other Protestant in England : and still the less, as those arguments are refuted over and over, in books which are still common among us.

‘ But is it possible any Protestants, nay Protestant Clergyman, should buy these tracts to give away ? Is then the introducing Popery the only way to overthrow Methodism ? If they know this, and chuse Popery as the smaller evil of the two, they are consistent with themselves. But if they do not intend this, I wish them more seriously to consider what they do.

*‘ I am, Sir, your humble servant,*

*‘ JOHN WESLEY.’*

Mon. 24, I visited as many as I could of the sick. How much better is it, when it can be done, to *carry* relief to the poor, than to *send* it ! And that both for our own sake and theirs. For *theirs*, as it is so much more comfortable to them, and as we may then assist them in spirituals as well as temporals. And for *our own*, as it is far more apt to soften our heart, and to make us *naturally* care for each other.

Mon.

Mon. Dec. 1, I went in the machine to Canterbury. In going and returning I read over "The Christian Philosopher." It is a very extraordinary book: containing among many (as some would be apt to term them) wild thoughts, several fine and striking observations, not to be found in any other treatise.

Wed. 3, I rode to Dover: Who would have expected to find here some of the best singers in England! I found likewise what was better still, a serious, earnest people. There was a remarkable blessing among them, both in the evening and morning: so that I did not regret the having been wet to the skin, in my way to them.

Fri. 12, having as far as Hyde-Park-Corner to go, I took a coach for part of the way, ordering the man to stop any where at the end of Piccadilly, next the Haymarket. He stopped exactly at the door of one of our friends, whose mother, above ninety years old, had long desired to see me, though I knew it not. She was exceedingly comforted, and could not tell how to praise God enough, for giving her the desire of her soul.

We observed Friday 19th, as a day of fasting and prayer, for our King and country and the success of the gospel. And part of the answer immediately followed, in the remarkable increase of believers, and in the strengthening of those who had before attained that precious faith; "unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness."

Sat. 20, in the evening I hastened back from Snowsfields, to meet the Penitents, (a congregation which I wish always to meet myself) and walked thither again at five in the morning. Blessed be God, I have no reason or pretence, to *spare myself* yet. I preached a charity sermon in West-street chapel, both morning and afternoon. But many were obliged to go away, finding it impossible to get in. Is it novelty still which draws these from all parts? No, but the mighty power of God.

To-day I sent the following letter:

To

*For the Editor of Lloyd's Evening Post.*

*To Mr. T. H. alias E. L. &c. &c.*

‘WHAT, my good friend again? Only a little disguised with a new name, and a few scraps of Latin? I hoped, indeed, you had been pretty well satisfied before: but since you desire to hear a little farther from me, I will add a few words, and endeavour to set our little controversy in a still clearer light.

‘Last month you publicly attacked the people called Methodists, without either fear or wit. You charged them with “madness, enthusiasm, self-contradiction, imposture,” and what not? I considered each charge, and, I conceive, refuted it to the satisfaction of all indifferent persons. You renewed the attack, not by *proving* any thing, but *affirming* the same things over and over. I replied, and without taking notice of the dull, low scurrility, either of the first or second letter, confined myself to the merits of the cause, and cleared away the dirt you had thrown.

‘You now heap together ten paragraphs more, most of which require very little answer. In the first, you say, “Your *foolishness* is become the wonder and admiration of the public.” In the second, “the *public* blushes for you, until you give a better solution to the articles demanded of you.” In the third, you cite my words, I still maintain “the Bible with the Liturgy, and Homilies of our Church, and do not espouse any other principles, but what are consonant to the Book of Common Prayer.” You keenly answer, “Granted, Mr. Methodist—But whether or no you *would not* espouse other principles, if you durst, is evident from some *innovations* you have already introduced, which I shall attempt to *prove* in the subsequent part of my answer.” Indeed you will not. You neither *prove*, nor attempt to *prove*, that I ‘*would* espouse other principles, if I durst.’ However you give me a deadly thrust, “you falsify the first Article of the Athanasian Creed.” But how so? Why, I said, ‘The fundamental doctrine of the people called Methodists is, whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the true  
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faith.' Sir, shall I tell you a secret? It was for the readers of *your* class that I changed the hard word Catholic, into an easier.

'In the fourth paragraph you say, "Did you never use that phrase, *The grace of Assurance?*" Never that I remember, either in preaching or writing. Both your ears and eyes have been very *unhappy*, if they informed you I did: and how many soever look either sorrowful or joyful, that will not prove the contrary. "But produce your texts." What, for a phrase I never use! I pray you, have me excused. But (as I said before) from what scripture every one of my propositions is collected, any common concordance will shew. To save you trouble, I will, for once, point out those scriptures. "Whosoever will be saved must believe," Mark xvi. 16. Acts xvi. 31. This "Faith works by love," Gal. v. 6, It is "An evidence of things not seen," Heb. xi. 1. "He that believes, is born of God," 1 John iv. 1. "He has the witness in himself," ver. 10. "The Spirit itself witnesses with his spirit, that he is a child of God," Rom. viii. 15.

'In the fifth you say, "you embrace any shift to twist words to your own meaning." This is saying just nothing. Any one may say this of any one. To prove it is another point. In the sixth you say, "No Protestant divine ever taught your doctrine of Assurance." I hope you know no better: but it is strange you should not. Did you never see Bishop Hall's works? Was not he a Protestant divine? Was not Mr. Perkins? Bolton? Dr. Sibbs? Dr. Preston? Archbishop Leighton? Enquire a little farther; and do not run thus hand over head, asserting you know not what. By *assurance* (if we *must* use the expression) I mean 'a confidence which a man hath in God, that by the merits of Christ his sins are forgiven, and he reconciled to the favour of God.' Stop! Do not run your head into a noose again. These are the words of the Homily.

'In the seventh you grant, "that works are not *meritorious*, unless accompanied with faith." No, nor then neither. But pray do not talk of this any more, until you know the difference between *meritorious* and *rewardable*;

*able*; otherwise your ignorance will cause you to blunder on, without shame, and without end.

‘In your eighth, you throw out a hard word, which somebody has helped you to, *Thaumaturg*—What is it, about *lay preachers*? When you have answered the arguments in the “Farther Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion,” I will say something more upon that head.

‘In the ninth you say something no way material, about the houses at Bristol, Kingwood, and Newcastle: and, in the last, you give me a fair challenge to a ‘personal dispute.’ Not so: you have fallen upon me in public; and to the public I appeal. Let all men, not any single umpire, judge, whether I have not refuted your charge and cleared the people called Methodists from the foul aspersions which, without why or wherefore, you had thrown upon them. Let all my countrymen judge which of us has spoken the words of truth and soberness. Which has *reason* on his side? And which has treated the other with a *temper* suitable to the gospel.

‘If the general voice of mankind give it against you, I hope you will be henceforth less flippant with your pen. I assure you, as little as you think of it, the Methodists are not such fools as you suppose. But their desire is to live peaceably with all men: and none desires this more than

‘JOHN WESLEY.’

About the close of this year, I received a remarkable account from Ireland:

“When Miss E—was about fifteen, she frequently heard the preaching of the Methodists, so called; and tho’ it made no deep impression, yet she retained a love for them ever after. About nineteen she was seized with a lingering illness. She then began to wrestle with God in prayer, that his love might be shed abroad in her heart. Then, said she, how freely could I give up all that is dear to me in this world? And from this very time, she did not expect, nor indeed desire to recover; but only to be cleansed from sin, and to go to Christ.

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“Some

“Some who visited her, said, ‘O Miss, you need not fear; your innocence will bring you to heaven.’ She earnestly replied, ‘Unless the merits of Christ plead for me, and his nature be imparted to me, I can never enter there.’ And she was incessantly breaking out into these and the like expressions, ‘O that I knew my sins were forgiven! O that I was born again! My one wish is, To know God, and to be with him eternally.’”

“She frequently sung or repeated that verse;

‘O that he would himself impart,  
And fix his Eden in my heart,  
The sense of sin forgiven!  
How would I then throw off my load  
And walk delightfully with God,  
And follow Christ to heaven!’

“She had now an earnest desire to see some of the Methodists, and spoke to several, to ask some of those in Tullamore to visit her. At length her importunity prevailed, and James Kelly was sent for. On his coming in, she said, ‘I am exceedingly glad to see you. I have had a longing desire of it this month past. I believe the power of God is with you. If I had health and strength, there should not be a sermon preached or a prayer put up in your preaching-house, but I would be there.’

“I told her, I hope the Spirit of the Lord will be your present and eternal Comforter. She answered, ‘I can find no comfort in any thing but in God alone.’ While she spoke, her soul was melted down. The love of God was shed abroad in her heart, the tears ran down her cheeks, and she began to rejoice in God exceedingly. Her mother seeing this, was fully convinced, that there was more in religion than she had herself experienced; and began to pray, with many tears, that God would shew her his salvation. This so affected me, that I could not refrain from tears myself: so we all wept and prayed, and sang praise together.

“On



“ On my going to her a second time, I found her truly alive to God. ‘ O, (she said) how I have longed to see you, that we may be happy in God together. Come let us sing an hymn.’ I gave out,

“ Of him that did salvation bring  
I could for ever think and sing : ”

“ She sung all the time with exceeding joy. Afterwards she said, ‘ This is a weary world ; but I have almost done with it. O how I long to be gone ! Some people tell me I may recover, but I do not thank them : I do not count them my friends.’ On my saying occasionally, ‘ There is no satisfaction for sin, but that which Christ has made by his precious blood : ’ She answered, ‘ That is all the satisfaction I want : and I believe he both lived and died for *me*.’

“ After this, she gave a strict charge, that none should be admitted to see her but such as could speak for God : saying, ‘ I do not love to have a word spoken, which is not to edification. O how unsuitable to me, are all things which do not tend to the glory of God ! ’ On her spitting a large quantity of blood, one said, ‘ You are in great pain.’ She answered, ‘ I think little of it. My blessed Redeemer suffered greater pain for *me*.’

“ When I stood up to go away, she said, ‘ I now take my leave of you. Perhaps we may not meet again in this world : but I trust, we shall meet in heaven. I am going to God. O may it be soon ! I now feel a heaven in my soul.’

“ The last time I came, was on Sunday, Dec. 14. Hearing she was extremely ill, and wanted rest, we did not go up, but after a while, began singing below. She immediately heard, sat up in bed, and insisted on our being brought into the room, and singing there. Many times she repeated these words, ‘ Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly ! ’ And this she continued to do, until on Wednesday the 17th, she resigned her soul into the hands of her dear Redeemer.”

Jan. 2, 1761, I wrote the following letter :

‘ To the Editor of the London Chronicle.

‘ SIR,

‘ Of all the feats of woe on this side hell, few I suppose, exceed or even equal Newgate. If any region of horror could exceed it, a few years ago Newgate in Bristol did: so great was the filth, the stench, the misery and the wickedness, which shocked all who had a spark of humanity left. How was I surprised then, when I was there a few weeks ago! 1. Every part of it, above stairs and below, even *the Pit*, wherein the felons are confined at night, is as clean and sweet as a gentleman’s house: It being now a rule, that every prisoner wash and clean his apartment thoroughly twice a week. 2. Here is no fighting or brawling. If any think himself ill used, the cause is immediately referred to the keeper, who hears the contending parties face to face, and decides the affair at once. 3. The usual grounds of quarrelling are removed. For it is very rarely that any one cheats or wrongs another, as being sure, if any thing of this kind be discovered, to be committed to a closer confinement. 4. Here is no drunkenness suffered, however advantageous it might be to the keeper as well as the tapster: 5. Nor any whoredom: the women prisoners being narrowly observed, and kept separate from the men: nor is any woman of the town now admitted, no, not at any price. 6. All possible care is taken to prevent idleness: those who are willing to work at their callings, are provided with tools and materials, partly by the keeper, who gives them credit at a very moderate profit, partly by the alms occasionally given, which are divided with the utmost prudence and impartiality. Accordingly at this time, among others, a shoe maker, a taylor, a brasier, and a coach-maker, are working at their several trades. 7. Only on the Lord’s day they neither work nor play, but dress themselves as clean as they can, to attend the public service in the chapel, at which every person under the roof is present. None is excused unless sick; in which case he is provided gratis,

gratis, both with advice and medicines. 8. And in order to assist them in things of the greatest concern (besides a Sermon on Sun. and Thurs.) they have a large Bible chained on one side of the Chapel, which any of the prisoners may read. By the blessing of God on these regulations, the prison now has a new face. Nothing offends either the eye or the ear, and the whole has the appearance of a quiet, serious family. And does not *the Keeper of Newgate* deserve to be remembered, full as well as *the Man of Ross*? May the Lord remember him in that day! Mean time, will no one follow his example? I am, Sir, your humble servant,

‘ JOHN WESLEY.’

Mon. Jan. 5, this week I wrote to the Author of the Westminster Journal as follows:

‘ SIR,

‘ I hope you are a person of impartiality. If so, you will not insert what is urged on one side of a question, but likewise what is offered on the other.

‘ Your correspondent is, doubtless, a man of sense; and he seems to write in a good humour. But he is extremely little acquainted with the persons, of whom he undertakes to give an account.

‘ There is “gone abroad,” says he, “an ungoverned spirit of enthusiasm, propagated by knaves, and embraced by fools.” Suffer me now to address the gentleman himself. Sir, you may *call* me both a knave and a fool. But *prove* me either the one or the other, if you can. “Why, you are an Enthusiast.” What do you mean by the term? A believer in Jesus Christ? An asserter of his equality with the Father, and of the entire Christian revelation? Do you mean one who maintains the antiquated doctrines of the new birth and justification by faith? Then I am an Enthusiast. But if you mean any thing else, either prove or retract the charge.

‘ The Enthusiasm which has lately gone abroad, is faith which worketh by love. Does this “endanger government

government itself? " Just the reverse. Fearing God it honours the king. It teaches all men to be subject to the higher powers, not for wrath but for conscience sake.

' But "no power in England ought to be independent of the supreme power." Most true. Yet "the Romanists own the authority of a pope, independent of civil government." They do, and thereby shew their ignorance of the English constitution. "In Great Britain we have many popes, for so I must call all who have the *souls and bodies* of their followers devoted to them." Call them so and welcome. But this does not touch me; nor Mr. Whitefield, Jones, nor Romaine; nor any whom I am acquainted with: none of us have our followers thus devoted to us. Those who follow the advice we constantly give are devoted to God, not man. But "the *Methodist* proclaims he can bring into the field 25,000 men." What *Methodist*? Where and when? Prove this fact, and I will allow you I am a Turk.

' But it is said, they are all good subjects. Perhaps they are, because under a *Protestant* government they have all the indulgence they can wish for." And do you seriously wish for a *Popish* government, to abridge them of that indulgence? "But has not a bad use been made of this? Has not the *decency* of religion been perverted?" Not in the least: the decency of religion is never so well advanced, as by advancing inward and outward religion together. 2. "Have not the minds of the vulgar been darkened to a total neglect of their civil and social duties?" Just the contrary: thousands in London, as well as elsewhere, have been enlightened to understand, and prevailed on to practise those duties, as they never did before. 3. "Has not the peace of many families been ruined?" The lost peace of many families has been restored. ' In others, a furious opposition to true religion, has occasioned division, as our Lord foretold it would. 4. "Have not the circumstances of many industrious tradesmen been hurt?" I believe not. I know no instance. But I know an hundred tradesmen in London, who  
began

began to be industrious since they began to fear God : and their circumstances, low enough till then, are now easy and affluent.

‘ I am almost ashamed to spend time upon these thread-bare objections, which have been answered over and over. But if they are advanced again, they must be answered again, lest silence should pass for guilt.

“ But how can the government distinguish between tenderness of conscience, and schemes of interest ? ” Nothing more easy. ‘ They may withdraw the licences of such. ’ — “ Sir, you have forgot the question. Before they withdraw them, they are to distinguish, whether they are such or no ? And how are they to do this ? ” ‘ O, it is very easy. ’ So you leave them as wise as they were before.

‘ But “ the *Methodist*, who pretends to be of the Church of England in forms of worship, and differs from her in point of doctrine, is not, let his pretences be what they will, a member of that church. ” Alas, sir, your friends will not thank you for this. You have broke their heads sadly. Is no man of the church let him pretend what he will, who differs from her in point of doctrine ? *Au ! absecro ; Cave dixeris !* I know not but you may stumble upon *Scandalum Magnatum*. But stay : you will bring them off quickly. “ A truly good man may scruple signing and swearing to articles, that his mind and reason cannot approve of. ” But is he a truly good man who *does not scruple* signing and swearing to articles which he cannot approve of ? However, this doth not affect us : for we do not differ from our church in point of doctrine. But all do, who deny justification by faith. Therefore, according to you, they are no members of the church of England.

‘ “ Methodist preachers, you allow, practise, sign, and swear whatever is required by law : ” A very large concession : ‘ But the reserves they have are incommunicable and unintelligible. ’ Favour us, sir, with a little proof of this : till then I must plead not guilty. In whatever I sign or swear to, I have no reserve.

reserve at all. And I have again and again communicated my thoughts, on most heads, to all mankind: I believe intelligibly: particularly in the *Appeals to men of reason and religion*.

“But “if *Methodism*, as its professors pretend, be a new discovery in religion.”—This is a greivous mistake: we pretend no such thing. We aver, it is the one, old religion: as old as the Reformation, as old as Christianity, as old as Moses, as old as Adam.

“They ought to discover the whole ingredients of which their nostrum is composed, and have it enrolled in the public register, to be perused by all the world.” It is done. The whole ingredients of *Methodism*, so called, have been discovered in print over and over. And they are enrolled in a public register, the Bible, from which we extracted them at first, “Else they ought not to be tolerated.” We allow it, and desire toleration on no other terms. “Nor should they be suffered to add or alter one grain different from what is so registered.” Most certainly. We ought neither to add or diminish, nor alter whatever is written in that book.

“I wish, sir, before you write concerning the *Methodists* again, you would candidly read some of their writings: common report is not a sure rule of judging. I should be unwilling to judge of *you* thereby.

“To sum up the matter. The whole ingredients of our religion are, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, fidelity, meekness, temperance. Against these, I think, there is no law; and therefore, I still apprehend they may be *tolerated*, at least in a Christian country. I am, sir, your sincere well-wisher,  
‘JOHN WESLEY.’

Fri. 9, I rode to Sundon, and preached in the evening; and the next evening at Bedford: Sun. 11, I read prayers and preached at Everton, both morning and afternoon. Mon. 12, I rode to Colchester, and after spending two or three comfortable days, on Fri. 16, went on to Bury. I would gladly have stayed a day or two here, had it been only on account of the severity.

severity of the weather: but I had work to do elsewhere. So I took horse, soon after preaching in the morning, Sat. 17, tho' as bitter a one as most I have known. I never before felt so piercing a wind, as that which met us in riding out of the gate at day break. To think of looking up was a vain thing: I knew not whether I should not lose one of my eyes. The wind affected it, as if I had received a severe blow; so that I had no use of it for a time. To mend the matter, having a very imperfect direction, we soon got out of our way. However we hobbled on, thro' miserable roads, till about three in the afternoon we got to Norwich,

Sun. 18, I met the Society in the morning, and many of them went with me to the Cathedral. At two we had the largest congregation I ever saw at that hour. At five the house was well filled: and just as long as I was speaking, all were silent. But when I ceased, the floods lifted up their voice; one would have thought Bedlam was broke loose. And thus it always is: the custom began in the reign of King Log, and continued ever since. The next evening, the same hubbub began again, not among the mob, but the ordinary hearers. I desired them to stop, and reasoned the case with them. The effect was far greater than one could expect. The whole congregation went as quietly and silently away, as they use to do at the Foundery in London.

Tues. 20, I enquired concerning Yarmouth, a large and populous town, and as eminent both for wickedness and ignorance, as even any sea-port in England. Some had endeavoured to call them to repentance: but it was at the hazard of their lives. What could be done more? Why, last summer God sent thither the regiment, in which Howel Harris was an officer. He preached every night, none daring to oppose him; and hereby a good seed was sown. Many were stirred up to seek God. And some of them now earnestly invited *me* to come over. I went this afternoon and preached in the evening. The house was presently more than filled. And instead of the tumult which

was expected, all were as quiet as at London. Indeed the word of God was quick and powerful among them, as it was again at six in the morning. At eleven I preached my farewell sermon. I saw none that was not deeply affected. O fair blossoms! But how many of these will *bring forth fruit unto perfection*?

In the afternoon I rode back to Norwich, and took an account of the Society there. I found the persons who professed to meet in class, were about three hundred and thirty. But many of them were as bullocks unaccustomed to the yoke: Where or what will they be a year hence?

Thurs. 22, we had our first watch-night at the Tabernacle: at which I could not but observe, tho' I preached the law from the beginning of my sermon to the end, yet many were exceedingly comforted: so plain it is, that God can send either terror or comfort to the heart, by whatever means it pleaseth him.

Sun. the 25th was a day of solemn rejoicing. Both at eight, at eleven, at two, and at five, God was eminently present in the congregation, filling their hearts with love and their mouths with praise.

In some of the following days, I visited the country Societies. Fri. 30, after preaching at the Foundery in the evening, I met the bands as usual. While a poor woman was speaking a few artless words out of the fulness of her heart, a fire kindled and ran as flame among the stubble, thro' the hearts of almost all that heard: so when God is pleased to work, it matters not how weak, or how mean the instrument!

Sat. 21, I spent an hour with one who was as hot as any of *the lambs* at the Tabernacle. But she is now a calm, reasonable woman. Indeed God has now breathed a spirit of love and peace, into all that remain united together. Those who are otherwise minded have left us.

Sun. Feb. 1, many were comforted and strengthened both at the Lord's-supper, and at the evening service. I think all jealousies and misunderstandings are now vanished, and the whole Society is well knit together. How long will they continue so, considering the unpar-



paralleled fickleness of the people in these parts? That God knows. However He does work *now*, and we rejoice therein.

Mon. 2, I left them with a cheerful heart, and rode on to Lakenheath. The congregation was large, but to this day there was no Society. So after preaching, I explained the Nature of a Society, and examined those who were willing to join together. Near half of them had known the love of God, and seemed alive to him.

Tues. 3, about noon I preached at Harston, five miles beyond Cambridge. Here Mr. Berridge's labour has not been in vain. Several have found peace with God. And a more artless, loving people I have seldom seen. They were gathered from all parts. It pleased God to give a manifestation of his love to one woman in the midst of the sermon. She praised God aloud, and inflamed many hearts with love and thankfulness.

In the evening I preached at Melbourn, another small town, about four miles from Harston. Many from Harston walked thither, and from the neighbouring villages. And surely God was in the midst of them, just as in our Bristol congregations at the beginning.

Hence we rode on, (Ash-Wednesday, Feb. 4,) to Mr. Hicks, who shewed me the way to his church, at Wrestlingworth, where I exhorted a large and serious congregation, from the Scripture appointed for the Epistle, to "rend their hearts, and not their garments, and turn unto the Lord their God."

In the evening Mr. Berridge read prayers, and I preached at Everton. Few of them are now affected as at first, the greater part having found peace with God. But there is a gradual increasing of the work in the souls of many believers.

Thurs. 5, I called at Barford, half way to Bedford, and was agreeably surprised, to meet J. C. from London, who came to Bedford the day before, and walked over with Mr. Parker. We had a far larger congregation than I expected: and all were deeply serious. I preached at Bedford in the evening: on Friday, at Sundon, and on Saturday returned to London.

Mon. 9, and the following days I visited the classes. Fri. 13, being the general Fast-day, the chapel in West-street, as well as the rest, was thoroughly filled with serious hearers. Surely God is well pleased with even these outward humiliations, as an acknowledgement, that he is the Disposer of all events. And they give some check, if it be but for a time, to the floods of ungodliness. Besides, we cannot doubt but there are some good men, in most of the congregations then assembled. And we know, "the effectual fervent prayer even of one righteous man availeth much."

This week I published in the *London Chronicle*, an answer to a tract, intitled, *A Caveat against the Methodists*. It is here subjoined.

*To the Editor of the London Chronicle.*

*S I R,*

*Feb. 19, 1761.*

"IS it not surprising, that every person of understanding does not discern, at the very first view, that the tract, entitled, *A Caveat against the Methodists*, is, in reality, *A Caveat against the Protestants*? Do not the arguments conclude (if they conclude at all) not against the *Methodists* only, but against the *whole body of Protestants*? The names indeed of Mr. Whitefield and Mr. Wesley are used; but this is mere finesse; greater men are designed, and all along wounded thro' our sides.

'I was long in hopes of seeing an answer to this artful performance, from some one of more leisure, as well as abilities: and some whose name would have recommended his work; for that thought has something of truth in it,

*"O what a tuneful wonder seiz'd the throng,  
When Marlbro's conquering name alarm'd the  
foe!*

*Had Whiznowisky led the armies on,  
The General's scarecrow name had foil'd each  
blow."*

However, who knows but reason, for once, may be stronger than prejudice? And many may forget my  
*scarecrow*

*scarecrow* name, and mind not who speaks; but what is spoken. I am pleading now not for Methodists only, but for the whole body of Protestants: First, for the Church of England: then for the Protestants, of every denomination; in doing which I shall first give the substance of each Section of the Romish tract: Secondly, answer, and retort it upon the members of the Church of Rome, O that this may incite some more skilful advocate, to supply *my lack of service!*

## SECTION I.

‘The Methodists (Protestants) are not the people of God; they are not true Gospel Christians; nor is their *new-raised* society the true Church of Christ, nor any part of it.’ p. 3.

‘This is demonstrated by the Word of God, marking out the people of God, the *true Church of Christ*, by such characters as cannot agree to the Methodists, or *any other new-raised* sect or community.’ *Ibid.*

‘The Old Testament is full of prophecies relating to the church. And the New Testament makes glorious promises to it, and gives glorious characters of it.’ p. 4.

‘Now all these prophecies, promises, and characters, point out a society founded by Christ himself, and by his commission propagated *throughout the world*, which should flourish till time should end, ever one, ever holy, ever orthodox; secured against error, by the perpetual presence of Christ; ever directed by the Spirit of Truth: having a perpetual succession of pastors and teachers, divinely appointed, and divinely assisted: but no part of this character is applicable to any *new-raised* sect; who have no succession from, or connexion with, that one, holy society; therefore, *no modern* sect can be *any part* of the people of God.’ p. 5.

I answer, It is true, \* “all these promises, prophecies, and characters, point out a society founded by Christ himself, and by his commission propagated throughout the world, which should flourish till time should end.” And such is the Catholic Church, that is

\* The words of the *Caveat* are in inverted commas.

the "whole body" of men, endued with faith, working by love, dispersed over the whole earth, in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America: And this church is "ever one:" in all ages and nations it is the one body of Christ: it is "ever holy," for no unholy man can possibly be a member of it. It is "ever orthodox;" so is every holy man, in all things necessary to salvation; "secured against error," in things essential, "by the perpetual presence of Christ;" and "ever directed by the Spirit of Truth," in the truth that is after godliness. This church has "a perpetual succession of pastors and teachers, divinely appointed, and divinely assisted." And there has never been wanting, in the reformed churches, such a succession of pastors and teachers: men both divinely appointed, and divinely assisted; for they convert sinners to God; a work none can do, unless God himself doth appoint them thereto, and assist them therein: therefore, "every part" of this character is applicable to them. Their teachers are the proper successors of those who have delivered down through all generations, the faith once delivered to the saints; and their members have true, spiritual communion with the "one holy" society of true "believers:" consequently, although they are not "the whole people of God," yet are they an undeniable "part of his people."

On the contrary, the church of Rome, in its present form, was not "founded by Christ himself." All the doctrines and practices wherein she differs from us, were not instituted by Christ; they were unknown to the ancient Church of Christ; they are unscriptural, "novel" corruptions; neither is "that Church propagated throughout the world." Therefore if either antiquity, or universality, be essential thereto, the Church of Rome cannot be "the true Church of Christ."

Nor is the Church of "Rome one:" it is not in unity with itself: it is to this day torn with numberless divisions; and it is impossible it should be "the One Church," unless a part can be the whole: seeing the Asiatic, the African, and the Muscovite Churches (to name no more) never were contained in it.

Neither

Neither is it "holy." The generality of its members are no holier than Turks or Heathens. You need not go far for proof of this. Look at the Romanists in London or Dublin. Are these the "holy," the only "holy" church? Just such holiness is in the bottomless pit.

Nor is it "secured against error," either "by Christ" or "his Spirit;" witness Pope against Pope; Council against Council; contradicting, anathematizing each other; the instances are too numerous to be recited.

Neither are the generality of her "pastors and teachers" either "divinely appointed," or "divinely assisted." If God had sent them, he would confirm the word of his messengers; but he does not; they convert no sinners to God; they convert many to their own opinion, but not to the knowledge or love of God. He that was a drunkard, is a drunkard still; he that was filthy, is filthy still; therefore neither are they "assisted" by him; so they and their flocks wallow in sin together: consequently (whatever may be the case of some particular souls) it must be said, if your own marks be true, the Roman-Catholics, in general, are not "the people of God."

## SECTION II. \*

'The Methodist (Protestant) Teachers are not the true Ministers of Christ: nor are they called or sent by Him. p. 6.

'This appears from what has been already demonstrated. For if the Protestants are not the true people of Christ, their Ministers cannot be the true Ministers of Christ.' *ibid.*

Farther, 'The true Ministers came down by succession from the Apostles. But the Protestant teachers do not. Therefore they are not the true Ministers of Christ.' *ibid.*

'All power in the Church of Christ comes from Him; so that whoever, without a commission from Him, intrudes into the pastoral office, is a thief and a robber.

Now the commission can be conveyed but two ways, either immediately from God himself, as it was to the Apostles, or from men who have the authority handed down to them from the Apostles.

But this Commission has not been conveyed to Protestant preachers, either of these ways. Not immediately from God himself: For how do they prove it? By what miracles? Neither by men deriving authority from the Apostles, thro' the channel of the Church. And they stand divided in communion from all Churches that have any pretensions to antiquity. Their doctrine of Justification by faith alone, was anathematized at its first appearance, by the "undoubted heirs of the Apostles, the Pastors of the Apostolic Churches;" consequently they are sent by no other but Him, who sent all the false Prophets from the beginning, p. 8. 9.

I answer, "from what has been already demonstrated," that nothing will follow: for you have demonstrated just nothing.

Now for your "farther" proof, "the true Ministers came down by succession from the Apostles;" so do the Protestant Ministers, if the Romish do; the English in particular; as even one of yourselves, F. Courayer, has irrefragably proved.

"All power in the Church of Christ comes from Him: either immediately from Himself, or from men who have the authority handed down to them from the Apostles. But this commission has not been conveyed to the Protestant Preachers, either of these ways: not immediately: For by what miracles do they prove it?" So said Cardinal Bellarmine long ago. Neither "by men deriving authority from the Apostles." Read F. Courayer, and know better. Neither are these Protestants "divided from any Churches," who have true "pretensions to Antiquity." But "their doctrine of Justification by faith alone, was anathematized at its first appearance, by the undoubted heirs of the Apostles, the pastors of the apostolic Church." By the prelates at the Council of Trent it was: who thereby anathematized the Apostle Paul, to all intents and purposes.

poses. Here you throw off the mask; otherwise you might have passed for a Protestant a little longer. "Consequently they are sent by no other but Him, who sent all the false Prophets from the beginning." Sir, we thank you. This is really a very modest assertion for the subject of a Protestant King.

But to turn the tables: I said, 'If the Romish Bishops do.' For this I absolutely deny. I deny that the Romish Bishops came down by *uninterrupted* succession from the Apostles. I never could see it proved; and, I am persuaded, I never shall. But unless this is proved; your own pastors, on *your* principles, are no pastors at all.

But farther: It is a doctrine of *your* Church, That the intention of the administrator, is essential to the validity of the sacraments which are administered by him. Now, are you assured of the intention of every priest, from whom you have received the Host? If not, you do not know, but what you receive as the sacrament of the altar, was no sacrament at all. Are you assured of the intention of the priest who baptized you? If not, perhaps you are not baptized at all. To come close to the point in hand: If *you* pass for a Priest, are you sure of the intention of the Bishop that ordained you? If not, you may happen to be no Priest, and so all *your* ministry is nothing worth: nay, by the same rule, he may happen to be no Bishop. And who can tell how often this has been the case? but if there has been only one instance in a thousand years, what becomes of your *uninterrupted* succession?

This *ad hominem*. But I have a word more *ad rem*. Can a man teach what he does not know? Is it possible a man should teach others what he does not know himself? Certainly it is not. Can a priest then teach his hearers the way to heaven, marked out in our Lord's sermon on the Mount, if he does not know or understand the way himself? Nothing is more impossible. But how many of your priests know nothing about it? What avails then their *commission* to teach, what they cannot teach, because they know it not? Did God then ~~send~~ these men on a fool's errand: send them to  
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do what they cannot do! O say not so! And what will be the event of their attempting to teach they know not what? Why, *if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the pit.*"

Sat. 21, I spent some hours with Mr. L. and Mr. J. Anson, in order to prevent another Chancery-Suit. And tho' the matter could not then be fully adjusted, yet the Suit did not go on.

Tues. 24, I retired to Lewisham, and transcribed the list of the Society. About a hundred and sixty I left out, to whom I can do no good at present. The number of those which now remain, is two thousand three hundred and seventy five.

Fri. 27, at twelve I met about thirty persons, who had experienced a deep work of God. And I appointed an hour for meeting them every week. Whether they are *saved from sin* or no, they are certainly full of faith and love, and peculiarly helpful to my soul.

Sun. March 1, we had a happy Love-feast at the Chapel. Many of our Brethren spoke plainly and artlessly, what God had done for their souls. I think none were offended; but many were strengthened and comforted.

Wed. 4, I was scarce come into the room where a few Believers were met together, when one began to tremble exceedingly, and soon after sunk to the floor. After a violent struggle, she burst out into prayer, which was quickly changed into praise. She then declared, "The Lamb of God has taken away *all* my sins." She spoke many strange words to the same effect, rejoicing with joy unspeakable.

Fri. 6, I met again with those who believe God has delivered them from the root of bitterness. Their number increases daily. I know not if fifteen or sixteen have not received the blessing this week.

Mon. 9, I set out early, and about noon preached at High-Wycombe, where the dry bones began to shake again. In the afternoon I rode on to Oxford, and spent an agreeable evening with Mr. H. His openness and frankness of behaviour were both pleasing and profitable.



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profitable. Such conversation I want: but I do not wonder it is offensive to men of nice ears.

Tues. 10, we rode to Evesham, where I found the poor, shattered Society almost sunk into nothing. And no wonder, since they have been almost without help, till Mr. Mather came. In the evening I preached in the town-hall. Both at this time, and at five in the morning, God applied his word, and many found a desire to *strengthen the things that remained*. I designed to have rested on Wednesday; but finding that notice had been given of my preaching at Stanley, we got thither, thro' roads almost impassible, about noon, and found more people than the house could contain. So I stood in the yard, and proclaimed free salvation to a loving, simple people. Several were in tears, and all of them so thankful, that I could not repent of my labour.

The congregation at Evesham in the evening was thrice as large as the night before. Indeed many of them did not design to *hear*, or to let any one else hear. But they were over-ruled and behaved with tolerable decency, till the service was over. Then they roared amain. But I walked straight thro' them. And none offered the least rudeness.

Thurs. 12, about one I preached at Red-ditch, to a deeply serious congregation: about seven, in the room at Birmingham, now far too small for the congregation.

Fri. 13, many flocked together at five: and far more than the room would contain in the evening. Perhaps the time is come for the gospel to take root even in this barren soil.

Sat. 14, I rode to Wednesbury. Sun. 15, I made a shift to preach within, at eight in the morning. But in the afternoon I knew not what to do, having a pain in my side, and a sore throat. However, I resolved to speak as long as I could. I stood at one end of the house, and the people (supposed to be eight or ten thousand) in the field adjoining. I spoke from, "I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ my Lord." When I had done speaking,  
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my complaints were gone. At the love-feast in the evening, many, both men and women, spoke their experience, in a manner which affected all that heard. One in particular said, "For seventeen or eighteen years I thought God had forgotten me. Neither I, nor any under my roof could believe. But now, blessed be his name, he has taken me and all my house: and given me, and my wife, and our seven children, to rejoice together in God our Saviour."

Mon. 16, I intended to rest two or three days. But being pressed to visit Shrewsbury, and having no other time, I rode over to-day, tho' upon a miserable beast. When I came in, my head ached as well as my side. I found the door of the place where I was to preach, surrounded by a numerous mob. But they seemed met, only to stare. Yet part of them came in: almost all that did, (a large number) behaved quietly and seriously.

Tues. 17, at five, the congregation was large, and appeared not a little affected. The difficulty now was, How to get back? For I could not ride the horse on which I came. But this too was provided for. We met in the street, with one who lent me *his* horse, which was so easy, that I grew better and better till I came to Wolver-hampton. None had yet preached abroad in this furious town: but I was resolved, with God's help, to make a trial, and ordered a table to be set in the inn-yard. Such a number of wild men I have seldom seen. But they gave me no disturbance; either while I preached, or when I walked thro' the midst of them.

About five I preached to a far larger congregation at Dudley, and all as quiet as at London. The scene is changed since the dirt and stones of this town were flying about me on every side!

Wed. 18, by talking with several at Wednesbury, I found God is carrying on his work here as at London. We have ground to hope, one prisoner was set at full liberty, under the sermon on Sat. morning; another, under that on Sat. evening. One or more received re-  
mission.

mission of sins on Sunday. On Monday morning another, and on Wednesday yet another believed *the blood of Jesus Christ* had cleansed him from all sin. In the evening I could scarce think, but more than one heard him say, *I will: be thou clean!* Indeed, so wonderfully was he present till near midnight, as if he would have healed the whole congregation.

Thurs. 19, after preaching at Bilbrook I rode on to Burslem, and preached at half hour past five, in an open place on the top of an hill, to a large and attentive congregation, tho' it rained almost all the time, and the air was extremely cold. The next morning, being Good-Friday, I did not preach till eight. But even then, as well as in the evening, the cold considerably lessened the congregation. Such is human wisdom! So small are the things which divert mankind, from what might be the means of their eternal salvation!

Sat. 21, about ten I preached at Biddulph, and about six at Congleton. Sun. 22, about one I preached at Macclesfield, near the preaching-house. The congregation was large, tho' the wind was sharp. But it was more than doubled after the evening service, while I opened and enforced the solemn declaration, "Him hath God exalted with his own right hand, to be a Prince and a Saviour." In the evening I rode on to Manchester.

Mon. 23, after preaching at five, I hastened forward, and reached Leeds about five in the evening, where I had desired all the preachers in those parts to meet me; and a happy meeting we had both in the evening and morning. I afterwards enquired into the state of the Societies in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. I find the work of God increases on every side; but particularly in Lincolnshire; where there has been no work like this, since the time I preached at Epworth on my Father's tomb.

In the afternoon I talked with several of those who believe they are saved from sin. And after a close examination, I found reason to hope, that fourteen of them  
were

were not deceived. In the evening I expounded the thirteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, and exhorted all to weigh themselves in that balance, and see if they were not *found wanting*.

Wed. 25, I took horse early, breakfasted with Mr. Venn, and about four in the afternoon came to Stockport. Finding the congregation waiting, I preached immediately, and then rode on to Manchester: where I rested on Thurs. Friday 27, I rode to Bridgefield, in the midst of the Derbyshire mountains, and cried to a large congregation, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." And they did indeed drink in the word, as the thirsty earth the showers. About six I preached at Stockport. Here I enquired after a young man, who was some time since much in earnest for salvation. But it was not long before he grew quite cold, and left the Society. Within a few months after, he left the world, and that by his own hand! The next day I returned to Manchester.

Sun. 29, we had an uncommon blessing, both morning and afternoon. In the evening I met the Believers, and strongly exhorted them, "to go on to perfection." To many of them it seemed a new doctrine. However, they all received it in love: and a flame was kindled, which I trust neither men nor devils shall ever be able to quench.

Tues. 31, I rode to Altringham. We had four rooms, which opened into each other. But they would not near contain the congregation, so that many were obliged to stand without. I believe many were wounded, and some much comforted. Perhaps this town will not be quite so furious as it has been.

In the evening we had abundance of genteel people at Manchester, while I described *Faith as the evidence of things not seen*. I left Manchester in the morning, April 1, in a better condition than ever I knew it before: such is the shaking, not only among the dry bones, but likewise among the living souls.

About noon I preached at Little-Leigh, and at Chester in the evening. Thurs. 2, I rode over to Tattenhall,

Tatten-hall, eight or nine miles from Chester. When we came the town seemed to be all in an uproar. Yet when I began preaching in the open air, the house not being large enough to contain one quarter of the congregation, none opposed, or made the least disturbance, the fear of God falling upon them. I think Tatten-hall will be less bitter for the time to come. Well may Satan be angry with field-preaching!

Fri. 3, I preached about one at Mould in Flintshire, and was again obliged to preach abroad though the wind was exceeding rough. All were deeply attentive. I preached in the evening at Chester, and in the morning set out for Liverpool. I came thither, (preaching at Warrington by the way) in the evening. The election seemed to have driven the common sort of people out of their senses. But on Sunday they were tolerably recovered, and the town looked like itself. I heard two useful sermons at our parish church; one upon, "Follow peace with all men and holiness;" the other on, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." I pity those who "can learn nothing at church."

Mon. 13, I left them at Liverpool, a little increased in number, but very considerably in strength, being now entirely united together in judgment, as well as in affection.

About noon I preached to a serious congregation at Downath-green, near Wigan: but to a far more serious one in the evening at Bolton. I find few places like this. All disputes are forgot: and the Christians do indeed love one another. When I visited the classes, on Wednesday 15, I did not find a disorderly walker among them: no, nor a trifler. They appeared to be, one and all, seriously seeking salvation.

Thurs. 16, after preaching at noon, I rode to Lower-darwen, near Blackburn, where a large congregation behaved with deep seriousness. Leaving honest Mr. Grimshaw to preach in the morning, I set out early, and in the evening reached a little quiet house, a few miles beyond Kendal, to which I believe, we did not come in vain. The man of the house, having been

long ill, was thankful for advice, with regard to his bodily disorder. And his guests appeared right willing to receive some advice with respect to their souls.

Sat. 18, we were soon lost on the mountains. But in an hour we found a cottage, and a good woman, who bad her son "take the galloway, and guide them to the Fell-foot." There we met a poor man just coming from a doctor, who I think, had quite mistaken his case. Perhaps his meeting us may save his life. He piloted us over the next mountain, the like to which I never beheld either in Wales or Germany. As we were climbing the third, a man overtook us, who was going the same road. So he accompanied us till we were in a plain, level way, which in three hours brought us to Whitehaven.

Sun. 19, I preached morning and evening at the Gins, to far more people than the house would have contained. At one I preached in the assembly-room at Workington. The whole congregation behaved well: though I could not perceive, that the greater part understood any thing of the matter.

Wed. 22, about noon I preached at Branthwayte, and in the evening at Lorton. Who would imagine, that deism should find its way into the heart of these enormous mountains! Yet so it is. Yea, and one who once knew the love of God, is a strenuous advocate for it.

Sat. 25, as the people at Whitehaven are usually full of zeal, right or wrong, I this evening shewed them the nature of Christian zeal. Perhaps some of them may now distinguish the flame of love, from a fire kindled in hell.

Sun. 26, I preached in the morning at the Gins, in the room at one, and about five at Cocker-mouth, on the steps of the market-house. Even the genteel hearers were decent: many of the rest seemed deeply affected. The people of the town have never been uncivil. Surely they will not always be unfruitful.

Mon. 27, I preached at eight in the market-place at Wigton. The congregation, when I began, consisted  
of

of one woman, two boys, and three or four little girls. But in a quarter of an hour we had most of the town. I was a good deal moved at the exquisite self-sufficiency which was visible in the countenance, air, and whole deportment, of a considerable part of them. This constrained me to use a very uncommon plainness of speech. They bore it well. Who knows but some may profit?

Before noon we came to Solway-frith. The guide told us, it was not passable. But I resolved to try, and got over well. Having lost ourselves, but twice or thrice, in one of the most difficult roads I ever saw, we came to Moffat in the evening. Tuesday 28, we rode partly over the mountains, partly with mountains on either hand, between which was a clear, winding river, and about four in the afternoon reached Edinburgh.

Here I met Mr. Hopper, who had promised to preach in the evening, in a large room, lately an Episcopal meeting-house. Wednesday 29, it being extremely cold, I preached in the same room at seven. Some of the reputable hearers cried out in amaze, "Why, this is sound doctrine! Is this he, of whom Mr. Wh—— used to talk so?" Talk as he will, I shall not retaliate.

I preached again in the evening, and the next day rode round, by the Queen's-Ferry to Dundee. But the wind being high, the boat-men could not, at least would not pass. Nor could we pass the next day till between nine and ten. We then rode thro' Montrose to Stonehaven. Here Mr. Memis met us, and on Saturday morning brought us to his house at Aberdeen.

In the afternoon I sent to the Principal and Regent, to desire leave to preach in the College-close. This was readily granted; but as it began to rain, I was desired to go into the Hall. I suppose this is full a hundred feet long, and seated all around. The congregation was large, notwithstanding the rain, and full as large at five in the morning. Sun. May 3, I heard two useful sermons at the Kirk, one preached by the

Principal of the College, the other by the Divinity Professor. A huge multitude afterwards gathered together, in the College-close. And all that could hear seemed to receive the truth in love. I then added about twenty to the little Society. Fair blossoms! But how many of these will bring forth fruit?

Mon. 4, we had another large congregation at five. Before noon, twenty more came to me, desiring to cast in their lot with us, and appearing to be cut to the heart.

About noon I took a walk to the King's College in Old Aberdeen. It has three sides of a square handsomely built, not unlike Queen's College in Oxford. Going up to see the hall, we found a large company of ladies with several gentlemen. They looked, and spoke to one another, after which one of the gentlemen took courage and came to me. He said, "We came last night to the College-close, but could not hear, and should be extremely obliged, if you would give us a short discourse here." I knew not what God might have to do, and so began without delay, on, "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." I believe the word was not lost. It fell as dew on the tender grass.

In the afternoon I was walking in the library of the Marshall-College, when the Principal, and the Divinity Professor, came to me, and the latter invited me to his lodgings, where I spent an hour very agreeably. In the evening, the eagerness of the people made them ready to trample each other under foot. It was some time before they were still enough to hear; but then they devoured every word. After preaching, Sir Archibald Grant (whom business had called to town) sent and desired to speak to me. I could not then, but promised to wait upon him, with God's leave, in my return to Edinburgh.

Tues. 5, I accepted the Principal's invitation, and spent an hour with him at his house. I observed no stiffness at all, but the easy good breeding of a man of sense and learning. I suppose both he and all the professors, with some of the magistrates, attended in the evening.



evening. I set all the windows open, but the hall, notwithstanding, was as hot as a bagnio. But this did not hinder either the attention of the people, or the blessing of God.

Wed. 6, we dined at Mr. Ogilvey's, one of the ministers, between whom the city is divided. A more open hearted, friendly man, I know not that I ever saw. And indeed I have scarce seen such a set of Ministers, in any town of Great-Britain or Ireland.

At half an hour after six I stood in the College-close, and proclaimed "Christ crucified." My voice was so strengthened that all could hear: and all were earnestly attentive. I have now *cast my bread upon the waters*: may I *find it again after many days*.

Thurs. 7, leaving near ninety members in the Society, I rode over to Sir A. Grant's, near Monymusk, about twenty miles north west from Aberdeen. It lies in a fruitful and pleasant valley, much of which is owing to Sir Archibald's improvements, who has ploughed up abundance of waste ground, and planted some millions of trees. His stately old house is surrounded by gardens, and rows of trees, with a clear river on one side. And about a mile from his house, he has laid out a small valley into walks and gardens, on one side of which the river runs. On each side rises a steep mountain; one rocky and bare, the other covered with trees, row above row, to the very top.

About six we went to the church. It was pretty well filled with such persons as we did not look for, so near the Highlands. But if we were surprised at their appearance, we were much more so at their singing. Thirty or forty sung an anthem after sermon, with such voices as well as judgment, that I doubt whether they could have been excelled at any cathedral in England.

Fri. 8, we rode to Glammis, about sixty-four measured miles, and on Saturday 9, about sixty-six more, to Edinburgh. I was tired; however, I would not disappoint the congregation: and God gave me strength according to my day.

Sun. 10, I had designed to preach near the Infirmary. But some of the managers would not suffer it. So I preached in our room, morning and evening, even to the rich and honourable. And I bear them witness, they will *endure* plain dealing, whether they *profit* by it or not.

Mon. 11, I took my leave of Edinburgh for the present. The situation of the city, on a hill shelving down on both sides, as well as to the east, with the stately castle upon a craggy rock on the west, is inexpressibly fine. And the main street so broad and finely paved, with the lofty houses on either hand, (many of them seven or eight stories high) is far beyond any in Great-Britain. But how can it be suffered, that all manner of filth should still be thrown even into this street continually? Where are the magistracy, the gentry, the nobility of the land? Have they no concern for the honour of their nation? How long shall the capital city of Scotland, yea, and the chief street of it, stink worse than a common sewer? Will no lover of his country, or of decency and common sense, find a remedy for this?

Holyrood-house, at the entrance of Edinburgh, the antient palace of the Scottish kings, is a noble structure. It was re-built and furnished by king Charles the second. One side of it is a picture-gallery, wherein are pictures of all the Scottish kings, and an original one of the celebrated queen Mary. It is scarce possible for any who look at this, to think her such a monster as some have painted her; nor indeed for any who consider the circumstances of her death, equal to that of an antient martyr.

I preached in the evening at Musselborough, and at five in the morning. Then we rode on to Haddington, where (the rain driving me in) I preached between nine and ten in provost Dickson's parlour. About one I preached at North-Berwick, a pretty large town, close to the sea-shore; and at seven in the evening (the rain continuing) in the house at Dunbar.

Wed. 13, it being a fair mild evening, I preached near the Key to most of the inhabitants of the town,  
and

and spoke full as plain as the evening before. Every one seemed to receive it in love. Probably if there were regular preaching here, much good might be done.

Thurs. 14, I set out early and preached at noon on the Bowling-green at Berwick-upon-Tweed. In the evening I preached at Alnwick. Friday 15, abundance of soldiers came in on their way to Germany. Many of these attended the preaching, to whom I could not but make a particular application. And who knows, but what they have now heard, may stand them in stead in a day of trial?

Sat. 16, one of our friends importuned me much to give them a sermon at Warksworth. And a post chaise came for me to the door; in which I found one waiting for me, whom, in the bloom of youth, mere anguish of soul had brought to the gates of death. She told me the troubles which held her in on every side, from which she saw no way to escape. I told her, "The way lies straight before you. What you want is the pure love of God. I believe, God will give it you shortly. Perhaps it is his good pleasure, to make *you* a poor, bruised reed, the first witness here of that great salvation. Look for it *just as you are*, unfit, unworthy, unholy, by simple faith, every day, every hour." She did feel the next day something she could not comprehend, and knew not what to call it. In one of the trials which used to sink her to the earth, she was all calm, all peace and love: enjoying so deep a communion with God, as nothing external could interrupt. Ah! thou child of affliction, of sorrow and pain, hath Jesus found out thee also? And he is able to find and bring back thy husband, as far as he is wandered out of the way.

About noon I preached at Warksworth, to a congregation as quiet and attentive as that at Alnwick. How long shall we forget, that God can raise the dead? Were not *we* dead, till he quickened us?

A little above the town, on one side of the river, stand the remains of a magnificent castle. On the other side, toward the bottom of a steep hill, covered with wood, is an antient chapel, with several apartments

ments adjoining to it, hewn in the solid rock. The windows, the pillars, the communion-table, and several other parts are entire. But where are the inhabitants? Gathered to their fathers, some of them I hope, in Abraham's bosom, till rocks, and rivers, and mountains flee away, and the dead, small and great, stand before God!

Sun. 17, I preached at eight in Alnwick, and about one at Alemouth, a poor, barren place, where as yet there is no fruit of all the seed which has been sown. But there may be, since many are still willing to hear.

In the evening a multitude of people, and a little army of soldiers were gathered in the market-place at Alnwick. In the morning they were to march for Germany. I hope some of them have "put their armour on."

Mon. 18, at nine I preached to a large and serious congregation at Widdrington. Thence we rode to Morpeth. As it was a rainy day, they expected me to preach in the Room. But observing a large covered place in the market-place, I went thither without delay. It was soon more than filled; and many soldiers and others, stood on the outside, notwithstanding the rain. Why should we despair of doing good in any place, because we do not see present fruit? At five I preached to the honest, simple-hearted Colliers at Placey, and before sun-set reached Newcastle.

Tues. 19, was a day of rest. In the evening God was with us of a truth: and many felt their hearts burn with fervent desire of being renewed in the whole image of God. The same flame was kindled at Gatehead-Fell, while I was opening and applying those words, "Every one that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself even as he is pure."

Thurs. 21, I was much struck with a story told by Ephraim Syrus. I wonder it was never translated into English. It is as follows.

"My beloved brethren, I have a desire to relate to you, what our brother Abraham did in his old age. This blessed man had a brother according to the flesh, who had an only child. When her father fell asleep; she

she remained an orphan. Her friends brought her to him, being six years old. He ordered her to be placed in the outer cell : he himself abode in the inner. A little door was between them. He taught her the Psalms and the other Scriptures, and watched and sang with her. And as he lived an austere life, so did she, willingly profiting in every exercise, and labouring to excel in all virtues. The holy man often besought God for her with tears, that her heart might be fixed on God, and not intangled with the care of worldly things ; for her father had left her much wealth, which by his advice she gave to the poor. And she intreated him, saying, ‘ Pray for me, that I may be delivered from evil thoughts, and from all the wiles and snares of the devil.’ The blessed man rejoiced, seeing her good conversation and forwardness, and tears, her lowliness, meekness, quietness of spirit, and earnest love to God. And for twenty years she thus exercised herself with him, as a fair lamb, a spotless dove.

“ When the twentieth year was fulfilled, the devil was mad against her, and lay in wait to get her into his net. There was a man, in name Religious, but not in truth, who frequently came to consult Abraham. He saw the maid, and his heart burnt within him. He lay in wait for her a whole year, till her heart was inflamed also. And opening the door of her cell, she went out to him, and consented to his will. But no sooner had she committed wickedness, than she rent her clothes, smote her breast, and thought of putting an end to her own life. For she said in herself, ‘ Now I am dead, and I have lost all my time and all my labour, and my austerity, and my tears are perished, and I have destroyed my own soul, and I have brought sorrow upon the man of God, and am become a laughing stock to the devil. Why do I live any longer ? Ah me, what have I done ! Ah me, from whence, how low am I fallen ! How shall I be hid ? Where shall I go ? Into what pit shall I cast myself ? Where is the exhortation of the blessed man.’ ‘ Keep thy soul spotless for thy immortal Bridegroom.’ I dare no more

more look up to heaven. I am lost, both to God and men. I dare not approach that holy man, sinner as I am, and full of uncleanness. Were I to make such an attempt, surely fire would come out of that door, and consume me. It is better for me to go where none knows me. For I am undone, and there is no salvation for me.' And rising up, she went straight to another city, and became servant at an inn.

"A little before this, Abraham saw a vision: A dragon, great and terrible, rising out of his place. And coming to his cell, he found a dove and devoured it, and then returned to his place. The holy man coming to himself, was much troubled, and wept bitterly, and said. 'Thou, Lord, knowest all things: and thou only knowest, what this vision meaneth.' After two days, he saw the same dragon again. And he came out of his place, to the blessed man, and laying his head under Abraham's feet, burst asunder, and the dove was found alive in the dragon's belly.

"Coming to himself, he called once and again, saying, 'Child, where art thou? Behold, here are two days that thou hast not opened thy mouth, in the praise of God.' Finding that none answered, and that she was not there, he perceived the vision, related to her. And he groaned in spirit and said, 'O Saviour of the world, bring back this lamb into thy fold, that my gray hairs come not down with sorrow to the grave. Lord, despise not my supplication. But send down thy hand, and take her out of the mouth of the dragon that hath devoured her.'

"After a season he heard where she was: and having learned all things concerning her, he called one of his friend's, and said to him, 'Bring me a horse and the habit of a soldier.' And having put it on, with a large cap upon his head, he left his cell, and rode away. Being come to the place, he alighted and went in; and after a time said to the Inn-keeper. 'Friend, I have heard thou hast a beautiful damsel here. Call her to me that I may rejoice with her.' Being called, she came. When the holy man saw her, in her harlot's attire, he was melting into tears. But he refrained himself,

himself, that she might not perceive it. After they sat down, she embraced him, and kissed his neck. And she smelled the smell of his cell, and called to mind past things, and groaning deeply, said, 'Woe is me! What am I?' The Inn-keeper, being astonished, said, 'Mary, thou hast now been with us two years, and I never heard thee groan before, or heard such a word from thee. What is come to thee?' She answered, 'Would I had died three years since; then I had been happy.'

"Immediately Abraham said to him, 'Prepare us a supper, that we may rejoice together; for I am come from far, for *her* sake.' After supper she said to him, 'Let us go into the chamber.' And when they were come in, he saw a bed made ready. And he sat upon it, and said, 'Make fast the door.' She made it fast, and came to him. Having taken hold of her, so that she could not run away, he took off his cap, and said to her, weeping, 'My child, Mary, dost thou not know me? Am not I he that brought thee up? Mary, what is come to thee? Who hath destroyed thee, my daughter? Where are thy prayers and thy tears? Thy watching and holy exercise? My child, when thou hadst sinned, why didst thou not tell *me*, that I might have humbled myself for thee? My daughter, why hast thou done this? Why hast thou forsaken thy father?' She remained in his hands as a lifeless stone: Till he said to her with tears, 'Dost thou not speak to me, my child, Mary? Dost thou not speak to me? Am I not come hither for thy sake? I have besought the Lord concerning thee.' Till midnight he continued exhorting and comforting her. Then coming a little to herself, she said to him, weeping, 'I cannot look at thee; for I am defiled with sin.' The blessed man replied, 'On me be thy sin; only come; let us go to our place.' She said to him, 'If it be possible for me to repent, and if God can accept my repentance, I come: And I fall down, and kiss thy steps, wetting them with my tears, that thou hast thus had compassion on me a forlorn wretch, and art come hither, to draw me out of the mire of sin.' And laying her head at his feet, she

she wept bitterly all the night, saying, 'What shall I render thee for all thy benefits?'

"Early in the morning, he set her upon the horse, and went before her with great joy. And being come to his place, he put her in the inner cell; where she gladly resumed her former exercise, with sackcloth and ashes, and much humiliation, with mourning and watching, and ceaseless calling upon God. And the merciful Lord gave her a sign that he accepted her repentance, healing many that were sick, thro' her prayers.

"Holy Abraham lived ten years after, beholding her good conversation, and blessing; and praising; and magnifying God. Then, having lived seventy years, he slept in peace. Mary survived him thirty and five years, calling upon God night and day; insomuch that all who passed by, glorified God, who saveth them that were gone astray."

Among the believers, who met in the evening; God has kindled a vehement desire of his full salvation. Enquiring how it was, that in all these parts, we have scarce one living witness of this, I constantly received from every person one and the same answer: "We see now, we sought it by our *works*. We thought it was to come *gradually*. We never expected to receive it *in a moment*, by *faith*, as we did *justification*." What wonder is it then, that you have been fighting all these years, as one that *beateth the air*.

Fri. 22, I earnestly exhorted all who were sensible of their wants, and athirst for holiness; to look unto Jesus: to come to him *just as they were*; and receive *all* his promises. And surely it will not be long, before some of these also are fully saved by simple faith.

Sat. 23, I rode over to Placey. I was wet through both going and coming; but I did not repent of my journey. Such a number gathered together, a great part of whom could rejoice in God. These were quite ripe for all the great and precious promises; which they received with all gladness.

Mon. 25, I rode to Shields, and preached in an open place to a listening multitude. Many of them followed



followed me to South-Shields, where I preached in the evening to almost double the congregation. How ripe for the gospel are these also! What is wanting but more labourers?

“More! Why, is there not here (as in every parish in England) a particular minister who takes care of all their souls?” There is one here, who takes charge of all their souls. What care of them he takes, is another question. It may be, he neither knows, nor cares, whether they are going to heaven or hell. Does he ask man, woman, or child, any question about it, from one Christmas to the next? O what account will such a pastor give to the Great Shepherd in that day!

Tues. 26, I went on to Sunderland, and in the evening preached in the new house. The next evening I preached at Monk-wear-mouth.

Thurs. 28, about noon I preached at Biddick, and the power of God was in the midst of his people: and more eminently at Sunderland in the evening. After preaching I met the believers, and exhorted them to “go on to perfection.” It pleased God to apply the plain words which were spoken, so that all were athirst for him. Objections vanished away: and a flame was kindled almost in every heart.

Sun. 31, I preached again, both morning and evening in Monk-wear-mouth church. But it would not near contain the people, many of whom were constrained to go away. After evening service I hastened to Newcastle, and exhorted a willing multitude to “stand in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths, and walk therein.”

In the week following I preached at many little places round Newcastle. Friday, June 5, I went to Prudhoe, where there had been some jar in the society, occasioned by a few, who had lately espoused, and warmly defended a new opinion. I said not one word about it, but preached on, “There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance.” Afterwards perceiving their hearts were much softened, I

met the Society, and exhorted them to beware of bitter zeal, and to "walk in love, as Christ also loved us." They were ashamed before God, and (for the present at least) their contentions were at an end.

In the evening I preached at Nafferton; and the next morning rode to Winlinton, where I had appointed to be between twelve and one. They placed the stand exactly fronting the sun, which shone very warm and very bright. But almost as soon as I began the clouds rose and shadowed us till I concluded. I preached at Swalwell at five, to such a congregation as was never seen there before.

Mon. 8, I rode to Hewham, and preached at noon in an open place near the church. Some expected there would be much disturbance: but there was none at all. We rode thence over the mountains to Allandale, where I had not been for several years. After preaching and meeting the Society, I took horse again, and crossing another chain of mountains, reached Wear-dale before eleven.

Tues. 9, I preached at nine, but was obliged to stand abroad, because of the multitude of people. The sun shone full in my face, but after having spent a short time in prayer, I regarded it not. I then met the Society, and came just in time, to prevent their all turning Dissenters, which they were on the point of doing, being quite disgusted at the curate, whose life was no better than his doctrine.

At noon I preached in Teesdale. Most of the men are lead-miners, who a while ago were turned out of their work for following this way. By this mean many of them got into far better work. And some time after, their old master was glad to employ them again.

We had a long stage from hence to Swale-dale, where I found an earnest, loving, simple people, whom I likewise exhorted, Not to leave the church, tho' they had not the best of ministers. I then baptized a man and two women, who had been bred among the Anabaptists: and I believe all of them received such a blessing therein, as they were not able to express.

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Wed. 10, I took horse at half an hour past three, and reached Barnard-castle soon after six. I preached at eight in a ground adjoining to the town. Are these the people that, a few years ago, were like roaring lions? They were now quiet as lambs: nor could several showers drive them away until I concluded. In the evening I preached at Branspath, near Bishop-Aukland. Most of the congregation, tho' I stood in the street, were deeply attentive. Only one, a kind of gentleman, seemed displeased. But he had none to second him.

Fri. 12, we had one of the most solemn watch-nights at Newcastle, which we have had for several years. Sat. 13, I rode once more to Sunderland, and preached as usual, to a numerous congregation. Sun. 14, after Mr. G. had read prayers, I spoke exceeding plain to as many as could crowd into the church. And out of *so many that are called, will not some be chosen?*

About three I preached at Gateshead-Fell; about five, at the Garth-heads: at each place to a larger congregation, than I ever saw there before. What a change is wrought in this whole country? And will it not be wrought in the whole kingdom?

Mon. 15, I rode to Durham, having appointed to preach there at noon. The meadow, near the river-side, was quite convenient, and the small rain neither disturbed me nor the congregation. In the afternoon I rode to Hartlepool. But I had much ado to preach. My strength was gone as well as my voice: and indeed they generally go together. Three days in a week I can preach thrice a day without hurting myself. But I had now far exceeded this, besides meeting classes, and exhorting the Societies. I was obliged to lie down good part of Tuesday: however in the afternoon I preached at Cherington, and in the evening, at Hartlepool again, tho' not without difficulty. Wed. 17, I rode to Stockton, where a little before the time of preaching, my voice and strength were restored at once. The next evening it began to rain just as I began to preach: but it was suspended until the service.

was over. It then rained again till eight in the morning.

Fri. 19, it was hard work to ride eight miles so called, in two hours and a half: the rain beating upon us, and the bye-road being exceeding slippery. But we forgot all this, when we came to the Grange: so greatly was God present with his people. Thence we rode to Darlington. Here we were under a difficulty again. Not half the people could come in, and the rain forbad my preaching without. But at one (the hour of preaching) the rain stopped, and did not begin again till past two. So the people stood very conveniently in the yard. And many did not care to go away. When I went in, they crowded to the door and windows, and stayed till I took horse. At seven I preached at Yarm, and desired one of our brethren to take my place in the morning.

Sat. 20, about noon I applied those words, "Now abide faith, hope, love: but the greatest of these is love."

This evening also it rained at Hutton-Rudby, until seven, the hour of preaching. But God heard the prayer, and from the time I began, we had only some scattering drops. After sermon the society alone filled the new preaching-house. So mightily has the word of God prevailed, since Alexander Mather laboured here!

Sun. 21, I preached to a larger congregation than in the evening on, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the children of God!" I then rode to Osmotherly, where the minister read prayers seriously, and preached an useful sermon. After service I began in the church-yard; I believe many were wounded, and many comforted. After dinner I called on Mr. Adams, who first invited me to Osmotherly. He was reading the strange account of the two Missionaries, who have lately made such a figure—in the News-papers. I suppose the whole account is just such another gross imposition upon the public, as the man's gathering the people together to see him go into the quart-bottle. "Men  
seven

seven hundred years old!" And why not seven yards high? He that can believe it, let him believe it.

At five I preached at Potto, a mile from Hutton. When I began, I was extremely weak. But God renewed my strength, and so applied his word, that it seemed as if *every one must* believe it. But the scripture cannot be broken. Some seed will still fall *by the way side*, and some *on stony ground*!

Mon. 22, I spoke one by one, to the Society at Hutton-Rudby. They were about eighty in number; of whom near seventy were believers, and sixteen (probably) renewed in love. Here were two bands of children, one of boys, and one of girls, most of whom were walking in the light. Four of those who seemed to be saved from sin, were of one family: and all of them walked holy and unblamable, adorning the doctrine of God their Saviour.

At eleven I preached once more, though in great weakness of body, and met the Stewards of all the Societies. I then rode to Stokesley, and having examined the little Society, went on for Gisborough. The sun was burning hot, but in a quarter of an hour, a cloud interposed and he troubled us no more. I was desired by a gentleman of the town, to preach in the Market-place. And there a table was placed for me. But it was in a bad neighbourhood. For there was so vehement a stench of stinking fish, as was ready to suffocate me. And the people roared like the waves of the sea: but the voice of the Lord was mightier. And in a few minutes the whole multitude was still, and seriously attended, while I proclaimed, "Jesus Christ, made of God unto us wisdom, and righteousness; and sanctification, and redemption."

Tues. 23, I began about five, near the same place, and had a great part of the same audience. Yet they were not the same: the change might easily be read in their countenance. When we took horse, and just faced the sun, it was hard work for man and beast. But about eight the wind shifted, and blowing in our face, kept us cool, till we came to Whitby.

In the evening I preached on the top of the hill, to which you ascend by an hundred, ninety and one steps. The congregation was exceeding large, and ninety-nine in a hundred were attentive. When I began, the sun shone full in my face: but he was soon clouded, and shone no more till I had done.

After meeting the Society, I talked with a sensible woman, whose experience seemed peculiar. She said, "A few days before Easter last, I was deeply convinced of sin: and in Easter-week, I knew my sins were forgiven, and was filled with *joy and peace in believing*. But in about eighteen days, I was convinced in a dream of the necessity of a higher salvation: and I mourned day and night in an agony of desire to be thoroughly sanctified: till on the 23d day after my justification, I found a total change, together with a clear witness, that the blood of Jesus had cleansed me from all unrighteousness."

Wed. 24, I walked round the Old Abbey, which, both with regard to its size, (being I judge a hundred yards long) and the workmanship of it, is one of the finest, if not the finest, ruin in the kingdom. Hence we rode to Robinhood's-Bay, where I preached at six in the Lower-street, near the Key. In the midst of the sermon a large cat, frightened out of a chamber, leaped down upon a woman's head, and ran over the heads or shoulders of many more. But none of them moved or cried out, any more than if it had been a butterfly.

Thurs. 25, I had a pleasant ride to Scarborough, the wind tempering the heat of the sun. I had designed to preach abroad in the evening: but the thunder, lightning, and rain, prevented. However I stood on a balcony, and several hundreds of people stood below: and notwithstanding the heavy rain, would not stir, till I concluded.

Fri. 26, I rode to Hull, and had there also the comfort of finding some witnesses of the Great Salvation. I was constrained to leave them early in the morning, on Sat. 27. At seven, I preached in Beverley, about one, in Pocklington, and at York in the evening, to  
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far the genteelest audience I have had, since I left Edinburgh.

Mon. 29, I met the classes, and found many therein who were much alive to God. But many others were utterly dead, which sufficiently accounts for the Society's not increasing. Wed. July 1, the stewards met, from the Societies in the country. In the evening we all wrestled with God, for the revival of his work: Many found their hearts much enlarged herein, and had confidence he would answer the prayer.

Thurs. 2, I set out early for North Cave, twenty computed miles from York. I preached there at nine to a deeply serious congregation, and was much refreshed. At two, I preached to such another congregation at Thorpe, and concluded the day, by preaching and meeting the Society at Pocklington.

Fri. 3, we returned to York, where I was desired to call upon a poor prisoner in the Castle. I had formerly occasion to take notice of an hideous monster, called a *chancery bill*, I now saw the fellow to it, called a *declaration*. The plain fact was this: Some time since, a man who lived near Yarm, assisted others in running some brandy. His share was worth near four pounds. After he had wholly left off that bad work, and was following his own business, that of a weaver, he was arrested and sent to York jail. And not long after comes down a *declaration*, "that Jac. Wh— had landed a vessel laden with brandy and geneva, at the port of London, and sold them there, whereby he was indebted to his Majesty £577, and upwards." And to tell this worthy story, the Lawyer takes up thirteen or fourteen sheets of treble stamp paper!

O England, England! Will this reproach never be rolled away from thee? Is there any thing like this to be found, either among Papists, Turks, or Heathens? In the name of truth, justice, mercy, and common sense, I ask, 1. Why do men lie for lying's sake? Is it only, to keep their hands in? What need else of saying it was the Port of London? When every one knew the brandy was landed above three hundred miles from

from thence. What a monstrous contempt of truth does this shew, or rather hatred to it? 2. Where is the justice of swelling four pounds into five hundred and seventy seven? 3. Where is the common sense, of taking up fourteen sheets to tell a story, that may be told in ten lines? 4. Where is the mercy, of thus grinding the face of the poor? Thus sucking the blood of a poor, beggared prisoner? Would not this be execrable villainy, if the paper and writing together were only six-pence a sheet, when they have stript him already of his little all, and not left him fourteen groats in the world?

Sun. 5, believing one hindrance of the work of God in York, was the neglect of Field-preaching, I preached this morning at eight, in an open place, near the city walls. Abundance of people ran together; most of whom were deeply attentive. One or two only were angry, and threw a few stones: but it was labour lost; for none regarded them.

Mon. 6, I rode to Tadcaster, and preached within, the rain not suffering us to be abroad, as I intended. In the evening, I preached at Otley, and afterward talked with many of the Society. There is reason to believe, that ten or twelve of these, are filled with the love of God. I found one or two more, the next day at Fewston, a few miles north of Otley, (where I preached at noon) whom God had raised up, to witness the same good confession. And indeed the whole congregation seemed just ripe for receiving all the promises.

Wed. 8, I rode to Knareborough, where it was expected we should not meet with so friendly a reception. But the Lord is King. Our own house being too small, I preached in the Assembly-room. Most of the people looked wild enough when they came in. But they were tame before they went out; and behaved as decently and seriously as the congregation at Otley.

Indeed the mob never was so furious here, as they were formerly at Otley: where the good magistrate directed, "Do what you will to them, so you break no bones."



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bones." But may not a man cut his neighbour's throat, without breaking his bones?

The remaining part of this week I preached at Guiseley, Bingley, and Keighley. Sunday 12, I had appointed to be at Haworth. But the church would not near contain the people, who came from all sides. However Mr. Grimshaw had provided for this, by fixing a scaffold on the outside of some of the windows, thro' which I went after prayers, and the people likewise all went out into the Church-yard. The afternoon congregation was larger still. What has God wrought in the midst of these rough mountains!

Mon. 13, at five I preached on the manner of waiting for "Perfect Love:" the rather to satisfy Mr. Grimshaw, whom many had laboured to puzzle and perplex about it. So once more their bad labour was lost, and we were more united both in heart and judgment than ever.

At noon I preached in Cola, once inaccessible to the gospel; but now the yard I was in would not contain the people. I believe, I might have preached at the cross without the least interruption.

About 5, I preached at Paddiham, another place eminent for all manner of wickedness. The multitude of people obliged me to stand in the yard of the preaching-house. Over against me, at a little distance, sat some of the most impudent women I ever saw. Yet I am not sure that God did not reach their hearts. For "They roared, and would have blushed, if capable of shame."

In the morning I preached at Bentley-Wood-Green on, "Be ye perfect as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Mr. G. afterwards told me, That "this perfection" he firmly believed, and daily prayed for, namely, The love of God and man, producing all those fruits which are described in our Lord's Sermon upon the Mount.

About noon I preached at Baycup, a village in Rosendale. The new Preaching-house is large, but not large enough to contain the congregation. Soon after five, I preached at Heptonstall. The Society here

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here had been greatly hurt by two leaders, getting into new opinions. One of them fell upon me directly, for "denying the righteousness of Christ." On this we discoursed about an hour. The issue was, one of them was quite convinced: and the other (to my no small satisfaction) desired me to put a new leader in his place.

Wed. 15, about seven I preached at Ewood, and about noon at Halifax. New opinions had done harm here also. But at this time all was quiet. I rode over to Bradford in the afternoon, where I found an Anabaptist teacher had perplexed and unsettled the minds of several. But they are now less ignorant of Satan's devices.

Fri. 17, I rode to Birstal, and was much comforted, to find many of our first children in this country, who are not yet weary of the good old way. May they continue therein unto the day of the Lord Jesus!

Sat. 18, at one I preached at South-Royd. The good people had so placed the stand, that the sun, which was very hot, shone upon my head, and the wind, which was very cold, blew in my neck. But it was all one: I was on my Master's business. And great was our rejoicing in Him.

Sun. 19, I preached in Birstal room at eight. At one we had thousands upon thousands, the greatest part of whom were persons "fearing God and working righteousness." I rode thence to Leeds, in order to preach a funeral sermon for Mary Shent, who after many severe conflicts, died in great peace. It was one of the largest congregations which has been seen at Leeds, to whom I spoke very plain from part of the gospel for the day, "Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou mayest be no longer steward."

I hastened back to the Love-feast at Birstal. It was the first of the kind which had been there. Many were surprised when I told them, "The very design of a Love-feast is a free and familiar conversation, in which every man, yea, and woman, has liberty to speak whatever may be to the glory of God." Several then did speak; and not in vain: The flame ran from heart

to heart. Especially while one was declaring with all simplicity, the manner wherein God, during the morning sermon, (on those words, *I will: Be thou clean,*) had set her soul at full liberty. Two men also spoke to the same effect: and two others, who had found peace with God. We then joyfully poured out our souls before God, and praised him for his marvellous works.

Mon. 20, I came to a full explanation, with that good man, Mr. V—. Lord, if I *must* dispute, let it be with the children of the devil. Let me be at peace with *thy* children!

On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, I preached at the neighbouring towns. Fri. 24, in speaking from those words, "In many things we offend all." I observed, 1. As long as we live, our soul is connected with the body. 2. As long as it is thus connected, it cannot think but by the help of bodily organs. 3. As long as these organs are imperfect, we are liable to mistakes, both speculative and practical. 4. Yea, and a mistake may occasion my loving a good man less than I ought; which is a defect, that is, a wrong temper. 5. For all these we need the atoning blood, as indeed for every defect or omission. Therefore, 6. All men have need to say daily, *Forgive us our trespasses.*

About one I preached at Bramley where Jonas Rushford, about fourteen years old, gave me the following relation.

"About this time last year I was desired, by two of our neighbours, to go with them to Mr. Crowther's at Skipton, who would not speak to them, about a man that had been missing twenty days, but bid them bring a boy twelve or thirteen years old. When we came in, he stood reading a book. He put me into a bed, with a looking-glass in my hand, and covered me all over. Then he asked me, whom I had a mind to see? And I said, 'My mother.' I presently saw her with a lock of wool in her hand, standing just in the place, and the clothes she was in, as she told me afterwards. Then he bid me look again for the man that was missing, who was one of our neighbours.

And

“ And I looked and saw him riding towards Idle ; but he was very drunk. And he stopped at the alehouse, and drank two pints more ; and he pulled out a guinea to change. Two men stood by, a big man and a little man : and they went on before him, and got two hedge-stakes. And when he came up, on Windel-Common, at the top of the hill, they pulled him off his horse, and killed him, and threw him into a coal-pit. And I saw it all as plain as if I was close to them. And if I saw the men, I should know them again.

“ We went back to Bradford that night, and the next day I went with our neighbours, and shewed them the spot where he was killed, and the pit he was thrown into. And a man went down, and brought him up. And it was as I had told them : his handkerchief was tied about his mouth, and fastened behind his neck.”

Is it improbable only, or flatly impossible, when all the circumstances are considered, that this should all be pure fiction ? They that can believe this, may believe a man's getting into a bottle.

From Bramley I rode to Kippax. Mr. Venn came a little after we were gone into the church : Mr. Romaine read prayers. I preached on “ Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling block, and to the Greeks foolishness.” O why should they who agree in this great point, fall out about smaller things !

Sat. 25, about one, I preached at Seacroft, and found several who believed God had saved them from sin. In the evening I talked with twelve or fourteen of these particularly. But I found not one, who presumed to say, that he did not need the atoning blood. Nor could I hear of any more than two persons, that ever spoke in this manner. And these were soon after, *for that reason*, expelled out of Otley Society.

Sun. 26, I preached at seven on, “ Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.” And oh ! what a flame did God kindle ! Many were “ on fire, to be dissolved in love.”

About one I preached to the usual congregation at Birstal. What a work is God working here also ! Six

July, 1761:

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in one class have within this week found peace with God: two, this morning, in meeting the classes. While I was praying on Sunday evening, that God would give us a token for good, James Eastwood was set at full liberty: as were William Wilson, and Elizabeth his wife before, and Martha his daughter, with Agnes Gooddel on the Wednesday after. To these were added Joseph Newlam, and Richard Hellewell, sixteen years of age. So that the oldest of our believers now cry out, "We never saw it before on this fashion."

Mon. 27, I preached at Staincross about eleven; about five, at Barley-hall: the next morning at Sheffield. In the afternoon I rode on to Matlock-Bath. The valley which reaches from the town to the bath, is pleasant beyond expression. In the bottom of this runs a little river; close to which a mountain rises, almost perpendicular, to an enormous height, part covered with green, part with ragged and naked rocks. On the other side the mountain rises gradually, with tufts of trees here and there. The brow on both sides is fringed with trees, which seem to answer each other.

Many of our friends were come from various parts. At six, I preached standing under the hollow of a rock, on one side of a small plain, on the other side of which was a tall mountain. There were many well-dressed hearers, this being the high season; and all of them behaved well. But as I walked back, a gentleman-like man asked me, "Why do you talk thus of faith, stuff, nonsense?" Upon enquiry, I found he was an eminent deist. What has the plague crept into the Peak of Derbyshire?

Wed. 29, I preached at five, near the Bath. In Woodseats at two, and in the evening, at the end of the house in Sheffield, to thrice as many people as it would have contained. Thursday and Friday I preached at Rotherham, in the shell of the new house, which is an octagon. The congregation was larger than ever: the Society well united, and much alive to God.

H

Sat.

Sat. August 1, I rode to Clayworth, and after preaching, laboured all I could to reconcile two brothers, who had long been quarrelling about their inheritance. But it was labour lost. Indeed the reason of the thing was clear: but passion is ever too hard for reason.

Hence I went on to Misterton, and both in the evening and morning, spoke to a lifeless, money-getting people, in a sharper manner than ever I did before: and I heard afterward, with good effect.

Sun. 2, I had the satisfaction of hearing Mr. Madan preach an excellent sermon at Haxey. At two I preached at Westwood-side, to the largest congregation I ever saw in the Isle of Axholme: and to nearly the same at Epworth-Cross, as soon as the church service was ended. After spending two days here, on Wed. 5, I preached about nine at Ferry, and then rode on to Gainborough. I preached in the Old Hall to a mixed multitude, part civil, part rude as bears. We rode home thro' heavy rain, joined with much thunder and lightning, part of which was just over our heads. But *the Lord sitteth above the water-floods*. So we came safe, only very wet, to Epworth.

Thurs. 6, I preached about nine, at Hatfield-Woodhouse, and about one, at Syke-house, to far the largest congregation which has been seen there for many years. Boast who will, that "*Methodism* (the revival of true religion) is just coming to nothing." We know better things, and are thankful to God for its continual increase.

Sat. 8, I preached at Winterton, to such a congregation, as I suppose never met there before. From thence we rode on to Barrow, where the mob was in readiness to receive us. But their hearts failed; so they gave only two or three huzzas, and let us pass by unmolested.

As soon as I came out to preach, we had another huzza. But as more and more of the angry ones came within hearing, they lost all their fierceness, and sunk into calmness and attention. So I concluded my discourse

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course with quietness and satisfaction. In the evening I preached at Grimsby, where I spent Sunday and Monday. Tues. 11, I preached at two in Lorborough, in the evening, at Elkington. The next morning we rode to Horncastle, where Satan's children had threatened terrible things. But they could go no farther than to give one feeble shout, as we entered into the town. As the house would not contain the congregation, I preached on the outside of it. And there was no disturbance. Indeed a silly, pert man spoke twice or thrice: but none regarded him.

About one I preached at Sibley, on the edge of the Fens. There were a few wild colts here also. But all the rest, (and they were not a few) were serious and deeply attentive. So were most of the congregation even at Boston, tho' much astonished, as not being used to field-preaching.

Thurs. 13, I took a walk thro' the town. I think it is not much smaller than Leeds; but, in general, it is far better built. The church is indeed a fine building. It is larger, loftier, nay, and rather more light-some, than even St. Peter's at Norwich. And the steeple is, I suppose, the highest tower in England, nor less remarkable for the architecture than the height. The congregation in the evening was far more numerous than the day before. And I trust, God fixed the arrows of conviction in not a few of their hearts.

We went forward after preaching to a friend's house, about nine miles from Boston. Fri. 14, we rode to Bellingford, and on Saturday to Norwich. After spending a few days here, and a few more at Yarmouth and Colchester, on Sat. 22, I returned to London.

I found the work of God swiftly increasing here. The congregations in every place were larger than they had been for several years. Many were from day to day convinced of sin. Many found peace with God. Many backsliders were healed, yea filled with joy unspeakable. And many believers entered into such a rest, as it had not before entered into their hearts to conceive. Mean time, the enemy was not wanting in his endeavours

to sow tares among the good seed. I saw this clearly, but durst not use violence; lest in plucking up the tares, I should root up the wheat also.

Tues. Sep. 1, our conference began, and ended on Saturday. After spending a fortnight more in London, and guarding both the preachers and people against running into extremes, on the one hand or the other, on Sun. 20, at night, I took the machine, and on Mon. 21, came to Bristol.

Here likewise I had the satisfaction to observe a considerable increase of the work of God. The congregations were exceeding large, and the people hungering and thirsting after righteousness. And every day afforded us fresh instances, of persons convinced, or converted to God. So that it seems God was pleased to pour out his Spirit this year, on every part both of England and Ireland: perhaps in a manner we had never seen before: certainly, not for twenty years. O what pity, that so many even of the children of God, did not know the day of their visitation!

Sun. Oct. 4, I preached at Kingwood, morning and afternoon, but not as I designed, under the sycamore-tree, because of the rain. In the ensuing week I visited the Societies in Somersetshire. Sun. 11, I observed God is reviving his work in Kingwood. The Society which had much decreased, being now increased again, to near three hundred members: many of whom are now athirst for full redemption, which for some years they had almost forgot.

Tues. 13, I preached at Newgate: at Kingwood in the afternoon, and in the evening at North-Common. Here a people are sprung up, as it were out of the earth: most of them employed in the neighbouring brass-works. We took a view of these the next day: and one thing I learned here, the propriety of that expression, Rev. i. 15. "His feet were as fine brass, burning in a furnace." The brightness of this cannot easily be conceived. I have seen nothing like it, but clear, white lightning.

Mon.



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Mon. 19, I desired all those to meet me, who believed they were saved from sin. There were seventeen or eighteen. I examined them severally, as exactly as I could. And I could not find any thing in their tempers, (supposing they spoke true) any way contrary to their profession.

Wed. 21, I was desired by the condemned prisoners to give them one sermon more. And on Thursday, Patrick Ward, who was to die on that day, sent to request, I would administer the sacrament to him. He was one-and-twenty years of age, and had scarce ever a serious thought, till he shot the man, who went to take away his gun. From that instant he felt a turn within, and never swore an oath more. His whole behaviour in prison was serious and composed. He read, prayed, and wept much: especially after one of his fellow-prisoners had found peace with God. His hope gradually increased till this day, and was much strengthened at the Lord's-supper. But still he complained, "I am not *afraid*, but I am not *desirous* to die. I do not find *that warmth* in my heart: I am not *sure* my sins are forgiven. He went into the cart about twelve in calmness, but mixed with sadness. But in a quarter of an hour, while he was wrestling with God in prayer, not seeming to know that any one was near him, "The Holy Ghost, said he, came upon me, and I knew that Christ was mine." From that moment his whole deportment breathed a peace and joy beyond all utterance; till after having spent about ten minutes in private prayer, he gave the sign.

Sun. 25, I took a comfortable leave of Kingswood, leaving both the Society and School in a flourishing state: and the next morning, of Bristol, leaving the Society larger than it had been for many years. Now let zeal, as well as *brotherly love continue*, and it will not decrease any more. Having travelled slowly thro' the intermediate societies, on Sat. 31, I came to London.

Sun. Nov. 1, I found the same spirit which I left here, both in the morning and evening service. Mon.

2, at five, I began a course of sermons on Christian Perfection. At seven, I began meeting the classes. Tuesday 10, I found the Society at Deptford, more alive than ever; a sure consequence of which is their increasing in number. Thurs. 12, I rode to Brentford. Here likewise God is at work, and sinners are converted to him. Sat. 14, I spent an hour with a little company near Grosvenor-square. For many years this has been the darkest, driest spot, of all in or near London. But God has now watered the barren wilderness, and it is now become a fruitful field.

Mon. 16, I retired to Lewisham, having many things to write. Fri. 20, I spent an hour at St. George's Hospital. The behaviour of two or three patients there had done unspeakable good. Deep prejudice was torn up by the roots, and much good-will to the truth had succeeded it. O what may not a single believer do, who seeks nothing but the glory of God!

Mon. 23, I went to Canterbury. The congregations were larger than I ever remember. And many found a deeper work of God in their hearts, than ever they had known before. Thurs. 26, I was desired to read part of Bishop Pontopidan's Natural History of Norway. I soon found he was a man of sense, yet credulous to an extreme. And therefore I was the less surprised when I came to his *craken* and *sea serpent*. Of the former, (an animal a mile round, to which a poor whale is no more than a gudgeon) he gives no proof or shadow of proof, nothing but vague, uncertain hear-says. "Two sailors, he says, made oath of seeing part of the latter, seven or eight folds of his back." But he did not talk with them himself: so I can lay little stress on their evidence. They might be *weak* men; they might be *frighted*: Yea, they were, by their own confession. Or they might be men of *no conscience*: on any of which suppositions their testimony is nothing worth.

Sat. 28, we returned to London. Sun. 29, we had a comfortable love-feast, at which several declared the blessings

blessings they had found lately. We need not be careful, by what *name* to call them, while *the thing* is beyond dispute. Many have, and many do daily experience an unspeakable change. After being deeply convinced of inbred sin, particularly of pride, anger, self-will, and unbelief, in a moment they *feel* all faith and love: no pride, no self-will, or anger. And from that moment they have continual fellowship with God, always rejoicing, praying, and giving thanks. Whoever ascribes such a change to the devil, I ascribe it to the Spirit of God. And I say, let whoever feel it wrought, cry to God, that it may continue; which it will, if he walk closely with God: otherwise it will not.

Preaching at Deptford, Welling, and Sevenoaks in my way, on Thursday, Dec. 3, I came to Shoreham. There I read the celebrated Life of St. Katherine of Genoa. Mr. Lesley calls one, *a devil of a saint*: I am sure this was *a fool of a saint*. That is, if it was not the folly of her historian, who has aggrandized her into a mere idiot. Indeed we seldom find a saint of God's making, fainted by the Bishop of Rome. I preached at five, to a small, serious company, and the next day returned to London.

Mon. 7, I rode to Colchester, and had the satisfaction to find many of our brethren much alive to God. After confirming them, as I could, in the ways of God, on Thursday I returned home. Sun. 13, was a comfortable day, wherein several prisoners were set at liberty. Sat. 19, I visited many near Oxford-market and Grosvenor-square, and found God was still enlarging his work. More and more were convinced, converted to God, and built up day by day: and that notwithstanding the weakness of the instruments by whom God was pleased to work.

Mon. 21, I retired again to Lewisham, and wrote *Farther Thoughts on Christian Perfection*. Had the cautions given herein been observed, how much scandal had been prevented! And why were they not? Because, my own familiar friend was even now forming a party against me.

Fri. 25,

Fri. 25, we began, as usual, at four. A few days since, one who lived in known sin, finding heavy conviction, broke away, and ran out she knew not whither. She met one, who offered her a shilling a week, to come and take care of her child. She went gladly. The woman's husband, hearing her stir between three and four, began cursing and swearing bitterly. His wife said, "I wish thou wouldst go with her, and see if any thing will do *thee* good." He did so. In the first hymn God broke his heart, and he was in tears all the rest of the service. How soon did God recompense this poor woman, for taking the stranger in!

Sat. 26, I made a particular enquiry into the case of Mary Special, a young woman then in Tottenham Court-road. She said, "Four years since, I found much pain in my breasts, and afterward, hard lumps. Four months ago my left breast broke, and kept running continually. Growing worse and worse, after some time, I was recommended to St. George's Hospital. I was let blood many times, and took hemlock thrice a day; but I was no better, the pain and the lumps were the same, and both my breasts were quite hard, and black as soot: when yesterday sen'night I went to Mr. Owen's, where there was a meeting for prayer. Mr. Bell saw me and asked, 'Have you faith to be healed?' I said, 'Yes.' He prayed for me, and in a moment all my pain was gone. But the next day, I felt a little pain again, I clapped my hands upon my breasts, and cried out, 'Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me whole.'" It was gone: And from that hour I have had no pain, no soreness, no lumps, or swelling, but both my breasts were perfectly well, and I have been so ever since."

Now here are plain facts, 1. She *was* ill. 2. She *is* well. 3. She became so in a moment. Which of these can, with any modesty, be denied?

Tues. 29, in order to remove some misunderstandings, I desired all the parties concerned to meet me: They did so; all but T—— M——d, who flatly refused.

refused to come. Is this only the first step toward a separation? Alas for the man! alas for the people! \*

Thurs. 31, we concluded the year as usual, with a solemn watch-night. O may we conclude our lives in the same manner, blessing and praising God!

Fri. Jan. 1, 1762, we had, I believe, pretty near two thousand of the Society at Spital-fields, in the evening, where Mr. Berridge, Maxfield, and Colley assisted me. And we found God was in the midst, while we devoted ourselves in the most solemn and explicit manner.

Sat. 2, I set out for Everton, in order to supply Mr. Berridge's Church in his absence. In my way I preached at Rood Farm, five and forty miles from London. Afterward the moon shining bright, we had a pleasant ride to Everton.

Sun. 3, I read prayers, and preached morning and evening to a numerous and lively congregation. I found the people in general were more settled, than when I was here before. But they were in danger of running from East to West. Instead of thinking, as many then did, that none possibly have true faith, but those that have trances or visions, they were now ready to think, that whoever had any thing of this kind had no faith.

Mon. 4, after preaching to a large congregation at Wrestlingworth, we rode on to Harston. I never preached a whole sermon by moon-light before. However it was a solemn season: a season of holy mourning to some; to others of joy unspeakable.

Tuesday 5, I preached in Harston at nine, and about eleven at Wiltstow, three miles farther, to a people just ripe for, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden." In the afternoon, we set out for Stoke, on the edge of Suffolk. As we rode thro' Haverhill, we were saluted with one huzza, the mob of that town having no kindness for Methodists. But all was quiet at Stoke: for Sir H— A— will suffer no

\* N. B. These were the words I wrote at the time.

disturbance

disturbance there. The congregation came from many miles round: and God was in the midst of them. Their hearty prayers went up on every side. And many felt the answer to them.

Wed. 6, the largeness of the congregation at five, shewed they were not forgetful hearers. I preached longer than I am accustomed to do: but still they were not satisfied. Many crowded after me into the dwelling-house. After speaking a few words, I went to prayer. A cry began, and soon spread thro' the whole company, so that my voice was lost. Two seemed to be distressed above all the rest. We continued wrestling with God, until one of them had a good hope, and the other was *filled with joy and peace in believing*.

In the afternoon it blew a storm, by the favour of which we came into Haverhill quite unmolested. But notwithstanding wind and rain, the people crowded so fast into the preaching house, that I judged it best to begin half an hour before the time, by which means it contained the greater part of them. Altho' they that could not come in made a little noise, it was a solemn and a happy season.

Thurs. 7, abundance of them came again at five, and drank in every word. Here also many followed me into the house, and hardly knew how to part. At nine, I preached at Steeple-Bumstead, three miles from Haverhill, to a considerably larger congregation. And all were serious. Hence we rode for Barkway, four miles from Royston. The preaching-place was exceeding large; yet it was well filled, and the people were wedged in as close as possible. And many of them found that God was there, to their unspeakable comfort.

Hence we rode to Barley, where I preached at one. A middle-aged woman dropped down at my side, and cried aloud for mercy. It was not long before God put a new song in her mouth. At six in the evening I preached at Melbourn. Here too God both wounded and healed. I laid hold after preaching on a poor backslider, who quickly melted into tears, and determined

ained to return once more to Him, from whom she had deeply revolted.

Here I talked at large with one who thinks he is renewed in love. Perhaps he is : but his understanding is so small, his experience so peculiar, and his expressions so uncouth, that I doubt very few will receive his testimony.

Sat. 9, I rode to Potton. What has God wrought here, since I saw this town twenty years ago ! I could not then find a living Christian therein ; but wild-beasts in abundance. Now here are many who know in whom they have believed ; and no one gives us an uncivil word ! I preached at six to a very numerous and serious congregation. What have we to do to despair of any person or people ?

Sun. 10, I preached at six in the morning to nearly the same congregation. I read prayers and preached, morning and afternoon, at Everton, and gave the sacrament to a large number of communicants. At four we took horse, and reached Grandchester a little before seven. Finding a little company met together, I spent half an hour with them exceeding comfortably. And, thro' the blessing of God, I was no more tired when I went to bed, than when I arose in the morning.

Mon. 11, the house was thoroughly filled at five, and that with serious and sensible hearers. I was sorry I had no more time at this place ; especially as it was so near Cambridge, from whence many gentlemen used to come, when any clergyman preached. But my work was fixed : so I took horse soon after preaching, and rode to a village called Botsam-lode, seven miles from Cambridge. Here a large congregation was soon assembled : and I had no sooner named my text, " When they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both," than a murmur ran thro' the whole people, and many of them were in tears. This concern increased as I went on, so that none appeared to be unmoved. One just by me cried with a bitter cry. But in a short time she shouted for joy. So did several others ; so

that

that it was not easy to tell, whether more were wounded or comforted.

Hence we rode to Lakenheath, and passed a comfortable night. Tues. 12, just as we set out, the storm, which had been very high all night, brought on impetuous rain. It was a good providence, 1. That we had now firm, sandy road, not clay and miry fields as yesterday: 2. That the wind was behind us: otherwise I believe it would have been impossible to go on. It was often ready to bear away man and beast. However in the afternoon we came safe to Norwich.

Wed. 10, we rested from our labour. How can they who never labour, taste the sweetness of rest? Fri. 15, I preached at Yarmouth. Sat. 16, I transcribed the Society at Norwich. But two hundred of them I made no account of, as they met no class. About four hundred remained: half of whom appeared to be in earnest.

Tues. 19, I rode to Bury, and was glad to find a little, serious company still. But there cannot be much done here, till we preach abroad; or at least in the heart of the town. We are now quite at one end; and people will not come from the other until they have first *tasted the good word*.

Thurs. 21, I rode to Colchester, and found a quiet, loving, regular Society. After spending a day with them, on Sat. 23, I cheerfully returned to London.

Wed. 27, I had a striking proof, that God *can* teach by whom he *will* teach. A man full of words, but not of understanding, convinced me of what I could never see before, that *anima est ex traduce*: that all the souls of his posterity, as well as their bodies, were in our first parent.

Fri. Feb. 5, I met at noon, as usual, those who believe they are saved from sin, and warned them of the Enthusiasm which was breaking in by means of two or three weak though good men, who from a misconstrued text in *the Revelation*, inferred, that they should not die. They received the warning in much love. However this gave great occasion of triumph,



to those who sought occasion, so that they rejoiced, as tho' they had found great spoil.

After preaching at Deptford, Welling, and Seven-oaks, on Tuesday and Wednesday, I rode on to Sir Tho. I'Anson's, near Tunbridge, and between six and seven preached in his large parlour, which opens likewise into the hall. The plain people were all attention: if the seed be watered, surely there will be some fruit.

Sun. 14, I buried the remains of Thomas Salmon, a good and useful man. What was peculiar in his experience was, he did not know when he was justified: but he did know, when he was renewed in love, that work being wrought in a most distinct manner. After this he continued about a year, in constant love, joy, and peace. Then, after an illness of a few days, he cheerfully went to God.

Mon. 15, and the following days I spent in transcribing the list of the Society. It never came up before to 2,400: now it contains above 2,700 members.

Sun. 28, we had a peculiar blessing at Spital-fields, while I was enforcing, "Now is the day of salvation." Indeed there is always a blessing, when we cut off all delay, and come to God *now* by simple faith.

Fri. March 5, I had a long conversation with Joseph Rule, commonly called *the White Quaker*. He appeared to be a calm, loving, sensible man, and much devoted to God.

Mon. 8, I retired to Lewisham, to answer Dr. Horne's ingenious Sermon on Justification by Works. O that I might dispute with no man! But if I *must* dispute, let it be with men of sense!

Thurs. 11, I buried the remains of Mary Ramsey, a true daughter of affliction, worn out by a cancer in her breast, with a variety of other disorders. To these was added, for a time, great darkness of mind, the body pressing down the soul. Yet she did not murmur or repine: much less charge God foolishly. It was not long before he restored the light of his countenance; and shortly after she fell asleep.

Fri. 12, the national fast was observed all over London with great solemnity. Surely God is well-pleased even with this acknowledgement, that he governs the world. And even the outward humiliation of a nation, may be rewarded with outward blessings.

Mon. 15, I left London, tho' not without regret, and went slowly thro' the Societies to Bristol. Sat. 27, I heard a large account of the children near Lawford's-Gate, which has made so much noise here. The facts are too glaring to be denied. But how are they to be accounted for? By natural, or supernatural agency? Contend who list about this.

Mon. 29, I came to the New-Passage a little before nine. The rain and wind increased much while we were on the water: however, we were safe on shore at ten. I preached about twelve, in the New-Room at Chepstow. One of the congregation was a neighbouring clergyman, who lived in the same stair-case with me at Christ-Church, and was then far more serious than I. Blessed be God, who has looked upon me at last! Now let me redeem the time!

In the afternoon we had such a storm of hail, as I scarce ever saw in my life. The roads likewise were so extremely bad, that we did not reach Hereford till past eight. Having been well battered both by hail, rain, and wind, I got to bed as soon as I could, but was waked many times by the clattering of the curtains: in the morning I found the casement wide open. But I was never the worse. I took horse at six, with William Crane and Francis Walker. The wind was piercing cold, and we had many showers of snow and rain: but the worst was, part of the road was scarce passable. So that at Church-Stretton, one of our horses lay down, and would go no farther. However, William Crane and I pushed on, and before seven reached Shrewsbury.

A large company quickly gathered together, many of them were wild enough. But the far greater part were calm and attentive, and came again at five in the morning.

Wed,

Wed. 30, having been invited to preach at Wem, Mrs. Glynné desired she might take me thither in a post-chaise. But in little more than an hour, we were fast enough. However the horses pulled, until the traces broke. I should then have walked on, had I been alone, tho' the mud was deep, and the snow drove impetuously. But I could not leave my friend. So I waited patiently, until the man had made shift to mend the traces. And the horses pulled amain: so that with much ado, not long after the time appointed, I came to Wem.

I came: but the person who invited me was gone out of town at four in the morning. And I could find no one, who seemed either to expect or desire my company. I enquired after the place where Mr. Mather preached: but it was filled with hemp. It remained only to go into the market-house: but neither any man, woman, nor child cared to follow us; the north-wind roared so loud on every side, and poured in from every quarter: however, before I had done singing, two or three crept in, and after them two or three hundred. And the power of God was so present among them, that I believe many forgot the storm.

The wind grew still higher in the afternoon, so that it was difficult to sit our horses. And it blew full in our face, but could not prevent our reaching Chester in the evening. Tho' the warning was short, the room was full; and full of serious, earnest hearers; many of whom expressed a longing desire for the whole salvation of God.

Here I rested on Thursday. Friday, April 1, I rode to Park-gate; and found several ships: but the wind was contrary. I preached at five in the small house they have just built: and the hearers were remarkably serious. I gave notice of preaching at five in the morning. But at half an hour after four, one brought us word, that the wind was come fair, and Captain Jordan would sail in less than an hour. We were soon in the ship, wherein we found about threescore passengers. The sun shone bright, the wind was moderate, the

sea smooth, and we wanted nothing but room to stir ourselves : the cabin being filled with hops, so that we could not get into it, but by climbing over them, on our hands and knees. In the afternoon we were abreast of Holyhead. But the scene was quickly changed : the wind rose higher and higher, and by 7 o'clock blew a storm. The sea broke over us continually, and sometimes covered the ship, which both pitched and rolled in an uncommon manner : so I was informed ; for being a little sick, I lay down at six, and slept with little intermission, till near six in the morning. We were then near Dublin-Bay, where we went into a boat, which carried us to Dunlary. There we met with a chaise just ready, in which we went to Dublin.

I found much liberty of spirit in the evening while I was enforcing, "Now is the day of salvation." The congregation was uncommonly large in the morning ; and seemed to be much alive. Many children, I find, are *brought to the birth*. And shall there not be strength to bring forth ?

It was at this time that Mr. Grimshaw fell asleep. He was born Sept. 3, 1708, at Brindle, six miles south of Preston in Lancashire, and educated at the schools of Blackburn and Heskin, in the same county. Even then the thoughts of death and judgment made some impression upon him. At eighteen he was admitted at Christ's College in Cambridge. Here bad example so carried him away, that for more than two years he seemed utterly to have lost all sense of seriousness : which did not revive ; until the day he was ordained deacon, in the year 1731. On that day he was much affected with the sense of the importance of the ministerial office. And this was increased by his conversing with some at Rochdale, who met once a week to read, and sing, and pray. But on his removal to Todmorden soon after, he quite dropped his pious acquaintance, conformed to the world, followed all its diversions, and contented himself with *doing his duty* on Sundays.

But about the year 1734, he began to think seriously again. He left off all his diversions ; he began to catechise

teach the young people, to preach the absolute necessity of a devout life; and to visit his people, not in order to be merry with them as before, but to press them to seek the salvation of their souls.

At this period also he began himself to pray in secret four times a day. And the God of all grace, who prepared his heart to pray, soon gave the answer to his prayer: not indeed as he expected; not in joy or peace, but by bringing upon him very strong and painful convictions of his own guilt, and helplessness, and misery; by discovering to him what he did not suspect before, that his heart was deceitful and desperately wicked, and what was more afflicting still, that all his duties and labours could not procure him pardon, or gain him a title to eternal life. In this trouble he continued more than three years, not acquainting any one with the distress he suffered; till one day, (in 1742) being in the utmost agony of mind, there was clearly represented to him, Jesus Christ pleading for him with God the Father, and gaining a free pardon for him. In that moment all his fears vanished away, and he was filled with joy unspeakable. "I was now (says he) willing to renounce myself, and to embrace Christ for my all in all. O what light and comfort did I enjoy in my own soul, and what a taste of the pardoning love of God!"

All this time he was an entire stranger to the people called Methodists, whom afterwards he thought it his duty to countenance, and to labour with them in his neighbourhood. He was an entire stranger also to all their Writings; until he came to Haworth, May 26, of this year. And the good effects of his preaching soon became visible. Many of his flock were brought into deep concern for salvation, and were in a little time after filled with peace and joy thro' believing. And, as in antient times, the whole congregation have been often seen in tears, on account of their provocations against God, and under a sense of his goodness in yet sparing them.

His lively manner of representing the truths of God could not fail of being much talked of, and bringing many hundreds out of curiosity to Haworth church : who received so much benefit by what they heard, that when the novelty was long over, the church continued to be full of people, many of whom came from far, and this for twenty years together.

Mr. Grimshaw was now too happy himself in the knowledge of Christ, to rest satisfied, without taking every method he thought likely to spread the knowledge of his God and Saviour. And as the very indigent, constantly make their want of better clothes to appear in, an excuse for not coming to church in the day time, he contrived, for them chiefly, a lecture on Sunday evenings, tho' he had preached twice in the day before. God was pleased to give great success to these attempts, which animated him still more to spend and be spent for Christ. So the next year he began a method, which was continued by him for ever after, of preaching in each of the four hamlets he had under his care, three times every month. By this mean the old and infirm, who could not attend the church, had the truth of God brought to their houses ; and many, who were so profane as to make the distance from the house of God a reason for scarce ever coming to it, were allured to hear. By this time the great labour with which he instructed his own people, the holiness of his conversation, and the benefit which very many from the neighbouring parishes had obtained by attending his ministry ; concurred to bring upon him many earnest intreaties to come to their houses, who lived in neighbouring parishes, and expound the word of God to souls as ignorant as they had been themselves. This request he did not dare to refuse ; so that while he provided abundantly for his own flock, he annually found opportunity of preaching near three hundred times, to congregations in other parts.

And for a course of fifteen years or upwards, he used to preach every week, fifteen, twenty, and sometimes thirty times besides visiting the sick, and other occasional

sional duties of his function. It is not easy to ascribe such unwearied diligence, chiefly among the poor, to any motive but the real one. He thought he would never keep silence while he could speak to the honour of that God, who had done so much for his soul. And while he saw sinners perishing for lack of knowledge, and no one breaking to them the bread of life, he was constrained, notwithstanding the reluctance he felt within, to give up his name to still greater reproach, as well as all his time and strength, to the work of the ministry.

During this intense application to what was the delight of his heart, God was exceedingly favourable to him. In sixteen years he was only once suspended from his labour by sickness, tho' he dared all weathers, upon the bleak mountains, and used his body with less compassion, than a merciful man would use his beast. His soul at various times enjoyed large manifestations of God's love; and he drank deep into his Spirit. His cup ran over, and at some seasons, his faith was so strong and his hope so abundant, that higher degrees of spiritual delight would have overpowered his mortal frame.

In this manner Mr. Grimshaw employed all his powers and talents even to his last illness. And his labours were not in vain in the Lord. He saw an effectual change take place in many of his flock; and a restraint from the commission of sin brought upon the parish in general. He saw the name of Jesus exalted, and many souls happy in the knowledge of him, and walking as became the gospel. Happy he was himself, in being kept by the power of God, unblamable in his conversation: happy in being beloved in several of the last years of his life, by every one in his parish; who, whether they would be persuaded by him to forsake the evil of their ways or not, had no doubt that Mr. Grimshaw was their cordial friend. Hence, at his departure, a general concern was visible thro' his parish. Hence his body was interred with what is more ennobling than all the pomp of a royal funeral; for he was followed

to the grave by a great multitude, with affectionate sighs, and many tears; who cannot still hear his much-loved name, without weeping for the guide of their souls, to whom each of them was dear as children to their father.

His behaviour, throughout his last sickness, was of a piece with the last twenty years of his life; from the very first attack of his fever, he welcomed its approach. His intimate knowledge of Christ, abolished all the reluctance nature feels to a dissolution, and triumphing in him, who is the resurrection and the life, he departed April 7th, in the 55th year of his age, and the 21st of eminent usefulness.

It may not be unacceptable to subjoin here, one of his plain, rough letters, to the Society in London.

“*Haworth, Jan. 9, 1760.*

“*My dear Brethren,*

“GRACE, mercy, and peace be to you from God our Father and from our Lord Jesus.—It is well with four sorts of people, that you have had, or now have to do with. It is well with those of you *in Christ, who are gone to God*. It is well with those of you *in Christ, who are not gone to God*. It is well with those, who earnestly *long to be in Christ*, that they may go to God. It is well with those, who *neither desire to be in Christ nor to go to God*. And it is only bad with such, who, being out of Christ are gone to the devil. These it is best to let alone, and say no more about them.

“But to be sure, it is well with the other four. It is well with those of you, who being *in Christ are gone to God*. You ministers and members of Christ have no more doubt or pain about them. They are now, and for ever, out of the reach of the world, flesh, and devil. They are gone, ‘where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.’ They are sweetly reposed in Abraham’s bosom. They dwell in his presence, who hath redeemed them, where *there is*



*is fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore.* They are waiting the joyful morning of the resurrection, when their vile bodies shall be made like unto his glorious body, shall be re-united to their souls, shall receive the joyful sentence, and 'inherit the kingdom prepared for them from the foundation of the world.'

"It is well also with those of you, who are *in Christ*, though not gone to God. You live next door to them. Heaven is begun with you too. The kingdom of God is within you. You feel it. This is a kingdom of righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. It is begun in grace, and shall terminate in glory. Yea; it is Christ within you the hope of glory. Christ the rock, the foundation laid in your hearts. Hope in the middle, and glory at the top. Christ, hope, glory. You are washed in the blood of the Lamb, justified, sanctified; and shall shortly be glorified. Yea, your lives are already *hid with Christ in God*. You have your conversation already in heaven. Already you *sit in heavenly places in Christ Jesus*. What heavenly sentences are these! What can come nearer Paradise? Bless the Lord, O ye happy souls, and let all that is within you bless his holy name. Sing unto the Lord, so long as you live, and praise your God, while you have your being. And how long will that be? Thro' the endless ages of a glorious eternity.

"O my dear brothers and sisters, this is my hope, and this is my purpose. But to whom, and to what are we indebted for all this, and infinitely more than all the tongues and hearts of men or angels can tell or conceive? To our Redeemer only, and to his merits. Christ within us is Jesus to us. We were poor, lost, helpless sinners, aliens from the common-wealth of Israel, and children of wrath. But Jesus lived, and Jesus died, the just for the unjust, to bring us to the enjoyment of it.

"And what does all this require at our hands? Why infinitely more than we can render him to all eternity. However let us praise and glorify God in the best manner, and with the best members that we have. Let us  
do

do it constantly, cordially, cheerfully so long as we live; and then no doubt we shall do it in heaven for ever.

“ Keep close I beseech you to every mean of grace. Strive to walk in all the ordinances and commandments of God blameless, giving all diligence to make your calling and election sure; add to your faith virtue; to virtue—knowledge; to knowledge—temperance; to temperance—patience; to patience—godliness; to godliness—brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness—charity. For ‘if these things, (says St. Peter,) be in you, and abound, they make you that you shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.’ Thus you will give the best token of your thankfulness to him, for what he hath done for your souls; and you shall, not long hence, in heaven, sing his praise with your happy brethren, gone thither before you.

“ It is well with those likewise of you, who do truly *desire to be in Christ*, that you may go to God. Surely he owns you. Your desires are from him: you shall enjoy his favour. By and by you shall have peace with him through our Lord Jesus Christ. Go forth by the footsteps of the flock; and feed ye by the shepherd’s tents. Be constant in every mean of grace. He will be found of them that diligently seek him. ‘Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. Tho’ your sins be never so many, never so monstrous, all shall be forgiven. He will have mercy upon you, and will abundantly pardon.’ For ‘where sin hath abounded, grace doth much more abound.’ He who hath begun this good work in you will accomplish it to your eternal good, and to his eternal glory. Therefore doubt not; fear not. ‘A broken and a contrite heart God will not despise.’ The deeper is your sorrow; the nearer is your joy. Your extremity is God’s opportunity. It is usually darkest before day-break. You shall shortly find pardon, peace, and plenteous redemption, and at last rejoice in the common and glorious salvation of his saints.

“ And

“ And lastly : It is well for you, who *neither truly desire to be in Christ, nor to go to God.* For it is well for you that you are out of hell.—It is well your day of grace is not utterly past. ‘ Behold, now is your accepted time : Behold, now is the day of your salvation ! ’ O that you may employ the remainder of it in working out your salvation with fear and trembling. Now is faith to be had, saving faith. Now you may be washed from all your sins in the Redeemer’s blood, justified, sanctified, and prepared for heaven. Take I beseech you, the time while the time is.—You have now the means of grace to use ;—The ordinances of God to enjoy ;—His word to read and hear ;—His ministers to instruct you, and his members to converse with. You know not what a day may bring forth. You may die suddenly. ‘ As death leaves you ; judgment will find you.’ And if you die, as you are, *out of Christ*, void of true faith, unregenerate, unsanctified ; ‘ snares, fire, and brimstone, storm and tempest, God will rain upon you,’ Ps. xi. 7 ; as your eternal, intolerable portion to drink.

“ Suffer me therefore, thus far, one and all of you. God’s glory, and your everlasting welfare, is all I aim at. What I look for in return from you is, I confess, much more than I deserve, your prayers. Pray for me and I will pray for you, who am,

“ *Your affectionate Brother,*

“ W. GRIMSHAW.”

Fri. 9, (being Good-Friday,) I had almost lost my voice by a cold. However I spoke as I could, till before twelve, it being a watch-night, I could speak near as well as ever.

On Easter-day we had uncommon congregations, as indeed we have had all the week. And I observed a more stayed and solid behaviour in most, than is usual in this kingdom. Monday and Tuesday I was employed in visiting the classes : and I was much comforted among them : there was such an hunger and thirst in  
all

all who had tasted of the grace of God, after a full renewal in his image.

Sun. 18, as often as I have been here, I never saw the house thoroughly filled before. And the multitude did not come together in vain. I think, many will remember this day.

Mon. 19, I left Dublin: and I could look back with satisfaction on the time I had spent therein. I had reason to believe, that God had been at work in a very uncommon manner. Many of those who once contradicted and blasphemed, were now convinced of the truth as it is in Jesus. Many who had long revolted from God, had returned to him with full purpose of heart. Several mourners had found peace with God, and some believe he has saved them from all sin. Many more are all on fire for this salvation; and a spirit of love runs thro' the whole people.

I came in the evening to Newry, where I found a far different face of things. Offences had broke the Society in pieces, only two and thirty being left of near an hundred: but God has a few names left here also. Let these stand firm, and God will maintain his own cause.

Wed. 21, I rode to Carrick-fergus. The violent rain kept away the delicate and curious hearers. For the sake of these, I delayed the morning preaching until a quarter before nine. But it was too early still for a great part of the town, who could not possibly rise before ten. I added a few members to the Society, and left them in peace and love.

Where to preach in Belfast, I did not know. It was too wet to preach abroad. And a dancing-master was busily employed in the upper part of the market-house: till at twelve, the sovereign drove him out, by holding his court there. While he was above, I began below, to a very serious and attentive audience. But they were all poor; the rich of Belfast *cared for none of these things.*

After dinner we rode to New-town, and found another poor, shattered Society, reduced from fifty to

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eighteen members, and most of those cold enough. In the evening I preached to a large congregation in the market-house on, "I will heal their backsliding." God fulfilled his word. Many were healed, and many more deeply wounded. I had full employment among them the next day. And on Sat. 24, I left between thirty and forty members, full of desire and hope, and earnest resolutions, not to be *almost*, but *altogether* *Christians*.

About ten I preached at Comber, and then rode to Lisburn, where, in the evening, I had many rich and genteel hearers. Sun. 25, the congregation was larger in the morning, than the evening before: and many appeared to be deeply wounded. O may none heal their wound slightly. But far the largest congregation of all met in the evening: and yet I saw not a scoffer, no, nor trifler among them.

Mon. 26, in the evening I preached to a large congregation in the market-house at Lurgan. I now embraced the opportunity, which I had long desired, of talking with Mr. Miller, the contriver of that statue, which was in Lurgan when I was there before. It was the figure of an old man, standing in a case, with a curtain drawn before him, over against a clock which stood on the other side of the room. Every time the clock struck, he opened the door with one hand, drew back the curtain with the other, turned his head, as if looking round on the company, and then said with a clear, loud, articulate voice, "Past one, two, three," and so on. But so many came to see this (the like of which all allowed was not to be seen in Europe,) that Mr. Miller was in danger of being ruined, not having time to attend his own business. So, as none offered to purchase it, or to reward him for his pains, he took the whole machine in pieces: nor has he any thought of ever making any thing of the kind again.

Tues. 27, I preached in Lurgan at five, in Terryhugan at ten, and at two in the market-house at Richhill. I have rarely seen so serious a congregation at a new place. At six I preached in the new preaching-

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house

house at Clainmain, the largest in the north of Ireland. And the people were all alive, being stirred up by Mr. Ryan, once an Attorney, but now living upon his own estate.

Wed. 28, the rain kept off the curious hearers, so that we had few in the evening, but earnest souls: after sermon we had a love-feast, God poured out his Spirit abundantly. Many were filled with consolation, particularly two, who had come from Lisburn, (three and twenty Irish miles) one, a lifeless backslider, the other a girl of sixteen, who had been some time slightly convinced of sin. God restored her to the light of his countenance, and gave her a clear evidence of his love: and indeed in so uncommon a manner, that it seemed, her soul was all love. One of our brethren was constrained openly to declare, he believed God had wrought *this change* in him. I trust he will not lightly cast away the gift which God has given him. In the morning I left them rejoicing and praising God, and rode to Monaghan.

The commotions in Munster having now alarmed all Ireland, we had hardly alighted, when some wise persons informed the Provost, there were three strange sort of men come to the King's-arms. So the Provost, with his officers, came without delay, to secure the north from so imminent a danger. I was just come out, when I was required to return into the house. The Provost asked me many questions, and perhaps the affair might have turned serious, had I not had two letters with me, which I had lately received, one from the Bishop of Londonderry, the other from the Earl of Moyra. Upon reading these, he excused himself for the trouble he had given, and wished me a good journey.

Between six and seven I preached at Coot-hill, and in the morning rode on to Inniskillen: the situation of which is both pleasant and strong, as it is surrounded by a deep and broad river. But fortifications it has none: no, nor so much as an old castle. The inhabitants glory that they have no papist in the town!

I

After

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III

After riding round and round, we came in the evening to a lone house, called Carrick-a-biggan. It lay in the midst of horrid mountains; and had no very promising appearance. However, it afforded corn for our horses, and potatoes for ourselves. So we made a hearty supper, called in as many as pleased of the family to prayers, and though we had no fastening either for our door, or our windows, slept in peace.

Sat. May 1, we took horse at five. The north east wind would have suited the first of January. And we had soaking rain on the black mountains. However before noon we came well to Sligo.

None in Sligo when I was there last, professed so much love to me as Mr. ——'s family. They would willingly have had me with them morning, noon, and night, and omitted no possible mark of affection. But what a change! Mrs. ——'s went into the country the day before I came. Her brother and his wife set out for Dublin at the same time. He himself, and the rest of his family, saw me, that is, at church, because they could not help it;

“ But wonder'd at the strange man's face,

As one they ne'er had known.”

I am sorry for *their* sake, not my own. Perhaps they may wish to see me when it is too late.

Sun. 2, I preached in the market-house, morning and evening. Abundance of the dragoons were there; so were many of the officers, who behaved with uncommon seriousness.

Mon. 3, in the evening a company of players began acting in the upper part of the market-house, just as we began singing in the lower. The case of these is remarkable. The Presbyterians for a long time had their public worship here. But when the strollers came to town, they were turned out; and from that time had no public worship at all. On Tuesday evening the lower part too was occupied by buyers and sellers of oatmeal. But as soon as I began, the people quitted their sacks, and listened to business of greater importance.

On the following days, I preached at Carrick-on-Shannon, Drummersnave, Cleg-hill, Longford, and Abidarring. Sat. 8, calling on a friend in our way, we had not sat down, before several of the neighbours, Papists as well as Protestants, came in, supposing I was to preach. I was not willing to disappoint them. And they all listened with deep attention.

Hence I rode to Athlone. I intended on Sun. 9, to preach abroad as usual: but the sharp wind made it impracticable, and obliged me to keep in the house. The congregation however was large both morning and evening; and I found a little fruit of my labour.

Thurs. 13, I was in hopes even the Papists here had at length a shepherd who cared for their souls. He was stricter than any of his predecessors, and was esteemed a man of piety as well as learning. Accordingly he had given them strict orders, not to *work* on the Lord's-day. But I found he allowed them to *play* as much as they pleased, at cards in particular: nay, and averred, 'It was their *duty* so to do,' to 'refresh both their bodies and minds.' Alas, for the blind leader of the blind! Has not *he* the greater sin?

Sun. 16, I had observed to the Society last week, that I had not seen one congregation ever in Ireland, behave so ill at church as that at Athlone, laughing, talking, and staring about during the whole service. I had added, "This is *your* fault: for if you had attended the church as you ought to have done, *your* presence and example would not have failed to influence the whole congregation." And so it appeared. I saw not one to day either laughing, talking, or staring about; but a remarkable seriousness was spread, from the one end of the church to the other.

Mon. 17, I preached at Ahaskra, to all the Protestants in or near the town. But their priests would not suffer the Papists to come. What could a magistrate do in this case? Doubtless he might tell the priest, 'Sir, as you *enjoy* liberty of conscience, you shall  
*allow*



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*allow it to others. You are not persecuted yourself. You shall not persecute them.'*

Tues. 18, I preached at Ballinaslough about ten in the morning, and in the evening at Aghrim. Thurs. 20, I rode on to Holymount. The sun was extremely hot, so that I was much exhausted. But after a little rest, I preached in the church-yard, without any weariness.

Fri. 21, I preached at Balcarrow church at ten, to a deeply serious congregation, and in the court-house at Castlebarr in the evening. Sun. 23, the chief family in the town made a part of our congregation. And whether they received any benefit thereby or no, their example may bring others, who *will* receive it.

Mon. 24, I went with two friends, to see one of the greatest natural wonders in Ireland, Mount-Eagle, vulgarly called Crow-Patrick. The foot of it is fourteen miles from Castlebarr. There we left our horses, and procured a guide. It was just twelve when we alighted: the sun was burning hot, and we had not a breath of wind. Part of the ascent was a good deal steeper than an ordinary pair of stairs. About two we gained the top, which is an oval, grassy plain, about an hundred and fifty yards in length, and seventy or eighty in breadth. The upper part of the mountain much resembles the Pike of Teneriff. I think, it cannot rise much less than a mile perpendicular from the plain below. There is an immense prospect, on one side toward the sea, and on the other over the land. But as most of it is waste and uncultivated, the prospect is not very pleasing.

At seven in the evening I preached at Newport, and at six in the morning. I then returned to —, and began reading prayers at ten. After sermon I had a little conversation with Lord Westport, an extremely sensible man, and would gladly have stayed with him longer, but that I had promised to be at Castlebarr: where in the evening I preached my farewell sermon to a numerous congregation.

Wed. 26, we took horse at four, to enjoy the cool of the morning. At seven the sun was warm enough. I verily think as warm as in Georgia. We could not have borne it, but the wind was in our face. However, in the afternoon we got well to Galway. There was a small Society here, and (what is not common) all of them were young women. Between seven and eight I began preaching in the court-house, to a mixed multitude of Papists and Protestants, rich and poor, who appeared to be utterly astonished. At five in the morning I preached again, and spoke as plain as I possibly could. But to the far greater part it seemed to be only *as the sound of many waters*.

Thurs. 27, we had another Georgian day. But having the wind again, full in our face, after riding about fifty English miles, we got well to Ennis, in the afternoon. Many being ready to make a disturbance at the court-house, I left them to themselves, and preached over against Mr. Bindon's house, in great quietness.

Fri. 28, I was informed, that a few days before, two of Mr. B—'s maids, went to bathe, (as the women here frequently do) in the river near his house. The water was not above a yard deep; but there was a deep hole at a little distance. As one of them dashed water at the other, she endeavouring to avoid it, slipped into the hole, and the first striving to help her, slipped in too: nor was either of them seen any more, until their bodies floated upon the water. Yet after some hours one of them was brought to life: But the other could not be recovered.

The violent heat which had continued for eight days, was now at an end, the wind turning north. So on Sat. 29, we had a pleasant ride to Limerick. Sun. 30, I preached in the old camp. The pleasantness of the place, the calmness of the evening, and the convenient distance from the town, all conspired to draw the people together, who flocked from every quarter. Many officers, as well as abundance of soldiers were among them, and behaved with the utmost decency. I preached the following evenings at the same place, and  
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that in great measure for the sake of the soldiers, it being within a musket-shot of the place where they were exercising. Nay, two evenings an officer ordered a large body to exercise on the very spot. But the very moment I began, they laid down their arms, and joined the rest of the congregation.

Fri. June 5, I preached at noon in Balligarane, to a large congregation, chiefly of Palatines. And so at New-market in the evening, and the morning following. These have quite a different look from the natives of the country, as well as a different temper. They are a serious, thinking people. And their diligence turns all their land into a garden.

Mon. 7, I met a large number of children, just as much acquainted with God, and with the things of God, as *a wild asses' colt*, and just as much concerned about them. And yet who can believe, that these pretty little creatures, have *the wrath of God abiding on them?*

Numberless crowds ran together about this time, to see the execution of the poor deserter. And I believe some of them retained serious impressions, for near four and twenty hours! But it was not so with the soldiers: altho' they walked one by one, close to the bleeding, mangled carcase, most of them were as merry within six hours, as if they had only seen a puppet-show.

Tues. 8, I visited the classes, and wondered to find no witness of the great salvation.. Surely, the flame which is kindled in Dublin, will not stop there: the next evening God did indeed kindle it here: a cry went up on every side; and the lively believers seemed all on fire, to be *cleansed from all unrighteousness*.

On Friday and Saturday, I had much conversation with a very noted person. But I found none in the town who expected, that any good could be done to such a sinner as him! *Such a sinner?* Why, were we not all *such*? We were *dead in sin*. And is he more than dead?

Sun. 13, being informed, I had shot over the heads of the soldiers, who did not "understand any thing but hell

hell and damnation," I took my leave of them this evening, by strongly applying the story of Dives and Lazarus. They seemed to understand this; and all, but two or three boy-officers, behaved as men fearing God.

Mon. 14, I rode to Cork. Here I procured an exact account of the late commotions. About the beginning of December last, a few men met by night near Nenagh, in the county of Limerick, and threw down the fences of some commons, which had been lately inclosed. Near the same time others met, in the county of Tipperary, of Waterford, and of Cork. As none offered to suppress or hinder them, they increased in number continually, and called themselves White-boys, wearing white cockades, and white linen frocks. In February, there were five or six parties of them, two or three hundred men in each, who moved up and down, chiefly in the night; but for what end did not appear. Only they levelled a few fences, dug up some grounds, and hamstringed some cattle, perhaps fifty or sixty in all. One body of them came into Cloheen, of about five hundred foot, and two hundred horse. They moved as exactly as regular troops, and appeared to be thoroughly disciplined. They now sent letters to several gentlemen, threatening to pull down their houses. They compelled every one they met to take an oath, "to be true to Queen Sive (whatever that meant) and the White-boys: not to reveal their secrets, and to join them when called upon." It was supposed, eight or ten thousand were now actually risen, many of them well-armed; and that a far greater number were ready to rise, whenever they should be called upon. Those who refused to swear, they threatened to bury alive. Two or three they did bury up to the neck and left them: where they must quickly have perished, had they not been found in time by some travelling by. At length, toward Easter, a body of troops, chiefly light horse, were sent against them. Many were apprehended and committed to jail: the rest of them disappeared.

This

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This is the plain, naked fact, which has been so variously represented.

Thurs. 17, I rode about thirty English miles, thro' a pleasant and well cultivated country to Youghal. It is finely situated on the side of a hill, so as to command a wide sea-prospect. I preached in the evening at the Exchange. Abundance of people attended: as did the far greater part of them, at five o'clock in the morning. I returned to Cork on Friday. Sun. 20, at the desire of Capt. Taylor, I went to Passage, and preached to many of the town's people, and to as many of the sailors as could attend. On Monday and Tuesday I visited the classes, and observed what was very uncommon; in two years there was neither any increase, nor any decrease in this Society. Two hundred and thirty three members, I left, and two hundred and thirty three I find.

Thurs. 24, I rode to Kinsale and preached in the Exchange, to a considerable number of attentive hearers. In the afternoon I rode to Bandon, and found the Society much lessened, and dead enough. Yet the congregation in the main-street was remarkably large, as well as deeply attentive: so it was on Friday. Sat. 26, I visited the classes and exhorted them to *be zealous and repent*. The word sunk into their hearts; so that when we met in the evening, they did not seem to be the same persons. They appeared to breathe quite another spirit, every one stirring up his neighbour. I know not when I have seen so deep and general an impression made in so short a time.

Sun. 27, I returned to Cork, and in the afternoon preached on the Barrack-hill. The congregation was such, as I had not seen at Cork, for at least twelve years. One soldier made some noise; but the commanding officer soon ordered him into custody. The top of the walls, being covered with soldiers, made a solemn appearance. Let this preaching be continued, and the work of God will quickly revive at Cork.

On Monday and Tuesday the congregation at the house was far larger than on any a week-day before.

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And there was much life among the people, which perhaps was increased by the epidemic disorder. This generally attacked first the head ; afterward the throat and breast. Mr. Jones, who had been drooping for some time, was seized with this three weeks since. While I was at Youghal, he sent for a Physician, who applied a blister to his head. In two or three days a second Physician was called in ; who told his relations, he was better and better. Returning from Bandon, and observing what was prescribed, I could not help saying, ‘ When a fever neither intermits nor remits, the bark is no better than poison.’ At hearing this the Doctors were much displeased, and declared again, ‘ He was a great deal better.’ On Wednesday morning a little before two, his spirit returned to God.

So died honest Thomas Jones, *secundum artem* ! A man whom God raised from nothing, by a blessing on his unwearied diligence, to a plentiful fortune. Yet when riches increased on every side he did not set his heart upon them. Some years since he retired from business, but was still fully employed in building and in doing good. His natural temper was rough, and so was his speech, which occasioned him many trials. But notwithstanding this, he was generous and compassionate, and never weary of well-doing. From the beginning of his illness, he was continually in prayer ; for some time with much fear and distress. But I saw no signs of this, after I came from Bandon : I believe his fears were then all scattered ; and he waited with calm, though earnest desire, for the salvation of God.

Wed. 30, I rode to Limerick. I had promised to come again, if our brethren found a convenient place to build a preaching-house. One now offered, proper in all respects. Sat. July 3, I met the Society, and enquired, what each was willing to subscribe. A considerable sum was subscribed immediately.

Sun. 4, was a day of solemn joy, equal to any I had seen in Dublin. At the Love-feast in the evening it appeared, that God had now visited Limerick also.

Five

Five persons desired to return thanks to God for a clear sense of his pardoning love: several others, for an increase of faith, and for deliverance from doubts and fears. And two gave a plain, simple account, of the manner wherein God had cleansed their hearts, so that they now felt no anger, pride, or self-will, but continual love, and prayer, and praise.

Mon. 5, I rode to Clonmell, and preached in the evening near the Barrack-gate, to a wild, staring multitude, many of whom would have been rude enough; but they stood in awe of the soldiers.

Tues. 6, I rode to Carrick-on-Sure. Having been informed, there was one family here also, wherein both the man and his wife feared God, I immediately sent to the house. The woman presently came; from whom I learned, that her husband died the Saturday before, and left her with nothing but four little children, and an unshaken confidence in God. Her words, her looks, her whole carriage were of a piece, and shewed the dignity of Christian sorrow. I could not but admire, that God should send *me* just at such a time! And her tears were turned into tears of joy.

In the evening I preached at Waterford, in a court adjoining to the main-street. Wed. 7, four of the White-boys, lately condemned for breaking open houses, were executed. They were all, notwithstanding the absolution of their priest, ready to die for *fear* of death. Two or three of them laid fast hold on the ladder, and could not be *persuaded* to let it go. One in particular gave such violent shrieks, as might be heard near a *O!* what but love can cast out the fear of death? And how inexpressibly miserable is that bondage!

On this and the two following days, God remembered poor Waterford also. Several backsliders were healed; many awoke out of sleep; and some mightily rejoiced in God their Saviour.

Sat. 10, we rode to Kilkenny, one of the pleasantest, and the most antient cities in the kingdom; and not inferior to any at all in wickedness, or in hatred to *this* way. I was therefore glad of a permission to preach in  
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the town-hall; where a small, serious company attended in the evening.

Sun. 11, I went to the Cathedral, one of the best built which I have seen in Ireland, The pillars are all of black marble. But the late Bishop ordered them to be white-washed! Indeed marble is so plentiful near this town, that the very streets are paved with it.

At six in the evening I began preaching in the old bowling-green, near the castle. Abundance of people, protestants and papists, gathered from all parts. They were very still during the former part of the sermon. Then the papists ran together, set up a shout, and would have gone further; but they were restrained, they knew not how. I turned to them and said, 'Be silent, or be gone!' Their noise ceased, and we heard them no more. So I resumed, and went on with my discourse, and concluded without interruption.

When I came out of the Green, they gathered again and gnashed upon me with their teeth. One cried out, "O what is Kilkenny come to!" But they could go no farther. Only two or three large stones were thrown: but none was hurt, save he that threw them. For as he was going to throw again, one seized him by the neck, and gave him a kick and a cuff, which spoiled his diversion.

Mon. 12, I went to Dunmore cave, three or four miles from Kilkenny. It is full as remarkable as Pool's-hole, or any other in the Peak. The opening is round, parallel to the horizon and 70 or 80 yards across. In the midst of this, there is a kind of arch, 20 or 30 feet high. By this you enter into the first cave, nearly round, and 40 or 50 feet in diameter. It is encompassed with spar stones, just like those on the side of Pool's-hole. On one side of the cave, is a narrow passage, which goes under the rock two or three hundred yards: on the other, an hollow, which no one has ever been able to find an end of. I suppose the hole too as well as many others, was formed by the waters of the Deluge, retreating into the great-abyss, with which probably it communicates.

Tues.



Tues. 13, I rode to Birr. About forty persons attended in the evening, and half as many in the morning. I saw there was but one way to do any good. So in the evening I preached abroad. I had then hundreds of hearers, and God himself spoke to many a cold heart. The next morning at five, the room was full, and light sprung out of darkness: so that many poor, withered souls began to revive and rejoice again in God their Saviour.

Thurs. 15, I took my old standing in the market-place at Mountmelick. But the next evening the rain drove us into the market-house. Afterward we had a joyful love-feast. Indeed hitherto God has been pleased to mark all our way with blessings.

Sat. 17, I went on to poor dead Portarlinton. And no wonder it should be so, while the preachers coop themselves up in a room with twenty or thirty hearers. I went straight to the market-place, and cried aloud, *Hearken! Behold a sower went forth to sow.* God made his word *quick and powerful, and sharp as a two-edged sword.* Abundantly more than the room could contain, were present at five in the morning. At eight I began in the market-place again on, *How shall I give thee up Ephraim?* Solemn attention sat on every face, and God repeated his call to many hearts. In the evening I preached in the market place at Tullamore.

Mon. 19, between two and three in the morning, was such thunder and lightning as I never knew in Europe. The crack and the flash were in the same instant. Most of the houses shook; and yet no hurt was done in the whole town. But some good was done; for at five o'clock, the preaching-house was quite filled. And the inward voice of Lord was mighty in operation: this also was a glorious voice!

Tues. 20, we had our quarterly-meeting at Coolylough. On Wednesday, I preached at Clara: Thurs. 22, at Tyrrel's-pass, and on Friday went on to Edin-derry. Here I found some who had been long labouring in the fire, and toiling to *work themselves* into holiness. To shew them a more excellent way, I preached

on Rom. x. 6, 7, 8. They found this way the very thing they wanted : and at the meeting of the Society, God confirmed the word of his grace in so powerful a manner, that many wondered, how they could help believing.

Sat. 24, I rode to Dublin, and found the flame not only continuing, but increasing. The congregation used to be small on Saturday night : but it was as large now, as formerly on Sunday.

Mon. 26, at five in the morning the congregation was larger than it used to be in the evening. And in these two days and a half, four persons gave thanks, for a sense of God's pardoning mercy : and seven (among whom were a mother and her daughter) for being *perfected in love*.

The person by whom chiefly it had pleased God to work this wonderful work, was John Manners, a plain man, of middling sense, and not eloquent, but rather rude in speech : one who had never before been remarkably useful, but seemed to be raised up for this single work. And as soon as it was done, he fell into a consumption, languished awhile, and died.

I now found he had not at all exceeded the truth, in the accounts he had sent me from time to time. In one of his first letters, after I left the town, he says, "The work here is such as I never expected to see. Some are justified or sanctified almost every day. This week three or four were justified, and as many, if not more, renewed in love. The people are all on fire. Such a day as last Sunday I never saw. While I was at prayer in the Society, the power of the Lord overshadowed us, and some cried out, "Lord, I can believe." The cry soon became general with strong prayers. Twice I attempted to sing : but my voice could not be heard. I then desired them to restrain themselves, and in stillness and composure to wait for the blessing : on which all but two or three, who could not refrain, came into a solemn silence. I prayed again, and the softning power of grace was felt in many hearts.

July, 1762.

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hearts. Our congregations increase much, and I have no doubt, but we shall see greater things than these."

Four days after, he writes, "The work of God increases every day. There is hardly a day, but some are justified, or sanctified, or both. On Thursday, three came and told me, that 'the blood of Jesus Christ had cleansed them from all sin.' One of them told me, she had been justified seven years, and had been five years convinced of the necessity of sanctification. But this *easy* conviction availed not. A fortnight since, she was seized with so *keen* a conviction, as gave her no rest, until God had sanctified her, and witnessed it to her heart."

Three days after (May 11) he writes thus:— "God still continues his marvellous loving-kindness to us. On Sunday last Dor. King entered into *the rest*. She had been seeking it for some time. But her convictions and desires grew stronger and stronger, as the hour approached. A while ago she told me, she grew worse and worse, and her inward conflicts were greater than ever. But on the Lord's-day, she felt an entire change, while these words were spoken to her heart, 'Thou art all fair my love: there is no spot in thee.' She now walks in sweet peace and rejoices evermore. Her father received the blessing a few days before her, and is exceeding happy.

"The fire catches all that come near. An old soldier, on his return from Germany to the north of Ireland, fell in one night with these wrestling Jacobs, to his great astonishment. He was justified seventeen years ago, but afterward fell from it for five years. As he was going to Germany, in the beginning of the war, the Lord healed him in Dublin: and in spite of all the distresses of a severe campaign, he walked in the light continually. On his return thro' London he was convinced of the necessity of sanctification. And soon after he came hither, his heart was broken in pieces, while he was with a little company, who meet daily for prayer. One evening as they were going away he

stopped them, and begged they would not go until the Lord had blessed him. They kneeled down again, and did not cease wrestling with God, until he had a witness that he was saved from all sin.

"The case of Mr. Timmins is no less remarkable. He had been a notorious sinner. He was deeply wounded two months since. Ten days ago, on a Friday, God spake peace to his soul. The Sunday following, after a violent struggle, he sunk down as dead. He was cold as clay. After about ten minutes he came to himself, and cried, 'A new heart! a new heart!' He said, 'He felt himself in an instant entirely emptied of sin and filled with God.' Brother Barry likewise had been justified but a few days, before God gave him purity of heart."

May 15, he writes, "God still makes me a messenger of good tidings. His work goes on. Our last night's meeting was remarkable for the presence and power of God, while several were relating what he had done. One said, 'All that day in which God delivered me, I felt the blessing just at hand, but could not open my heart to receive it. I was fast shut up, until under the sermon in the evening, I felt God open my heart, remove the bar of unbelief, and gave me power to receive the blessing freely.' There are now three places in the city, wherein as many as have opportunity assemble day and night, to pour out their souls before God, for the continuance and enlargement of his work.

"May 29, since my last account, many have been sanctified and several justified. One of the former is Wm. Moor. He was a long time struggling for the blessing. And one night he was resolved, not to go to bed without it. He continued wrestling with God for two hours, when he felt a glorious change, and the Spirit of God witnessing that the work was done.

"We begin now to meet with opposition from every quarter. Some say 'This is rank enthusiasm:' others, that it is 'rather a cheat, or mere pride:' and others,

others, that 'it is a new thing,' and that they can find no such thing in the Bible.'

" June 3, the Lord increases his work, in proportion to the opposition it meets with. Between Monday morning and Tuesday night, I have had eight bills of thanksgiving: for two justified, three renewed in love, and three backsliders healed.

" June 15, there is no end of the mercies of God. Three days of this week are gone, in which God has justified five sinners. On Sunday in the afternoon, I preached at three in the Barrack-square. And a more solemn time I have not seen. The hearers were as many as my voice could reach, and all remarkably attentive.

" In the evening a cry ran thro' the Society, and four were justified that night. Two of these, Alexander Tate and his wife, were but lately joined. The power of God first seized her, and constrained her to cry aloud, until she heard the still small voice. He continued calling upon God, and would not cease, before God answered him also in the joy of his heart.

" June, 19, we had eight this week, whose sins are blotted out, and two more have entered into that rest. One of them says, she has enjoyed the love of God nine years; but felt as great a difference between that state, and the state she is now in, as if her soul were taken into heaven!

" June 26, last week eleven were justified, or sanctified, and this week eleven more; eight of whom received remission of sins, and three a clean heart. And a troop are waiting for the moving of the water. Among them whom the power of God has seized lately, are two eminent sinners, each of whom lived with a woman, to whom he was never married. One of them already rejoices in God; the other mourns and will not be comforted. But the women are gone: they put away the accursed thing immediately.

" I had much fear about the children, lest our labour should be lost upon them. But I find, we shall reap,

if we faint not. Margaret Roper, about eight years old, has been thoughtful for some time. The other day, while they were at family prayer, she burst into tears, and wept bitterly. They asked, what was the matter? She said, 'I am a great sinner, and durst not pray.' They bad her go to bed. She no sooner came into the chamber, than she began crying, and clapping her hands, so that they heard her across the street. But God soon bound up her broken heart. Being asked, how she felt herself, she said, 'Ten times better. Now I can love God. I wish you would sit up and sing with me all night.' She has been happy ever since, and as serious as one of forty.

"July 3, our joy is now quite full. The flame rises higher and higher. Since Sat. last, eight sinners more are freely justified, and two more renewed in love. Our house was once large enough; now it is scarce able to contain us. And we have not many in the Society, who are not either wrestling with God for his love or rejoicing therein."

Thus far the account of John Manners, quite unadorned, but plain and sensible.

Upon farther examination I found three or four and forty in Dublin, who seemed to enjoy the pure love of God. At least forty of these had been set at liberty within four months. Some others, who had received the same blessing, were removed out of the city. The same, if not a larger number, had found remission of sins. Nor was the hand of the Lord shortened yet: he still wrought as swiftly as ever.

In some respects the work of God in this place was more remarkable than even that in London. 1. It is far greater, in proportion to the time, and to the number of people. That Society had above seven and twenty hundred members: this, not a fifth part of the number. Six months after the flame broke out there, we had about thirty witnesses of the great salvation. In Dublin there were above forty, in less than four months. 2. The work was more pure. In all this time, while they

they were mildly and tenderly treated, there were none of them headstrong or unadvisable, none that were wiser than their teachers: none who dreamed of being immortal, or infallible, or incapable of temptation: in short, no whimsical or enthusiastic persons. All were calm, and sober-minded.

I know, several of these were in process of time *moved from their steadfastness*. I am nothing surprised at this; it was no more than might be expected: I rather wondered, that more were not moved. Nor does this in any degree alter my judgment, concerning the great work which God then wrought.

Tues. 27, I received a comfortable letter from Edin-derry. "When you came hither, Satan had gained such an advantage over us, that few even of the Society would read your sermons, saying, they were nothing but the law. But God has now taught us better." His power fell upon us first in the preaching, but abundantly more when the Society met. At that time, many who were in heaviness, were filled with consolation. And two of the old believers were constrained to declare, they believed God had cleansed them from all sin.

Wed. 28, I received farther accounts from Limerick: one letter ran thus:

"July 20, 1762.

"THERE is a glorious work going on at Limerick. Twelve or fourteen have a clear sense of being renewed. Several have been justified this week; and on Sunday night, at the meeting of the Society, there was such a cry as I scarce ever heard before, such confession of sins, such pleading with the Lord, and such a spirit of prayer as if the Lord himself had been visibly present among us. Some received remission of sins, and several were just brought to the birth.

"All were in floods of tears; they trembled, they cried, they prayed, they roared aloud; all of them lying on the ground. I began to sing: yet they could not

not rise, but sang as they lay along. When we concluded, some of them could not go away, but stayed in the house all night. And blessed be our Lord, they all hitherto walk worthy of their calling."

Another writes,

"I will just tell you, the Lord has made your last visit to us a great blessing. Such times were never before in Limerick. The fire which broke out before you left us, is now spreading on every side. Four were happy before you left us: several others can now rejoice evermore, and pray without ceasing. And this certainly they could not do, did they not love God with all their heart."

A third letter, dated July 25, says,

"BLESSED be God, his word runs swiftly. Last night his power was present indeed; and another was assured, that God who had before forgiven his sins, had now *cleansed him from all unrighteousness*. There are now ten women and thirteen men, who witness the same confession. And their lives agree thereto. Eight have lately received the remission of their sins. And many are on the stretch for God, and just ready to step into the pool."

Hence it appears, that in proportion to the time, which was only three or four weeks, and the number of hearers, (not one half, if a third part) the work of God was greater in Limerick than even in Dublin itself.

Thurs. 29, I was informed of a remarkable instance of divine mercy. An harmless, unawakened young woman came to one of the meetings for prayer in Dublin. While they were praying, she felt herself a sinner, and began crying aloud for mercy. And when they rose to go away, she cried with a bitter cry; "What, must I go without Christ?" They began praying again; and in a short time, she was as loud in praising God for his pardoning mercy.

No less remarkable was the case of Alexander Tate.  
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He and his wife were present, where a few were met for prayer. Her sorrow was quickly turned into joy. Her husband, who was before little awakened, was just then cut to the heart, and felt the wrath of God abiding on him. Nor did he cease crying to God, until his prayers and tears were swallowed up in thanksgiving. So here are two instances of persons both convinced and converted in the same hour.

Sat. 31, although I never before felt such an union of heart with the people of Dublin, yet believing my present work in Ireland was ended, I cheerfully commended them to God, and embarked on board the Dorset for Park-gate. We weighed anchor at eight in the evening. Between nine and ten on Sunday morning, the captain asked me, 'If I would not go to prayers with them.' All who were able to creep out were willingly present. After prayer, I preached on Prov. iii. 17. We had scarce any wind when I began. But while I was preaching it sprung up, and brought us to Park-gate between six and seven.

Mon. 2, I rode on to Chester. Never was the Society in such a state before. Their jars and contentions were at an end, and I found nothing but peace and love among them. About twelve of them believed they were saved from sin, and their lives did not contradict their profession. Most of the rest were strongly athirst for God. and looking for him continually.

Tues. 3, I was desired to preach at Northwich. And one had stuck up notices in all parts of the town. But what place had they for me to preach in? Only a little room, which would hold about fifty people! Between twelve and one they gathered from all parts, noisy and rude enough. I could not stand in the yard, without just facing the sun. So I stood at the casement, that those without might hear, that is, if they had a mind to it. But a great part of them had no such intention. They came only, either for sport, or mischief. However they were pretty quiet, until I had done. Our friends would then have persuaded me

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to stay, till the mob was dispersed. But as they grew louder and louder, I judged it best, to walk immediately through the midst of them. Many things were thrown, but nothing touched me, till I took horse, and rode to Manchester.

Here I received letters from Congleton in Cheshire, and Burslem in Staffordshire. Part of the former ran thus :

“ August 1, 1762.

“ THE work of God, for some time, stood still here. But at the love-feast, on the 21st of March last, (glory for ever be to God!) there was an out-pouring of his Spirit among us. Five persons were assured of their acceptance with God, of whom, by his free-grace, I was one. Four believed, he had not only *forgiven* their *sins*, but likewise *cleansed them from all unrighteousness*. Many more have since found him gracious and merciful : nor is his hand yet stayed at all.”

Part of the other is as follows.

“ BEFORE Mr. Furz came into these parts, we were biting and devouring one another. And many, who once had known God, were *in their works denying him*. The Society in general was cold and dead, and only two were converted to God in a whole year. But, glory be to God, the case is now altered. Those grievances are removed. The power of God is present with us, and the fire of his love is kindled among us. We are very weak, but, blessed be God, we are all alive. Many are crying out in the bitterness of their souls ; “ God, be merciful to me a sinner.” Sometimes we have had two, at other times six or seven justified in one week. Others find the very remains of sin destroyed, and wait to be *filled with all the fulness of God*.”

Wed. 4, I rode to Liverpool, where also was such a work of God, as had never been known there before. We had a surprising congregation in the evening, and as it seemed, all athirst for God. This, I found, had  
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begun here likewise, in the latter end of March. And from that time it had continually increased, till a little before I came, nine were justified in one hour. The next morning I spoke with those who believed they were sanctified. They were fifty one in all, twenty-one men, twenty-one widows, or married women, and nine young women or children. In one of these the change was wrought, three weeks after she was justified, in three, seven days after it, in one, five days, and in Sus. Lutwich, aged fourteen, two days only. I asked Hannah Blakely, aged eleven, 'What do you want now?' She said, with amazing energy, the tears running down her cheeks, "Nothing in this world: nothing but more of my Jesus." How often *out of the mouths of babes and sucklings doth thou perfect praise!*

Fri. 6, I was informed of the flame, which had broken out at Bolton. One writing to Mr. Furz, described a little of it in the following words. "Glory be to God, he is doing wonders among us. Since you left us, there has been seven (if not more) justified, and six sanctified at one meeting. Two of these were, I think, justified and sanctified, in less than three days. O what a meeting was our last class-meeting! In three minutes or less, God, quite unexpectedly, convinced an old opposer of the truth, and wounded many. I never felt the abiding presence of God so exceeding powerful before."

I preached at Macclesfield in the evening, to a people ready prepared for the Lord. An impetuous shower began, just as we came into the town: but it did us no hurt. Enquiring how the revival began, I received the following account. In March last, after a long season of dryness and barrenness, one Monday night John Oldham preached. When he had done, and was going away, a man fell down, and cried aloud for mercy. In a short time, so did several others. He came back, and wrestled with God in prayer for them. About twelve he retired, leaving some of the brethren, who resolved to wrestle on, until they had an answer  
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of peace. They continued in prayer, until six in the morning, and nine prisoners were set at liberty.

They met again at nine the next night, and six or seven more were filled with peace and joy in believing. So were one or two more every night until the Monday following, when there was another general shower of grace. And many believed that "the blood of Christ had cleansed them from all sin."

I spoke to these (forty in all) one by one. Some of them said, they received that blessing, ten days, some seven, some four, some three days after they found peace with God. And two of them the next day. What marvel, since one day is with God as a thousand years?

The case of Anne Hooly was peculiar. She had often declared, "The Methodist's God shall not be my God. I will sooner go to hell, than I will go to heaven in their way." She was standing in the street with two young women, when John Oldham passing by, spoke to one and the other, and went on. She burst into tears, and said, "What, am I so great a sinner, that he will not speak to me?" About twelve, he was sent for all in haste. He found her in deep distress, but continued in prayer, till all her trouble was gone, and her spirit rejoiced in God her Saviour. Yet three nights after, she was in much distress again, crying, "I have a wicked heart, and I cannot rest till God takes it away." He did so in a few hours. Ever since, she has been a pattern to all the young people in the town. She was thirteen years old. In about a year, her spirit returned to God.

Sat. 7. I made one more trial at Northwich, preaching in Mr. Page's yard. Abundance of people flocked together, nor did any oppose, or make the least disturbance. And when I afterward rode quite through the town, I had not one uncivil word.

In the evening I spoke with those at Manchester, who believed God had cleansed their hearts. They were sixty three in number; to about sixty of whom I could not find there was any reasonable objection.

August, 1762.

116

Mon. 9, I preached at Eland and Birstal in my way to Leeds, where our conference began on Tuesday morning. And we had great reason to praise God for his gracious presence, from the beginning to the end.

Sun. 15, I preached about one at Birstal, and in the morning and evening at Leeds. I then rode about eighteen miles: on Monday morning I preached at Sheffield, and in the evening came to Derby. I had sent word, that I did not intend to preach. But after I had rested a while in my chamber, coming down and finding the house full of people, I spoke to them half an hour, in a familiar manner, and then spent some time in prayer. I believe, God touched some of their hearts. Indeed, it seemed, none were unmoved.

Tues. 17, we rode to Northampton, the next day to Sundon, and on Thurs. 19, to London. Friday 20, as I expected, the sower of tares had not been idle, during my five months absence. But I believe great part of his work was undone in one hour, when we met at West-street. I pointed out to those who had more heat than light, the snares which they had well nigh fallen into. And hitherto they were of an humble, teachable spirit. So, for the present, the snare was broken.

Sat. 21, my brother and I had a long conversation with Mr. Maxfield, and freely told him whatever we disliked. In some things, we found, he had been blamed without cause: others he promised to alter: so we were thoroughly satisfied with the conversation, believing all misunderstandings were now removed.

Mon. 23, I set out, and on Tuesday reached Bristol. After spending two days there, on Friday 27, I set out for the west, and having preached at Shepton and Middlesey in the way, came on Saturday to Exeter. When I began the service there, the congregation, (beside ourselves) were two women, and one man. Before I had done, the room was about half-full. This comes of omitting field-preaching.

XII.

M

Sun.

Sun. 29, I preached at eight on Southney-Green, to an extremely quiet congregation. At the cathedral we had an useful sermon, and the whole service was performed with great seriousness and decency. Such an organ I never saw or heard before, so beautiful and finely toned. And the music of, "Glory be to God in the highest," I think exceeded the Messiah itself. I was well-pleased to partake of the Lord's-Supper, with my old opponent, Bishop Lavington. O may we sit down together in the kingdom of our Father!

At five I went to Southney-Green again, and found a multitude of people. But a lewd, profane, drunken vagabond had so stirred up many of the baser sort, that there were much noise, hurry, and confusion. While I was preaching, several things were thrown, and much pains taken to overturn the table. And after I concluded, many endeavoured to throw me down; but I walked thro' the midst and left them.

Mon. 30, we rode to Plymouth-dock. Wed. Sept. 2, I came about two to Poleparrow, a little village, four hours ride from Plymouth-passage, surrounded with huge mountains. However, abundance of people had found the way thither. And so had Satan too. For an old, grey-headed sinner, was bitterly cursing all the Methodists, just as we came into the town. However God gave his blessing, both to us and the congregation.

In the evening I preached at Medras, the next evening in St. Austle, and on Friday 4, at Mevagizzy. Sat. 5, after preaching in Grampond, I rode on to Truro. I almost expected, there would be some disturbance, as it was market-day, and I stood in the street at a small distance from the market. But all was quiet. Indeed both persecution and popular tumult seem to be forgotten in Cornwall.

Sun. 6, as I was enforcing in the same place those solemn words, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ," a poor man began to make some tumult. But many cried out, "Con-

stables, take him away." They did so, and the hurry was over. At one I preached in the main street at Redruth, where rich and poor were equally attentive. The wind was so high at five, that I could not stand in the usual place at Gwenap. But at a small distance, was a hollow, capable of containing many thousands of people. I stood on one side of this amphitheatre toward the top, with the people beneath and on all sides, and enlarged on those words in the gospel for the day, Luke x. 23, "Blessed are the eyes which see the things that ye see, and which hear the things that ye hear."

Mon. 7, I preached at Penryn: Tues. 8, at Portkellis about one o'clock. Thence I rode on to Mullion, near the Lizard-point. A man who was a sinner, gladly received us: For he knew God had received him; having been convinced of sin, the last time I preached near Helston, and not long after filled with peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

A flame was kindled almost as soon as I began to speak, which increased more and more, all the time I was preaching, as well as during the meeting of the Society. How tender are the hearts of the people! Such is the advantage of true, Christian simplicity!

Wed. 8, the congregation at St. John's, near Helston, was thrice as large as when I was there before. The next day, I preached at Coowan at noon, and at Penhale, in Breag, in the evening. Friday 10, I preached on St. Hilary Downs, to a congregation gathered from all parts. Abundance of them were athirst for God: And he did not deceive their hope. The cry of the mourners went up before him. And he sent down an answer of peace.

Sat. 11, I preached at one on the cliff, near Penzance, and in the evening at Newlin. Sun. 12, at eight God was in the midst, and many hearts were broken in pieces. Between one and two I preached at St. Creet, where I never was before. Abundance of strangers came from every side. And I believe not many went empty away. Hence we rode to St. Just, where

I spent two comfortable nights, the congregations being very large, evening and morning. Tues. 14, I preached in Lelant about one, and in the evening near the Key at St. Ives. Two or three pretty butterflies came, and looked, and smiled, and went away. But all the rest of the numerous congregation, behaved with the utmost seriousness.

Wed. 15, we had our quarterly-meeting. The next day I appointed the children to meet. I expected twenty. But I suppose we had fourscore: all of them wanting, many desiring instruction.

The more I converse with the believers in Cornwall, the more I am convinced, that they have sustained great loss, for want of hearing the doctrine of Christian Perfection clearly and strongly enforced. I see, wherever this is not done, the believers grow dead and cold. Nor can this be prevented, but by keeping up in them an hourly expectation of being perfected in love. I say an *hourly expectation*: for to expect it *at death*, or *some time hence*, is much the same as not expecting it at all.

Fri. 17, at one I preached in Illuggan; at six near Redruth, at a gentleman's house, in a large court, shaded with trees. Sat. 18, I preached once more in the street at Redruth, and in St. Agnes, in the evening. I preached again at eight in the morning, and afterwards heard an excellent sermon at church, preached by the rector, Mr. Walker, elder brother to the late Mr. Walker of Truro. He likewise gave notice of his design to preach in the afternoon, a funeral sermon for Mr. Phelps, his late curate, a man eminently humble, serious, and zealous for God. He was snatched away by a fever three weeks since, as was his predecessor, Mr. Vowler, three or four years before: another upright, zealous servant of God and indefatigable in his labour. How strange a providence is this! Who can account for it? Did the God of love take them away, that they might not out of zeal for him, continue to oppose their fellow-labourers in the gospel?

Mr.



Mr. Walker gave him his due praise, in a strong and pathetic sermon, well-wrote and well pronounced. Concluding with, "God grant me, (and I believe you will all join in the petition) like him to live, like him to die."

Just as the service was ended, it began to rain. The wind also was exceeding high. This created some difficulty. No house could contain the people, neither could I preach, as before, on the top of the hill. I therefore made an halt at the bottom. The congregation gathered round me in a few minutes. We were tolerably sheltered from the wind, and the rain ceased till I had done. I particularly advised all that feared God, to confirm their love to each other, and to provoke each other, not to doubtful disputations, but to love, and to good works.

The night came on soon after we were on horse-back, and we had eight miles to ride. In about half an hour, it was so dark; I could not see my hand: and it rained incessantly. However, a little after eight, God brought us safe to St. Cubert. I preached at the Church-town the next day, and on Tues. 21, rode on to Port-Isaac. Here the stewards of the eastern circuit met. What a change is wrought in one year's time! That detestable practice of cheating the king is no more found in our Societies. And since that accursed thing has been put away, the work of God has every where increased. This Society, in particular, is more than doubled; and they are alive to God.

Fri. 24, about two I preached at Trewalder, and found God was there also; but more abundantly at Camelford, in the evening, as well as at five on Saturday morning. In the afternoon, the rain intermitting, I preached in the market-place. And it was a solemn season.

Sun. 26, after preaching at eight I left Camelford, now one of the liveliest places in Cornwall. About noon I preached at Trewint. It was fifteen years since I preached there before. Hence I rode to Launceston,

to a people as dead, as those at Camelford were once. Yet how soon may these also be quickened, by the voice that raiseth the dead!

Mon. 27, I rode to Mary-Week. It was a kind of fair-day: and the people were come far and near, for wrestling and other diversions. But they found a better way of employing their time: for young and old flocked to church from all quarters. The next day I preached at Mill-House: on Wednesday, at Collumpton, and on Thurs. 30, in the market-house at Tiverton.

About midnight, I was waked by loud thunder, which continued about a quarter of an hour at Tiverton. In other places, we were afterwards informed, it continued great part of the night. Yet by comparing various accounts, I found the main shock was at the same time for near an hundred miles. So it seems there was a train of clouds for at least that space, which by an electrical touch, were all discharged at once.

Friday, October 1, I preached at Taunton and Shepton-Mallet, and on Sat. 2, rode on to Bristol. In the two following weeks I visited as many as I could of the Societies in the country, as well as regulated those of Bristol and Kingswood. Sat. 19, being informed, that James Oddie coming to Bristol, was stopped at Newport by a pleuritic fever, I went to him directly. He recovered from that hour, and, in two or three days, followed me to Bristol.

The next week I went to many of the Societies in Somersetshire. Mon. 25, I preached at one in the shell of the new house at Shepton-Mallet. In digging the foundation, they found a quarry of stone, which was more than sufficient for the house. Thence I rode to Wincanton. The rain prevented my preaching abroad. So I willingly accepted the offer of a large meeting-house, where I preached to a crowded audience, with much satisfaction: and again, at seven in the morning.

Abundance

Abundance of rain fell in the night ; so that in the morning we were blocked up : the river which runs by the side of the town, not being fordable. At length we made a shift to lead our horses over the foot-bridge. I preached at Coleford about noon, and at Bristol in the evening.

Thurs. 28, one who had adorned the gospel in life and in death, having desired that I should preach her funeral sermon, I went with a few friends to the house, and sang before the body to the room. I did this the rather, to shew my approbation of that solemn custom, and to encourage others to follow it. As we walked, our company swiftly increased, so that we had a very numerous congregation at the room. And who can tell, but some of these, may bless God for it to all eternity.

Many years ago my brother frequently said, " Your day of Pentecost is not fully come. But I doubt not, it will. And you will then hear of persons sanctified, as frequently as you do now of persons justified." Any unprejudiced reader may observe, that it was now fully come. And accordingly we did hear of persons sanctified in London, and most other parts of England, and in Dublin, and many other parts of Ireland, as frequently as of persons justified : although instances of the latter were far more frequent than they had been for twenty years before. That many of these did not retain the gift of God, is no proof, that it was not given them. That many do retain it at this day, is a matter of praise and thanksgiving. And many of them are gone to him whom they loved, praising him with their latest breath : just in the spirit of Anne Steed, the first witness in Bristol of the great salvation ; who being worn out with sickness and racking pain, after she had commended to God all that were round her, lifted up her eyes, cried aloud, " Glory ! Hallelujah," and died.

*CONCLUSION of the TWELFTH JOURNAL*



AN  
EXTRACT  
OF THE  
Rev. Mr. JOHN WESLEY's  
JOURNAL,

*From OCTOBER 29, 1762,*

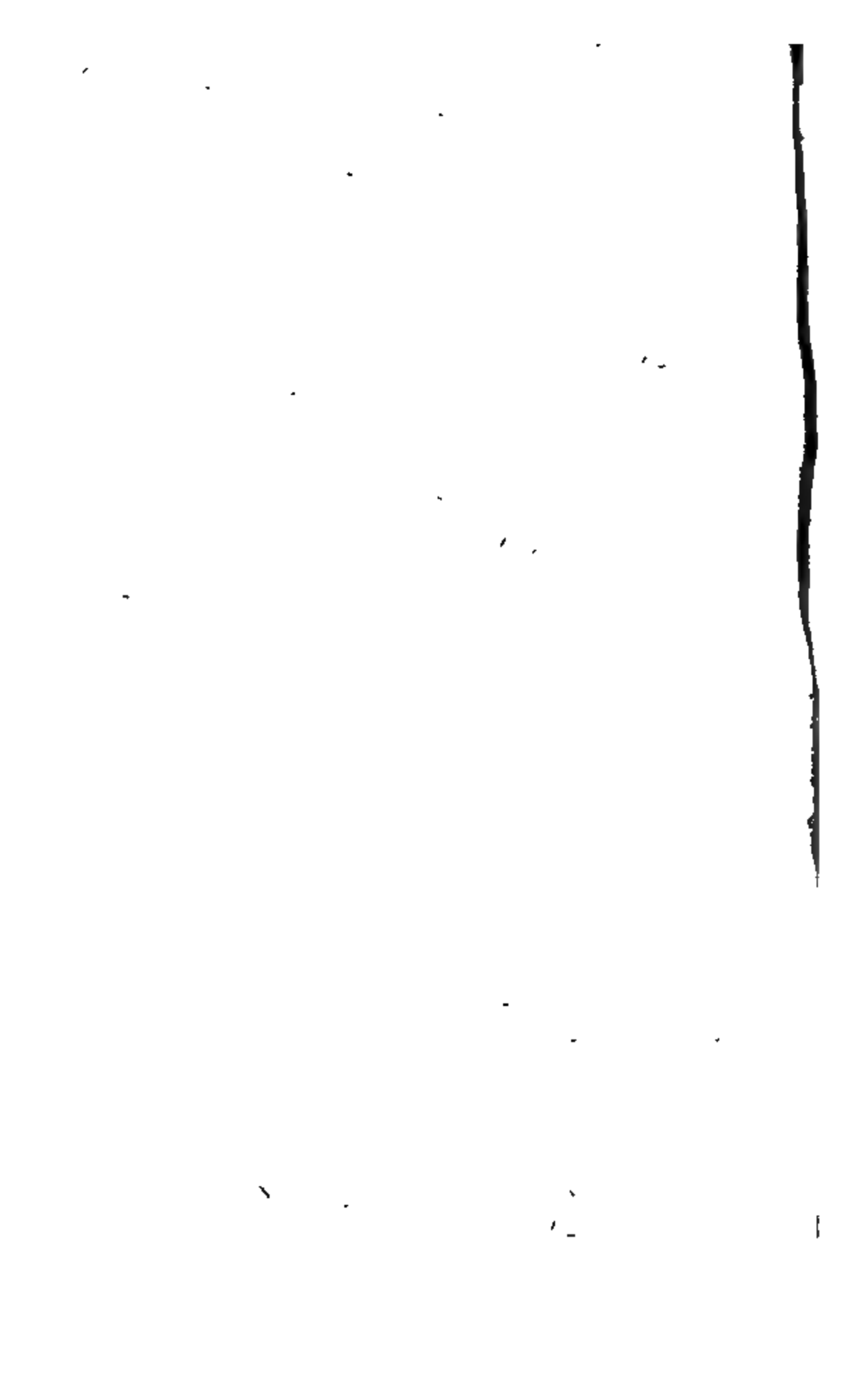
*To MAY 25, 1765.*

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XIII.

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AN
EXTRACT
OF THE
REV. MR. JOHN WESLEY'S
JOURNAL,

From OCTOBER, 29, 1762,

TO

MAY 25, 1765.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1762.

I left Bristol, and the next day came to London. Monday, November 1, I went down to Canterbury. Here I seriously reflected on some late Occurrences, and after weighing the matter thoroughly, wrote as follows :

‘ Without any Preface or Ceremony, which is needless between you and me, I will simply and plainly tell what I dislike, in your Doctrine, Spirit, or Outward Behaviour. When I say *your's*, I include brother Bell and Owen, and those who are most closely connected with them.

‘ 1. I like your Doctrine of *Perfection*, or Pure Love: Love excluding sin. Your insisting that it is merely by *Faith*: That, consequently it is *Instantaneous*, (tho’ preceded and followed by a gradual work) and that it may be *now*, at this instant.

‘ But I dislike, your supposing man may be as perfect as an angel, that he can be absolutely perfect: That he can be *infallible*, or above being *tempted*: Or, that the moment he is pure in heart, he cannot fall from it.

‘ I dislike the saying, *This was not known or taught among us, till within two or three years.* I grant, *you did not know it.* You have over and over denied instantaneous sanctification to *me.* But I have known and taught it, (and so has my Brother, as our Writings shew) *above these twenty years.*

‘ I dislike your directly or indirectly depreciating Justification: saying, *a justified person is not in Christ, is not born of God, is not a New Creature, has not a new heart, is not sanctified, not a temple of the Holy Ghost; or that he cannot please God, or cannot grow in grace.*

‘ I dislike your saying, that one saved from sin, needs nothing more than *looking to Jesus,* needs not to hear or think of *any thing else: Believe, believe* is enough: That he needs no *Self-examination,* no times of *private Prayer;* ~~needs~~ not mind *little,* or *outward* things: And that *He cannot be taught* by any person who is not in the same state.

‘ I dislike your affirming, that justified persons in general persecute them that are saved from sin: that *they have persecuted you on this account: and that for two years past, you have been more persecuted by the two Brothers, than ever you were by the world in all your life.*

‘ 2. As to your spirit, I like your confidence in God, and your zeal for the salvation of souls.

‘ But I dislike something, which has the appearance of pride, of overvaluing yourselves, and undervaluing others: particularly the Preachers, thinking, that they are not only *blind,* and that they are not sent of God; but even that they are *dead;* dead to God, and walking in the way to hell: That, “they are going *one way,* you *another;*” that, “they have *no life* in them!” Your speaking of *yourselves,* as though you were the *only men,* who knew and taught the Gospel; and as if, not only *all the Clergy,* but *all the Methodists* besides, were in utter darkness.

‘ I dislike something that has the appearance of *Enthusiasm:* overvaluing *feelings* and inward *impressions;* mistaking

mistaking the mere work of *imagination*, for the voice of the Spirit: expecting the end without the means, and undervaluing *reason, knowledge, and wisdom*, in general.

‘ I dislike something that has the appearance of *Antinomianism*; not magnifying the law and making it honourable: not enough valuing *tendernefs of conscience*, and exact *watchfulness* in order thereto: using *faith* rather as contradistinguished from *holiness*, than as productive of it.

‘ But what I most of all dislike is, your *littleness of love* to your Brethren, to your own Society: your want of *union of heart* with them, and *bowels of mercies* toward them: your want of *meekness, gentleness, long-suffering*: your *impatience of contradiction*: your counting every man your enemy that re-proves, or admonishes you in love: your *bigotry and narrowness of spirit*, loving in a manner only those that love you: your *censoriousness*, proneness to *think hardly* of all, who do not exactly agree with you: in one word, your *divisive spirit*. Indeed I do not believe, that any of you either design or desire a separation. But you do not enough *fear, abhor, and detest* it, shuddering at the very thought. And all the preceding tempers tend to it, and gradually prepare you for it. Observe, I tell you before! God grant you may immediately, and affectionately take the warning!

‘ 3. As to your outward behaviour, I like the general tenor of your life, devoted to God, and spent in doing good.

‘ But I dislike your slighting any, the very least rules of the bands or society; and your doing any thing that tends to hinder others, from exactly observing them. Therefore,

‘ I dislike your appointing such meetings, as hinder others from attending either the public preaching, or their class or band; or, any other meeting, which the rules of the society, or their office, requires them to attend.

‘ I dislike your spending so much time in several meetings, as many that attend can ill spare, from the other duties of their calling, unless they omit either the preaching, or their class, or band. This naturally tends to dissolve our society, by cutting the sinews of it.

‘ As to your more public meetings, I like the praying fervently and largely, for all the blessings of God. And I know much good has been done hereby, and hope much more will be done.

‘ But I dislike several things therein : 1. The singing, or speaking, or praying, of several at once : 2. The praying to the Son of God only, or more than to the Father : 3. The using improper expressions in prayer : sometimes too bold, if not irreverent ; sometimes too pompous and magnificent, extolling yourselves rather than God, and telling him what you *are*, not what you *want* : 4. Using poor, flat, bald, hymns : 5. The never kneeling at prayer : 6. Your using postures or gestures highly indecent : 7. Your screaming, even so as to make the words unintelligible : 8. Your affirming, people *will* be justified or sanctified just now : 9. The affirming *they are*, when they are not : 10. The bidding them say, I believe : 11. The bitterly condemning any that oppose, calling them wolves, &c. and pronouncing them hypocrites, or not justified.

‘ Read this calmly and impartially before the Lord in Prayer. So shall the evil cease and the good remain. And you will then be more than ever united to

‘ Your affectionate Brother,
Canterbury, Nov. 2, 1762. ‘ J. WESLEY.’

Saturday 6, having had more satisfaction here, than I had had for many years, I cheerfully commended the little flock to God. In the way to London, I read *the Death of Abel*. That manner of writing, in *Prose run mad*, I cordially dislike. Yet with all that disadvantage, it is excellent in its kind : As much above most modern Poems, as it is below *Paradise Lost*.

I had

November, 1762.

I had hopes of seeing a friend at Lewisham in my way. And so I did; but it was in her coffin. It is well, since she finished her course with joy. In due time I shall see her in glory.

Monday 8, I began visiting the classes; in many of which we had hot spirits to deal with. Some were vehement for, some against the meetings for prayer, which were in several parts of the town. I said little; being afraid of taking any step, which I might afterwards repent of. One I heard of on Friday, and five on Saturday, who if I did not act as *they* thought best, "would leave the Society." I cannot help it. I must still be guided by *my own* conscience.

Tuesday 16, I preached at Deptford and Welling, and Wednesday 17, rode on to Seven-oaks. But it was with much difficulty; for it was a sharp frost, and our horses could very hardly keep their feet. Here likewise I found several who believed, that God had *cleansed* them *from all sin*. And all of them (except perhaps one) "lived so, that one might believe them."

Friday 19, I called upon Jane Cooper, praising God in the fires. The next day I saw her for the last time, *in every thing giving thanks*, and overcoming all by the blood of the Lamb. A day or two after, she fell asleep.

From Monday 22, to Friday 26, I was employed in answering the Bishop of Gloucester's Book. Wednesday 24, being determined to hear for myself, I stood where I could hear and see, without being seen. George Bell prayed, in the whole, pretty near an hour. His fervour of spirit I could not but admire. I afterwards told him what I did not admire: namely, 1. His screaming every now and then in so strange a manner, that one could scarce tell what he said: 2. His thinking he had the miraculous discernment of spirits, and, 3. His sharply condemning his opposers.

Thursday 25, I buried the remains of Jane Cooper, a pattern of all holiness, and of the wisdom which is
from

from above, who was snatched hence before she had lived five and twenty years. In good time! God who knew the tenderness of her spirit, took her *away from the evil to come.*

Monday 29, I retired to transcribe my answer to Bishop Warburton. My fragments of time I employed in reading, and carefully considering, the lives of *Magdalen de Pazzi*, and some other eminent Romish Saints. I could not but observe, That many things related therein, are highly improbable. I fear the relators did not scruple lying *for the Church*, or for the credit of their order. 2. That many of their reputed virtues, were really no virtues at all; being no fruits of the love of God or man, and no part of the mind, which was in Christ Jesus: 3. Yet many of their applauded actions, were neither commendable, nor imitable: 4. That what was really good in their tempers or lives, was so deeply tainted with enthusiasm, that most readers would be far more likely to receive hurt than good from these accounts of them.

Saturday 4, at the desire of Mr. M. and *the seeming* desire of themselves, I baptized two foreigners, (one of them in a Turkish habit,) who professed themselves to have been Turks. On this I then remarked, "They *may be* what they profess: but I wait for farther evidence. Their story is extremely plausible: It may be true, or it may not."

Sunday 5, to take away one ground of contention from many well-meaning people, in preaching on, "The kingdom of heaven is like a grain of mustard-seed," I endeavoured to shew at large, in what sense sanctification is gradual, and in what sense it is instantaneous. And (for the present at least) many were delivered from vain reasonings and disputings.

Monday 6, and the following days, I corrected the Notes upon the *Revelation*. O how little do we know of this deep book! At least, how little do I know! I can barely conjecture, not affirm any one point, concerning that part of it which is yet unfulfilled.

Wednesday

December, 1762.

Wednesday 8, I had a second opportunity of hearing George Bell. 'I believe part of what he said, was from God (this was my reflection *at that time*) part from an heated imagination. But as he did not *scream*, and there was nothing dangerously wrong, I did not yet see cause to hinder him.'

All this time I observed a few of our brethren were diligently propagating that principle, "That none can teach those who are renewed in love, unless he be in the state himself." I saw the tendency of this: but I saw, that violent remedies would not avail.

Monday 13, I mentioned this to some of my friends, and told them, what would be the consequence. But they could not believe it. So I let it rest: only desiring them to remember, I had told them before.

Sunday 19, from Matt. xviii. 3, I endeavoured to shew those, who use the word without understanding it, what *Christian Simplicity* properly is; and what it is not. It is not ignorance or folly: it is not enthusiasm, or credulity. It is faith, humility, willingness to be taught, and freedom from evil reasonings.

Tuesday 21, I had an opportunity of looking over the register of St. Luke's hospital. And I was surprised to observe, that three in four (at least) of those who are admitted, receive a cure. I doubt this is not the case of any other lunatic Hospital, either in Great Britain or Ireland.

Wednesday 22, I heard George Bell once more, and was convinced he must not continue to pray at the Foundery. The reproach of Christ I am willing to bear; but not the reproach of enthusiasm, if I can help it.

Saturday 25, we met at the chapel in Spitalfields, to renew our covenant with God. And he did indeed appear in the midst of the congregation, and answer as it were by fire.

Sunday 26, that I might do nothing hastily, I permitted G. Bell to be once more (this evening,) at the chapel in West-street, and once more (on Wednesday

day evening) at the Foundery. But it was worse and worse. He now spoke as from God, what I knew God had not spoken. I therefore desired, that he would come thither no more.

I well hoped this would a little repress the impetuosity of a few good, but mistaken men: especially considering the case of Benjamin Harris, the most impetuous of them all. A week or two ago, as he was working in his garden, he was struck raving mad. He continued so till Tuesday, December 21, when he lay still and sensible: But could not speak, till on Wednesday morning his spirit returned to God.

Friday 21, I now stood and looked back on the past year: A year of uncommon trials and uncommon blessings. Abundance have been convinced of sin: very many have found peace with God. And in London only, I believe full two hundred have been brought into glorious liberty. And yet I have had more care and trouble in six months, than in several years preceding. What the end will be, I know not. But it is enough that God knoweth.

Saturday, January 1, 1763, a woman told me, "Sir, I employ several men. Now, if one of my servants will not follow my direction, is it not right for me to discard him at once? Pray, do *you* apply this to Mr. Bell." I answered, 'It is right, to discard such a *servant*. But what would you do, if he were your *son*?'

Wednesday 3, having procured one who understood Spanish, to interpret, I had a long conversation with the supposed Turks. One account they gave of themselves then: a second they soon after gave to Mrs. G. I observed the account now given, which I read over to them, in some particulars differed from both. This increased my fear; tho' I still hoped the best: till Mr. B. procured a Jew to talk with them, who understood both Turkish and Spanish: upon whose questioning them thoroughly, they contradicted all the accounts given before. And upon the elder of them mentioning Solomon Selim, a Jewish merchant of Amsterdam, one who knew him, wrote to Solomon about him:

January, 1763.

11

him : who answered, "He had known him upwards of fourteen years; that he was a Spanish Jew, a Physician by profession: That some years since he had cured him of a dangerous illness: in gratitude for which he had given him ten pounds, to carry him over to England."

Friday 7, I desired George Bell with two or three of his friends, to meet me with one or two others. We took much pains to convince him of his mistakes, particularly that which he had lately adopted, "That the end of the world was to be on February the 28th," which at first he had earnestly withstood. But we could make no impression upon him at all. He was as unmoved as a rock.

Sunday 9, I endeavoured (from 1 Cor. xii. 11, and the following verses,) to guard the Sincere against all thoughts of separating from their brethren, by shewing what need all the members of the body have of each other. But those who wanted the caution most, turned all into poison.

Monday 10, I rode to Shoreham, and paid the last office of love to Mrs. Perronet. Wednesday 12, I returned to London, and the next day strongly enforced on a large congregation at the Foundery, the words of Isaiah, (never more needful) "He that believeth shall not make haste."

Monday 17, I rode to Lewisham, and wrote my Sermon, to be preached before the society for Reformation of Manners. Sunday 23, in order to check, if not stop a growing evil, I preached on, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." But it had just the contrary effect on many, who construed it into a satire upon G. Bell: one of whose friends said, "If the devil himself had been in the pulpit, he would not have preached such a sermon."

All this time I did not want information from all quarters, "That Mr. M. was at the bottom of all this: that he was the life of the cause: that he was continually spiring up all with whom he was intimate against me: that he told them, I was not capable of teaching them, and insinuated, that none was but

himself: and that the inevitable consequence must be, a division in the Society."

Yet I was not without hope, that by hearing all things, I should overcome evil with good, till on Tuesday 25, while I was sitting with many of our brethren, Mrs. Coventry (then quite intimate with Mr. M.) came in, threw down her ticket, with those of her husband, daughters, and servants, and said, 'They would hear *two doctrines* no longer.' They had often said before, "Mr. M. preached *Perfection*; but Mr. W. pulled it down." So I did, that perfection of Benjamin Harris, G. Bell, and all who abetted them. So the breach is made! The water is let out. Let those who can, gather it up.

I think it was on Friday the 28th, that I received a letter from John Fox, and another from John and Elizabeth Dixon, declaring the same thing. Friday, February 4, Daniel Owens, and G. Bell told me, 'They should stay in the Society no longer.' The next day Robert Lee, with five or six of his friends spake to the same effect.

I now seriously considered, whether it was in my power to have prevented this? I did not see that it was: for tho' I had heard from time to time many objections to Mr. M's. conduct, there was no possibility of clearing them up. Above a year ago I desired him to meet me with some that accused him, that I might hear them face to face. But his answer was as follows:

"Dec. 28, 1761.

"I have considered the thing, since you spoke to me, about meeting at Mrs. March's. And I do not think to be there, or to meet them at any time. It is enough that I was arraigned at the Conference." (At which I earnestly defended him, and silenced all his recusers.) "I am not convinced, that it is my duty, to make James Morgan, &c. my judges. If you, Sir, or any one of them have any thing to say to me *alone*, I will answer as far as I see good."

The next month I wrote him a long letter, telling him mildly all I heard or feared concerning him. He took

February, 1763.

13

took it as a deep affront; and in consequence thereof wrote as follows :

Jan. 14, 1762.

——“ If you call me proud or humble, angry or meek, it seems to fit much the same on my heart. If you call me John or Judas, Moses or Korah, I am content.—As to a separation, I have no such thought, if you have, and now (as it were) squeeze blood out of a stone, be it to yourself.”

Several months after, hearing some rumours, I again wrote to him freely. In his answer were the following words.

Sept. 23, 1762.

——“ Experience teaches me daily, that they that preach *salvation from the nature of sin*, will have the same treatment from the others as they had, and have from the world. But I am willing to bear it.”

“ Your Brother is gone out of town. Had he stayed much longer, and continued, Sunday after Sunday, to hinder me from preaching, he would have forced me to have got a place to preach in, where I should not have heard what I think the highest truths contradicted.”——

In his next letter he explained himself a little farther.

Oct. 16, 1762.

——“ We have great opposition on every side. Nature, the world and the devil, will never be reconciled to Christian Perfection. But the great wonder is, that Christians will not be reconciled to it: All, almost every one who call themselves ministers of Christ, or preachers of Christ, contend for sin to remain in the heart as long as we live, as tho' it were the only thing Christ delighted to behold in his members.

“ I long to have *your* heart set at full liberty. I know you will *then* see things in a wonderful different light, from what it is *possible* to see them before.”——

The day after the first separation, viz. Jan. 26. I wrote him the following note.

XIII.

B

My

My dear Brother,

For many years, I, and all the preachers in connection with me have taught, That every believer may, and ought to grow in grace. Lately you have taught or seemed to teach the contrary. The effect of this is, when I speak as I have done from the beginning, those who believe what *you* say, will not bear it. Nay, they will renounce connexion with us: as Mr. and Mrs. Coventry did last night. This breach lies wholly upon *you*. You have contradicted what I taught from the beginning. Hence it is, that many cannot bear it, but when I speak as I always have done, they separate from the Society. Is this for *your* honour, or to the glory of God?

O Tommy, seek counsel, not from man but God; not from brother B—, but Jesus Christ!

I am, your affectionate Brother, J. W.

Things now ripened apace for a farther separation: to prevent which, (if it were possible) I desired all our preachers, as they had time, to be present at all meetings, when I could not myself, particularly at the Friday Meeting, in the chapel at West-street. At this Mr. M. was highly offended, and wrote to me as follows,

Feb. 5, 1763.

“ I wrote to you, to ask if those who before met at brother Guilford's might not meet in the chapel. Soon after you came to town, the preachers were brought into the meeting, tho' you told me again and again, they should not come.” (True; but since I said this, there has been an entire change in the situation of things.) Had I known this, I would rather have paid for a room, out of my own pocket. I am not speaking of the people that met at the Foundry before: tho' I let some of them come to that meeting. If you intend to have the preachers there to watch, and others that *I think very unfit*, and will not give me liberty to give leave to some that *I think fit* to be there, I shall not think it my duty to meet them.”—So from this time, he kept a separate meeting elsewhere.

Sunday 6, knowing many were greatly tempted on occasion of these occurrences, I preached on, 1 Cor. x. 13, "God is faithful who will not suffer you to be tempted, above that ye are able; but will with every temptation, also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." In the evening, we had a Love-feast, at which many spoke with all simplicity. And their words were like fire. I hardly know when we have had so refreshing a season.

Monday 7, one who is very intimate with them, that had left us, told me in plain terms, "Sir, the case lies here: they say, *You* are only an hypocrite, and *therefore* they can have no fellowship with you."

So now the wonder is over. First, it was, *revealed* to them, that *all the people* were dead to God. Then they *saw*, that *all the preachers* were so too: only for a time they excepted *me*. At last they *discern* me to be *blind and dead* too. Now let him help them that can!

Thursday 10, I rode to Brentford, expecting to find disagreeable work there also; but was happily disappointed. Not one seemed inclined to leave the Society, and some were added to it. And the congregation was not only quiet, but more deeply attentive than is usual in this place.

Hence I rode on Friday 11, to Shoreham, and buried the remains of Mrs. P—, who after a long, distressing illness, on Saturday the 5th instant, fell asleep.

Saturday 12, I visited the classes at Snowfields, where I was told, many would go away. But the time is not come. As yet we have lost none: tho' some are held as by a single hair.

Tuesday 15, I rode to Deptford, and found the Society there united in faith and love. During the Sermon in the afternoon, one poor mourner found peace with God. In the evening, I preached at Walling, and on Thursday 17, rode on to Sevenoaks. Here I was grieved to find one who *did run well*, quite hardened by the deceitfulness of sin. But in

the evening, God looked upon him once more, and melted him into tears of love.

Thursday 17, light from above broke into the heart of another hard-hearted sinner. At the same time many were delivered from doubts and fears, and *knew the things which were freely given them of God.* On Friday, I returned to London.

Monday 21, observing the terror occasioned by that wonderful prophecy to spread far and wide, I endeavoured to draw some good therefrom, by strongly exhorting the congregation at Wapping, *To seek the Lord while he might be found.* But at the same time, I thought it incumbent upon me to declare, (as indeed I had done from the hour I heard it) that, "it *must* be false, if the Bible be true."

The three next days I spent in the tedious work of transcribing the names of the Society. I found, about thirty of those, who thought they were saved from sin, had separated from their brethren. But above four hundred, who witnessed the same confession, seemed more united than ever.

Monday 28, preaching in the evening at Spitalfields, on, "Prepare to meet God," I largely shewed the utter absurdity of the supposition, that the world was to end that night. But notwithstanding all I could say, many were afraid to go to bed, and some wandered about in the fields, being persuaded, that if the world did not end, at least London would be swallowed up by an Earthquake. I went to bed at my usual time, and was fast asleep about ten o'clock.

Monday, March 8, I took the machine for Norwich, and after spending a few quiet, comfortable days, in Norwich, Yarmouth, and Colchester, without any jar or contention, on Saturday the 19th returned to London.

Monday 28, I retired to Lewisham, and wrote the sermon on, *Sin in Believers*, in order to remove a mistake, which some were labouring to propagate, That there is no sin in any that are justified.

Monday,

Monday, April 11, leaving things, as I thought tolerably well settled in London, I took the Machine for Bristol, where on Tuesday 19, I paid the last office of love to Nicholas Gilbert, who was a good man, and an excellent preacher; and likely to have been of great use. But God saw it best, to snatch him hence by a fever, in the dawn of his usefulness.

Saturday 23, I returned to London. On Thursday 28, I was at Westminster, where I had appointed to preach, when word was brought me, about five in the afternoon, "That Mr. M—d *would not* preach at the Foundery." So the breach is made. But I am clear. I have done all I possibly could to prevent it. I walked immediately away and preached myself, on, "If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved."

That I may conclude this melancholy subject at once, and have no need to resume it any more, I add a letter which I wrote some time after, for the information of a friend.

"At your instance I undertake the irksome task of looking back upon things, which I wish to forget for ever. I have had innumerable proofs, (tho' such as it would now be an endless task to collect together,) of all the facts which I recite. And I recite them as briefly as possible, because I do not desire to aggravate any thing, but barely to place it in a true light.

1. Mr. Maxfield was justified, while I was praying with him, in Baldwin-street, Bristol.

2. Not long after he was employed by me, as a preacher, in London.

3. Hereby he had access to Mrs. Maxfield, whom otherwise he was never likely to see, much less to marry; from whence all his outward prosperity had its rise.

4. He was by *me* (by those who did it at *my* instance,) recommended to the Bishop of Derry, to be ordained Priest, who told him then, (I had it from his own mouth,) "Mr. M—, I ordain *You*, to assist that good man, that he may not work himself to death."

5. When a few years ago many censured him much, I continually and strenuously defended him; tho' to the disgusting several of the preachers, and a great number of the people.

6. I disgusted them, not barely by defending him, but by commending him in strong terms, from time to time, both in public and private, with regard to his uprightness as well as usefulness.

7. All this time Mr. M—, was complaining (of which I was frequently informed by those to whom he spoke,) That "he was never so ill persecuted by the rabble in Cornwall, as by *me* and my Brother."

8. Four or five years since, a few persons were appointed to meet weekly at the Foundery. When I left London, I left these under Mr. M's care, desiring them, "To regard *Him* just as they did *me*."

9. Not long after I was gone, some of these had dreams, visions, or impressions, as they thought, from God. Mr. M— did not put a stop to these. Rather he encouraged them.

10. When I returned, I opposed them with my might, and in a short time, heard no more of them. Meanwhile I defended and commended Mr. M— as before, and when I left the town again, left them again under his care.

11. Presently visions and revelations returned, Mr. M— did not discourage them. Herewith was now joined a contempt of such as had them not, with a belief, that they were proofs of the highest grace.

12. Some of our preachers opposed them roughly. At this they took fire, and refused to hear them preach, but crowded after Mr. M—. He took no pains to quench the fire, but rather availed himself of it, to disunite them from the preachers, and attach them to himself. He likewise continually told them, "They were not to be *taught by man*, especially by those who had *less grace than themselves*." I was told of this likewise from time to time. But he denied it. And I would not believe evil of *my friend*.

13. When I returned in October, 1762, I found the Society in an uproar, and several of Mr. M's.

most intimate friends, formed into a detached body. Enthusiasm, pride, and great uncharitableness appeared in many who once had much grace. I very tenderly reprov'd them. They would not bear it. One of them, Mrs. C. cried out, "We will not be brow-beaten any longer: We will *throw off the mask*." Accordingly a few days after she came, and before an hundred persons, brought me her's, and her husband's tickets, and said, "Sir, we will have no more to do with *You*: Mr. M— is our teacher. Soon after several more left the Society, (one of whom was George Bell) saying, "blind John is not capable of teaching *us*: we will keep Mr. M."

14. From the time that I heard of George Bell's prophecy, I explicitly declared against it, both in the Society, in preaching, over and over; and at length in the public papers. Mr. M— made no such declaration: I have reason to think, he believed it. I know, many of his friends did, and several of them sat up the last of February, at the house of his most intimate friend, Mr. Biggs, in full expectation of the accomplishment.

15. About this time, one of our stewards, who at *my desire*, took the chapel in Snowsfields for *my use*, sent me word, "The chapel was *his*, and Mr. Bell should exhort there, whether I would or no." Upon this, I desired the next preacher there, to inform the congregation, "That while things stood thus, neither I nor our preachers could in conscience preach there any more."

16. Nevertheless Mr. M— did preach there. On this I sent him a note, desiring him, not to do it: And adding, "If you do, you thereby renounce connection with *me*."

17. Receiving this he said, "I *will* preach at Snowsfields." He did so, and *thereby* renounced connexion. On *this* point, and no other we divided. By *this* act the knot was cut. Resolving to do this, he told Mr. Clementson, "I am to preach at the Foundery no more."

18. From this time he has spoke all manner of evil of *me*, his father, his friend, his greatest earthly benefactor. I cite Mr. F—r for one witness of this, and Mr. M—n for another. Did he speak evil of me to Mr. F— one day only? Nay, but every day, for six weeks together. To Mr. M—n he said, (among a thousand other things, which he had been twenty years raking together,) “Mr. W. *believed and countenanced* all which Mr. Bell said. And the *reason* of our parting was *this*. He said to me one day, Tommy, I will tell the people, you are the greatest gospel preacher in England. And you shall tell them, I am the greatest. *For refusing to do this*, Mr. W. put me away!”

Now with perfect calmness, and I verily think, without the least touch of prejudice, I refer it to your own judgment, what connection I ought to have with Mr. M— either till I am satisfied, these things are not so; or till he is thoroughly sensible of his fault.”

Monday, May 2, and the following days, I was fully employed in visiting the Society, and settling the minds of those who had been confused and distressed by a thousand misrepresentations. Indeed a flood of calumny and evil-speaking, (as was easily foreseen,) was poured out on every side. My point was still to go straight forward in the work whereto I am called.

Monday 16, setting out a month later than usual, I judged it needful to make the more haste. So I took post-chaises, and by that means easily reached Newcastle, on Wednesday 18. Thence I went on at leisure and came to Edinburgh, on Saturday 21. The next day I had the satisfaction of spending a little time with Mr. Whitefield. Humanly speaking, he is worn out. But we have to do with him, who hath all power in heaven and earth.

Monday 23, I rode to Forfar, and on Tuesday the 24th rode on to Aberdeen.

Wednesday 25, I enquired into the state of things here. Surely never was there a more open door.
The

The four ministers of Aberdeen, the minister of the adjoining town, and the three ministers of Old-Aberdeen, hitherto seem to have no dislike, but rather to *wish us god luck in the name of the Lord*. Most of the town's people as yet, seem to wish us well, so that there is no open opposition of any kind. O what spirit ought a preacher to be of that he may be able to bear all this sun-shine!

About noon I went to Gordon's Hospital, built near the town for poor children. It is an exceeding handsome building, and (what is not common) kept exceeding clean. The gardens are pleasant, well laid out, and in extremely good order. But the old batchelor who founded it, has expressly provided, That no woman should ever be there.

At seven, the evening being fair and mild, I preached to a multitude of people, in the College-close, on, "Stand in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths." But the next evening, the weather being raw and cold, I preached in the College-hall. What an amazing willingness to hear, runs thro' this whole kingdom! There wants only a few zealous, active labourers, who desire nothing but God, and they might soon carry the gospel thro' all this country, even as high as the Orkneys.

Friday 27, I set out for Edinburgh again. About one I preached at Brechin. All were deeply attentive: Perhaps a few may not be forgetful hearers. Afterwards we rode on to Broughty-Castle, two or three miles below Dundee. We were in hopes of passing the river here, tho' we could not at the town. But we found our horses could not pass, till eleven or twelve at night. So we judged, it would be best, to go over ourselves, and leave them behind. In a little time we procured a kind of a boat, about half as long as a London wherry, and three or four feet broad. Soon after we had put off, I perceived it leaked on all sides, nor had we any thing to lade out the water. When we came toward the middle of the river, which was three miles over, the wind being high, and the water rough, our boatmen seemed a
little

little surpris'd: But we encouraged them to *pull away*, and in less than half an hour, we landed safe. Our horses were brought after us. And the next day we rode on to Kinghorn-Ferry, and had a pleasant passage to Leith.

Sunday 29, I preached at seven in the high-school-yard, at Edinburgh. It being the time of the general assembly, which drew together, not the ministers only, but abundance of the nobility and gentry, many of both sorts were present: but abundantly more at five in the afternoon. I spake as plain as ever I did in my life: But I never knew any in Scotland offended at plain-dealing. In this respect the North-Britons are a pattern to all mankind.

Monday 30, I rode to Dunbar. In the evening it was very cold, and the wind was exceeding high. Nevertheless, I would not pen myself up in the room, but resolv'd to preach in the open air. We saw the fruit: many attended, notwithstanding the cold, who never set foot in the room. And I am still perswaded, much good will be done here, if we have zeal and patience.

Tuesday 31, I rode to Alnwick, and was much refreshed, among a people who have not the form only, but the spirit of religion, fellowship with God, the living power of faith divine. Wednesday, June 1, I went on to Morpeth, and preached in a ground near the town, to far the most serious congregation, which I had ever seen there. At one, I preached to the loving colliers in Placey, and in the evening at Newcastle.

Saturday 3, I rode, though much out of order, to Sunderland, and preached in the evening at the room. I was much worse in the night, but toward morning fell into a sound sleep, and was refreshed. Sunday 4, I design'd to preach abroad this morning; but the wind and rain hindered. So at eight I preached in the room again, purposing to preach in the street at noon. But Mr. G. sent me word, "He was taken ill in the night, and begged I would supply his church. So at ten:

ten I began reading prayers; though I was so exceeding weak, that my voice could scarce be heard. But as I went on, I grew stronger, and before I had half done preaching, I suppose all in the church could hear.

The wind drove us into the house at Newcastle likewise, that is, as many as the house would contain. But great numbers were constrained to stand in the yard. However, I suppose all could hear. For my weakness was entirely gone, while I was enforcing those important words, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth."

Monday 5, I rode to Barnard-castle, and preached in the evening, but to such a congregation, not only with respect to number, but to seriousness and composure, as I never saw there before. I intended after preaching to meet the Society: but the bulk of the people were so eager to hear me, that I could not forbear letting in, almost as many as the room would hold. And it was a day of God's power. They all seemed to take the kingdom by violence, while they besieged heaven with vehement prayer.

Tuesday 6, so deep and general, was the impression now made upon the people, that even at five in the morning, I was obliged to preach abroad, by the numbers who flocked to hear, altho' the Northerly wind, occasioned the air to be exceeding sharp. A little after preaching one came to me, who believed God had just set her soul at full liberty. She had been clearly justified long before; but said, "The change she now experienced, was extremely different from what she experienced then, as different as the noon day-light from that of day-break. That she now felt her soul all love, and quite swallowed up in God." Now suppose, ten weeks, or ten months hence, this person should be cold or dead: shall I say, she *deceived* herself; this was merely the work of her own *imagination*? Not at all: I have no right so to judge, nor authority so to speak. I will rather say, she was *unfaithful* to the Grace of God, and so *cast away* what was *really given*.

Therefore

Therefore that way of talking, which has been very common, of "staying to see, if the gift be really given," which some take to be exceeding wise, I take to be exceeding foolish. If a man says, "I now feel nothing but love," and I know him to be an honest man, I believe him. What then should I "stay to see?" Not whether he *has* such a blessing: but whether he will *keep* it.

There is something remarkable in the manner, wherein God revived his work in these parts. A few months ago, the generality of people in this circuit were exceeding lifeless. Samuel Meggot observing this, advised the Society at Barnard-castle, to observe every Friday with fasting and prayer. The very first Friday they met together, God broke in upon them in a wonderful manner. And his work has been increasing among them ever since. The neighbouring Societies heard of this: agreed to follow the same rule, and soon experienced the same blessing. Is not the neglect of this plain duty, I mean, fasting, ranked by our Lord with almsgiving and prayer, one general occasion of deadness among Christians? Can any one willingly neglect it, and be guiltless?

In the evening I preached at Yarm. But I found the good doctrine of Christian perfection, had not been heard of there for some time. The wildness of our poor brethren in London, has put it out of countenance above two hundred miles off. So these strange advocates for perfection have given it a deeper wound, than all its enemies together could do!

Wednesday 8, just as I began preaching, (in the open air, the room being too small, even for the morning congregation,) the rain began. But it stopped in two or three minutes, I am persuaded, in answer to the prayer of faith. Incidents of the same kind I have seen abundance of times, and particularly in this journey. And they are nothing strange to them, who seriously believe, *The very hairs of your head are all numbered.*

After preaching at Potto about noon, I rode to Thirsk, intending to preach near the house where I alighted.

alighted. But several gentlemen of the town, sent to desire, I would preach in the Market-place. I did so, to a numerous congregation, most of whom were deeply attentive. I hastened away after preaching, and between nine and ten came to York.

Saturday 11, I rode to Epworth, and preached at seven in the Market place. Sunday 12, I preached at the room in the morning, in the afternoon at the Market place, and about one, to the congregation gathered from all parts, in Haxey parish, near Westwood-side. At every place, I endeavoured to settle the minds of the poor people, who had been not a little harrassed, by a new doctrine, which honest Jonathan C—, and his converts, had industriously propagated among them, “That there is *no sin* in believers, but the moment we believe, sin is destroyed, root and branch.” I trust, this plague also is stayed. But how ought those unstable ones to be ashamed, who are so easily *lost about with every wind of doctrine!*

I had desired Samuel Meggot, to give me some farther account, of the late work of God at Barnard-castle. Part of his answer was as follows :

“ June 7, 1763.

“ Within ten weeks, at least twenty persons in this town have found peace with God, and twenty-eight, the pure love of God. This morning, before you left us, one found peace, and one the second blessing ; and after you were gone, two more received it. One of these had belonged to the Society before ; but after he turned back, had bitterly persecuted his wife, particularly after she professed the being saved from sin. May 29, he came, in a furious rage, to drag her out of the Society. One cried out, ‘ Let us go to pray for him.’ Presently he ran away, and his wife went home. Not long after, he came in, like a madman, and swore he would be the death of her. One said, ‘ Are you not afraid, lest God should smite you ?’ He answered, ‘ No, let God do his worst. I will make an end of her, and the brats, and myself too, and we will all go to hell together.’

His wife and children fell down, and broke out into prayer. His countenance changed, and he was quiet as a lamb. But it was not long before an horrible dread overwhelmed him : he was sore distressed. The hand of God was upon him, and gave him no rest, day or night. On Tuesday, in the afternoon, he went to her, who prayed for him, when he came to drag his wife out, begging her with a shower of tears, to pray for his deliverance. On Thursday he wrestled with God, till he was as wet all over with sweat, as if he had been dipped in water. But that evening God wiped away his tears, and filled him with joy unspeakable.

“ This morning, while brother Story was at prayer, God gave him a witness in himself, that He had purified his heart. When he was risen from his knees, he could not help declaring it. He now ran to his wife, not to kill her, but to catch her in his arms, that they might praise God, and weep over one another with tears of joy and love.”

Monday 13, even in Epworth a few faithful servants of Satan were left, who would not leave any stone unturned, to support his tottering kingdom. A kind of gentleman got a little party together, and took huge pains to disturb the congregation. He hired a company of boys to shout, and made a poor man exceeding drunk, who bawled out much ribaldry and nonsense, while he himself played the French-horn. But he had little fruit of his labour. I spoke a few words to their champion, and he disappeared. The congregation was not at all disturbed, but quietly attended to the end.

Wednesday 15, I rode to Doncaster, and at ten standing in an open place, exhorted a wild, yet civil multitude, *To seek the Lord while he might be found.* Thence I went on to Leeds, and declared to a large congregation, “ Now is the day of salvation.” Thursday 16, at five in the evening I preached at Dewsbury, and on Friday 17, reached Manchester. Here I received a particular account of a remarkable incident. An eminent drunkard of Congleton, used
to

to divert himself, whenever there was preaching there, by standing over against the house, cursing and swearing at the preacher. One evening he had a fancy to step in, and "hear what the man had to say." He did so; but it made him so uneasy, that he could not sleep all night. In the morning he was more uneasy still: he walked in the fields, but all in vain, till it came in his mind, to go to one of his merry companions, who was always ready to abuse the *Methodists*. He told him how he was, and asked, what he should do? "Do?" said Samuel: "Go and join the Society. I will; for I was never so uneasy in my life." They did so without delay. But presently David cried out, "I am sorry I joined: for I shall get drunk again, and they will turn me out." However, he stood firm for four days: on the fifth, he was persuaded by his old companions, to "take one pint," and then another and another, till one of them said, "See, here is a *Methodist* drunk!" David started up, and knocked him over, chair and all. He then drove the rest out of the house, caught up the landlady, carried her out, threw her into the kennel; went back to the house, broke down the door, threw it into the street, and then ran into the fields, tore his hair, and rolled up and down on the ground. In a day or two was a love-feast: he stole in, getting behind that none might see him. While Mr. Furz was at prayer, he was seized with a dreadful agony both of body and mind. This caused many to wrestle with God for him. In awhile he sprung up on his feet, stretched out his hands and cried aloud, "All my sins are forgiven!" At the same instant, one on the other side of the room cried out, "Jesus is mine! And he has taken away all my sins." This was Samuel H. David burst thro' the people, caught him in his arms and said, "Come, let us sing the Virgin Mary's song: I *never could sing it before*. 'My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour.' And their following behaviour plainly shewed the reality of their profession.

Saturday 18, I found the work of God was still greatly increasing here: altho' many stumbling blocks had been thrown in the way, and some by those who were once strong in grace. But this is no wonder: I rather wonder that there are not abundantly more. And so there would be, but that Satan is not able to go beyond his chain.

Monday 20, I preached at Macclesfield about noon. As I had not been well, and was not quite recovered, our brethren insisted on sending me in a chaise to Burslem. Between four and five, I quitted the chaise and took my horse. Presently after, hearing a cry, I looked back, and saw the chaise upside-down (the wheel having violently struck against a stone) and well-nigh dashed in pieces. About seven, I preached to a large congregation at Burslem: these poor potters four years ago, were as wild and ignorant as any of the colliers in Kingswood. Lord, thou hast *power over thy own clay!*

Tuesday 21, I rode to Birmingham, and on Thursday to Towcester. I would willingly have rested there: but our brethren desiring me to go a little farther, I walked on (about three miles) to Whittlebury. Here I found a truly loving and simple people. I preached at the side of the New Preaching-house: I suppose most of the town were present. Friday 24, I took horse early, and in the afternoon came once more safe to London.

About this time I received the following letter.

“ God is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever! He was, is, and will be *all in all!* Being a *minute* part of the *whole*, let me consider myself *alone*. Where was I before my parents were born? In the *Mind* of Him who is *all in all*. It was God alone, that gave me a Being amongst the *human* race. He appointed the *country* in which I should begin my existence. My parents were also his choice. Their *situation* in mind, body, and estate, was fully known to Him. My parents are answerable for my education in infancy. My *capacity* was from above. That I improved so little was mostly owing to my connections;

connections ; but partly to my own inattention or idleness. In most things, whilst an infant, whether good or evil, I was certainly *passive*, i. e. I was instructed or led by others, and so acted right or wrong. In all the incidents of life, whether sickness, health, escapes, crosses, spiritual or temporal advantages or disadvantages, I can trace *nothing* of *myself* during my childhood. And till I became a subject to my *own will*, perhaps I was innocent in the eyes of infinite Justice: For the Blood of Jesus Christ certainly cleanseth from all original sin, and presents all *spotless*, who die free from the guilt of actual transgression.

“ At what time I became a subject to my *own will*, I cannot ascertain ; but from that time, in many things, I *offended*. First, against my *parents* ; next against God ! And that I was preserved from outward evils, was not owing to the *purity of my own will* ; but the grace of Christ over-ruling and preventing me.

“ My *natural will* ever cleaved to *evil* : and if I had ever any *good* in me, it came from above. What is called *good nature* is a divine gift, and not from the corrupt root. My *will* could not produce good, and in various instances it was in a manner annihilated, before *grace* could fix any good in me. In other words, my *will* acts from the motions of the *old Adam* where I transgress ; but what is good in me is from the grace of Christ working, whilst my *own will* is made *passive* or *unresisting*. Thus my life has been so far holy, as I gave up *my own will* and lived in God, who is *all in all*.

“ From the time I could sin, I trace the divine goodness, in preserving me from innumerable evils, into which my own will would have led me. The unknown temptations and evils, perhaps, are infinitely more numerous than the *known*. If my *will* was only *not resisting*, when I received or did any good, how little was it concerned in my conviction, my conversion, my peace, and the sphere of life I engaged in, after receiving such divine blessings ! My concern about my soul's welfare, the *time* of my conversion,

sion, the *ministers* raised up to be the instruments of it, the place of my first hearing the gospel, and various other circumstances, that instrumentally brought about those great and blessed events in my life, were no more from any thing in myself, than my birth and education. Rather, *my will* was overpowered, and *grace* triumphed over it.

“ From these reflexions I conclude, that whatever blessings I have enjoyed as to parents, country, education, employments, conversion, connections in life, or any exterior or interior circumstance, all came from God, who is all in all! And whatever in my past life, is matter of repentance and lamentation, has arisen chiefly from *my corrupt will*, tho’ partly from a defective judgment, ever prone to err! So that upon the whole, I have great cause to be thankful that God has been so much the all in all of my life; at the same time, I must bewail that I ever followed my own corrupt will in any thing.

“ My present state of life I believe is from God. In a bad state of health, out of employment, and retired from all engagements in the world. I use the means for my recovery, and it is not from any evil principle that I am a cypher: but I cannot yet obtain health, business, or a sphere of usefulness. Nor can I ascertain how far I am culpable, as to being what I am. My present duty is, *submission* to the divine will. I study for improvement, and pray for such blessings as I want. Is not God *all in all*, as to my present state? I have no desire so strong as this, Let thy blessed will be done in and upon me. And the prayer which governs my soul continually is, O may *my will* die day by day; and may God in Christ Jesus, be all in all to me and in me, and mine, during our life, in our last moments, and to all eternity! Amen.”

Finding it was not expedient to leave London, during the ferment, which still continued by reason of Mr. M’s. separation from us, I determined not to remove from it before the Conference. This began on Tuesday, July 19, and ended on Saturday 23. And
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it was a great blessing, that we had peace among ourselves, while so many were making themselves ready for battle.

Monday, August 1, I began visiting the classes again, and found less loss than might reasonably have been expected: as most of those who had left us, spake all manner of evil, without either fear or shame! Poor creatures! Yet *he that betrayed them into this, hath the greater sin.*

Monday 15, I went in the one-day-machine to Bath, where one of our friends from Bristol met me, (as I had desired) in the afternoon, and took me thither in a post-chaise. Wednesday 17, being informed that the boat at the Old Passage would go over at six o'clock, I took horse at four, and came to the passage in a few minutes after six. But they told us they would not pass till twelve, and I had appointed to preach in Chepstow at eleven. So we thought it best to try the New Passage. We came thither at seven, and might probably have stayed till noon, had not an herd of oxen come just in time to the other side. In the boat which brought them over, we crossed the water, and got to Chepstow between ten and eleven. As it had rained almost all the day, the house contained the congregation. Hence we rode to Coleford. The wind being high, I consented to preach in their new room. But large as it was, it would not contain the people, who appeared to be not a little affected: of which they gave a sufficient proof, by filling the room at five in the morning.

Thursday 18, we breakfasted at a Friend's, a mile or two from Monmouth, and rode to Crick-howell, where I intended to dine: but I found other work to do. Notice had been given that I would preach, and some were come many miles to hear. So I began without delay, and I did not observe one light or inattentive person in the congregation. When we came to Brecknock, we found it was the Assize week, so that I could not have the Town-hall, as before; the court being to sit there, at the very time when I had appointed to preach. So I preached at Mr.

James's door : and all the people behaved as in the presence of God.

Friday 19, I preached near the Market-place, and afterwards rode over to Trevecka. Howell Harris's house, is one of the most elegant places, which I have seen in Wales. The little chapel and all things round about it, are finished in an uncommon taste : and the gardens, orchards, fish-ponds, and mount adjoining, make the place a little paradise. He thanks God for these things, and looks thro' them. About six-score persons are now in the family : all diligent, all constantly employed, all fearing God and working righteousness. I preached at ten to a crowded audience, and in the evening at Brecknock again : but to the poor only : the rich, (a very few excepted) were otherwise employed.

Saturday 20, we took horse at four, and rode thro' one of the pleasantest countries in the world. When we came to Trecastle, we had rode fifty miles in Monmouthshire and Brecknockshire. And I will be bold to say, all England does not afford such a line of fifty miles length, for fields, meadows, woods, brooks, and gently-rising mountains, fruitful to the very top. Caermarthenshire, into which we came soon after, has at least as fruitful a soil. But it is not so pleasant, because it has fewer mountains, tho' abundance of brooks and rivers. About five I preached on the green at Caermarthen, to a large number of deeply, attentive people. Here two gentlemen from Pembroke met me : with whom we rode to St. Clare, intending to lodge there ; but the Inn was quite full. So we concluded to try for Larn, tho' we knew not the way, and it was now quite dark. Just then came up an honest man, who was riding thither : and we willingly bore him company.

Sunday 21, it rained almost all the morning. However, we reached Tenby about eleven. The rain then ceased, and I preached at the Cross, to a congregation gathered for many miles round. The sun broke out several times and shone hot in my face ; but never for two-minutes together. About five I preached

preached to a far larger congregation at Pembroke. A few gay people behaved ill at the beginning. But in a short time they lost their gaiety, and were as serious as their neighbours.

Wednesday 24, I rode over to Haverfordwest. Finding it was the Assize week, I was afraid the bulk of the people would be too busy, to think about hearing sermons. But I was mistaken: I have not seen so numerous a congregation since I set out of London. And they were, one and all, deeply attentive. Surely some will bring forth fruit.

Thursday 25, I was more convinced than ever, that the preaching like an apostle, without joining together those that are awakened, and training them up in the ways of God, is only begetting children for the murderer. How much preaching has there been for these twenty years all over Pembrokeshire? But no *regular societies*, no discipline, no order or connexion. And the consequence is, that nine in ten of the once awakened, are now faster asleep than ever.

Friday 26, we designed to take horse at four. But the rain poured down, so that one could scarce look out. About six however we set out, and rode thro' heavy rain to St. Clare. Having then little hopes of crossing the Sands, we determined to go round by Caermarthen. But the hostler told us, we might save several miles, by going to Llansteffan's-Ferry. We came thither about noon, where a good woman informed us, the boat was a-ground, and would not pass till the evening. So we judged it best, to go by Caermarthen still. But when we had rode three or four miles, I recollected, that I had heard speak of a Ford, which would save us some miles riding. We enquired of an old man, who soon mounted his horse, shewed us the way, and rode thro' the river before us.

Soon after, my mare dropped a shoe, which occasioned so much loss of time, that we could not ride the Sands, but were obliged to go round thro' a miserable road to Lanellors. To mend the matter,
our

our guide lost his way, both before we came to Lanellos and after; so that it was as much as we could do, to reach Bocher-Ferry, a little after sun-set. Knowing it was impossible then, to reach to Penreese, as we designed, we went on straight to Swansey.

Saturday 27, I preached at seven to one or two hundred people, many of whom seemed full of good desires. But as there is no society, I expect no deep or lasting work.

Mr. Evans now gave me an account from his own knowledge, of what has made a great noise in Wales. "It is common in the congregations attended by Mr. W. W., and one or two other clergymen, after the preaching is over, for any one that has a mind, to give out a verse of an hymn. This they sing over and over with all their might, perhaps above thirty, yea, forty times. Meanwhile the bodies of two or three, sometimes ten or twelve, are violently agitated; and they leap up and down in all manner of postures, frequently for hours together." I think, there needs no great penetration to understand this. They are honest, upright men, who really feel the love of God in their hearts. But they have little experience, either in the ways of God, or the devices of Satan. So he serves himself of their simplicity, in order to wear them out, and to bring a discredit on the work of God.

About two I preached at Cowbridge in the Assembly-room, and then went on to Landaff. The congregation was waiting: So I began without delay, explaining to them *the righteousness of faith*. A man had need to be all fire, who comes into these parts, where almost every one is cold as ice. Yet God is able to warm their hearts, and make rivers run in the dry places.

Sunday 28, I preached once more in W. church; but it was hard work. Mr. H. read the Prayers, (not as he did once, with such fervour and solemnity as struck almost every hearer,) but like one reading an old song, in a cold, dry, careless manner. And
there

there was no finging at all. O what life was here once! But now there is not one spark left!

Thence I rode to Cardiff, and found the Society in as ruinous a condition as the Castle. The same poison of *Myfticism*, has well-nigh extinguished the last spark of life here also. I preached in the Town-hall on, "Now God commandeth all men every where to repent." There was a little shaking among the dry bones. Possibly some of them may yet *come together and live*.

Monday 29, at noon I preached again at Landaff, and in the evening at Aberthaw. I found the most life in this congregation, that I have found any where in Glamorganshire. We lodged at the Castle; so agreeable once! But how is the scene changed! How dull and unlovely is every place, where there is nothing of God!

Thursday 30, I preached in the Castle at Cardiff, and endeavoured to lift up the hands that hung down. A few seemed to awake, and shake themselves from the dust. Let these go on, and more will follow.

I came to Chepstow, Friday 31, just at noon, and began preaching immediately at Mr. Cheek's door. The sun shone full in my face, extremely hot; but in two or three minutes the clouds covered it. The congregation was large, and behaved well: Perhaps some may be *doers of the word*. When we went into the boat at the Old Passage, it was a dead calm. But the wind sprung up in a few minutes, so that we reached Bristol in good time.

Thursday, September 1, I began expounding a second time, after an interval of above twenty years, the first Epistle of St. John. How plain, how full, and how deep a compendium of genuine Christianity!

Saturday 3, I went on in describing the one undivided *fruit of the Spirit*: One part of which men are continually labouring to separate from the other: But it cannot be: None can retain *peace* or *joy* without *meekness* or *long-suffering*: Nay, nor with-
out

out *fidelity* and *temperance*. Unless we have the whole, we cannot long retain any part of it.

Sunday 4, I preached on the Key, where multitudes attended, who would not have come to the other end of the city. In the afternoon, I preached near the New Square. I find no other way to reach the outcasts of men. And this way God has owned, and *does* still own, both by the conviction, and conversion of sinners.

Wednesday 7, I preached at Pensford about eight, and it began raining almost as soon as I began preaching. But I think none went away. At noon I preached at Shepton-Mallet, to a numerous, nay, and serious congregation: And about six in a meadow at Wincaunton. I suppose this was the first field-preaching which had been there. However, the people were all quiet, and the greater part deeply attentive.

Thursday 8, at nine I preached in the same place, to a far more serious audience. Between eleven and twelve, I preached at Westcomb, and in the evening at Frome. How zealous to hear are these people! And yet how little do they profit by hearing! I think this will not always be the case. By and by we shall rejoice over them.

Wednesday 14, I preached at Bath on, "Now is the day of salvation." I was afterwards not a little refreshed, by the conversation of one lately come from London; notwithstanding an irregularity of thought, almost peculiar to herself. How much preferable is her *irregular warmth*, to the *cold wisdom* of them that despise her! How gladly would I be as she is, taking her *wildness* and *fervour* together!

In the evening the congregation at Coleford was all alive, and great part of them were present again in the morning. The next evening we had a Love-feast: At which many were not able to contain their joy and desire; but were constrained to cry aloud, and praise God for the abundance of his mercies.

Saturday 17, I preached on the Green at Bedminster. I am apt to think, many of the hearers scarce
ever

ever heard a *Methodist* before, or perhaps any other preacher. What but field-preaching could reach these poor sinners? And are not *their* souls also precious in the sight of God?

Sunday 18, I preached in the morning in Prince's-street, to a numerous congregation. Two or three gentlemen, so called, laughed at first. But in a few minutes, they were as serious as the rest. On Monday evening, I gave our brethren a solemn caution, Not to *love the world, neither the things of the world*. This will be their grand danger. As they are industrious and frugal, they must needs increase in goods. This appears already: In London, Bristol, and most other trading towns, those who are in business have increased in substance seven-fold: Some of them twenty, yea, an hundred-fold. What need then have these of the strongest warnings, lest they be intangled therein, and perish?

Friday 23, I preached at Bath. Riding home we saw a coffin carrying into St. George's church, with many children attending it. When we came near, we found they were our own children, attending the corpse of one of their school-fellows, who had died of the small-pox. And God thereby touched many of their hearts, in a manner they never knew before.

Monday 26, I preached to the prisoners in Newgate, and in the afternoon rode over to Kingswood, where I had a solemn Watch-night, and an opportunity of speaking closely to the children. One is dead, two are recovered, seven ill still. And the hearts of all are like melting wax.

Tuesday 27, I took my leave of the congregation at Bristol, by opening and applying those words, (by which no flesh living shall be justified,) "*Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.*" I believe, an eminent Deist, who was present, will not easily forget that hour. He was (then at least) deeply affected, and felt he stood in need of an *Advocate with the Father*.

Wednesday and Thursday evening, I spent at Salisbury, and with no small satisfaction. Friday 30, I preached about one at Whitchurch, and then rode

to Basingstoke. Even here there is at length some prospect of doing good. A large number of people attended; to whom God enabled me to speak strong words. And they seemed to sink into the hearts of the hearers.

Saturday, October 1, I returned to London, and found our house in ruins, great part of it being taken down, in order to a thorough repair. But as much remained as I wanted: Six foot square, suffices me by day or by night.

I now received a very strange account, from a man of sense, as well as integrity. "I asked M. S. many questions, before she would give me any answer. At length, after much persuasion she said, 'On old Michaelmas day was three years, I was sitting by myself at my father's, with a Bible before me, and one whom I took to be my uncle came into the room, and sat down by me. He talked to me some time, till not liking his discourse, I looked more carefully at him. He was dressed like my uncle; but I observed one of his feet, was just like that of an ox. Then I was much frightened, and he began torturing me sadly, and told me he would torture me ten times more, if I would not swear to kill my father, which at last I did. He said, he would come again, on that day four years, between half hour past two and three o'clock.

"I have several times since strove to write this down; but when I did, the use of my hand was taken from me. I strove to speak it; but whenever I did, my speech was taken from me. And I am afraid I shall be tormented a deal more, for what I have spoken now.'

Presently she fell into such a fit as was dreadful to look upon. One would have thought she would be torn in pieces. Several persons could scarce hold her; till after a time, she sunk down as dead.

From that Michaelmas-day, she was continually tormented, with the thought of killing her father: as likewise of killing herself: which she often attempted, but was as often hindered. Once she attempted

tempted to cut her own throat : once to throw herself into Rosamond's Pond : several times to strangle herself, which once or twice was with much difficulty prevented.

Her brother, fearing lest she should at last succeed in her attempt, and finding her fits come more frequently, got a strait waistcoat made for her, such as they use at Bedlam. It was made of strong ticking, with two straps on the shoulders, to fasten her down to the bed : one across her breast, another across her middle, and another across her knees. One likewise was buckled on each leg, and fastened to the side of the bed. The arms of the waistcoat drew over her fingers, and fastened like a purse. In a few minutes after she was thus secured, her brother coming to the bed, found she was gone. After some time, he found she was up the chimney, so high that he could scarce touch her feet. When M. Lary called her, she came down, having her hands as fast as ever.

The night after, I fastened her arms to her body, with new straps over and above the rest. She looked at me and laughed ; then gave her hands a slight turn, and all the fastenings were off.

In the morning Mr. Spark came. On our telling him this, he said, " But I will take upon me to fasten her so, that she shall not get loose." Accordingly he sent for some girth-web, with which he fastened her arms to her sides, first above her elbows round her body ; then below her elbows : then he put it round each wrist, and braced them down to each side of the bedstead. After this she was quiet a night and a day. Then all this was off like the rest.

After this we did not tie her down any more, only watched over her, night and day. I asked the physician that attended her, whether it was a natural disorder ? He said, " Partly natural, partly diabolical." We then judged there was no remedy but prayer, which was made for her, or with her continually : Tho' while any were praying with her, she was tormented more than ever.

The Friday before Michaelmas-day last, Mr. W. came to see her. He asked, "Do you know me?" she said, "No, you all appear to me like Blackamores." "But do you not know my voice?" "No, I know no ones voice, except Molly L—." "Do you pray God to help you?" "No, I cannot pray. God will never help me. I belong to the Devil: and he will have me. He will take me, body and soul on Monday." "Would you have me pray for you?" "No indeed, for when people pray, he torments me worse than ever." In her fits she was first convulsed all over, seeming in an agony of pain, and screaming terribly. Then she began cursing, swearing and blaspheming in the most horrible manner. Then she burst into vehement fits of laughter: then sunk down as dead. All this time she was quite senseless: then she fetched a deep sigh, and recovered her sense and understanding: but was so weak, that she could not speak to be heard, unless you put your ear almost close to her mouth.

When Mr. W. began praying, she began screaming, so that a mob quickly gathered about the house. However he prayed on, till the convulsions and screaming ceased, and she came to her senses much sooner than usual. What most surprised us was, that she continued in her senses, and soon after began to pray herself.

On Sunday evening Mr. W. came again, asked her many questions, pressed her to call upon God for power to believe, and then prayed with her. She then began to pray again, and continued in her senses, longer than she had done for a month before: but still insisted, "The Devil would come the next day between two and three, and take her away."

She begged me to sit up with her that night, which I willingly did. About four in the morning, she burst out into a flood of tears, crying, "What shall I do, what shall I do? I cannot stand this day. This day I shall be lost." I went to prayer with her,

her, and exhorted her to pray for faith, and her agony ceased.

About half an hour after ten, ten of us came together, as we had agreed the day before. I said, 'Is there any among you who does not believe, that God is able and willing to deliver this soul?' They answered with one voice, "We believe, he both can and will deliver her this day." I then fastened her down to the bed on both sides, and set two on each side to hold her, if need were. We began laying her before the Lord, and claiming his promise on her behalf. Immediately satan raged vehemently. He caused her to roar in an uncommon manner; then to shriek, so that it went thro' our heads, then to bark like a dog. Then her face was distorted to an amazing degree, her mouth being drawn from ear to ear, and her eyes turned opposite ways, and starting as if they would start out of her head. Presently her throat was so convulsed, that she appeared to be quite strangled. Then the convulsions were in her bowels, and her body swelled, as if ready to burst. At other times, she was stiff from head to foot, as an iron bar, being at the same time wholly deprived of her senses, and motion, not even breathing at all. Soon after her body was so writhed, one would have thought all her bones must be dislocated.

We continued in prayer, one after another, till about twelve o'clock. One then said, "I must go: I can stay no longer." Another and another said the same, till we were upon the point of breaking up. I said, 'What is this? Will you all give place to the Devil? Are you still ignorant of satan's devices? Shall we leave this poor soul in his hands?' Presently the cloud vanished away. We all saw the snare, and resolved to wrestle with God, till we had the petition we asked of him. We began singing an hymn, and quickly found his Spirit was in the midst of us. But the more earnestly we prayed, the more violently the enemy raged. It was with great difficulty that four of us could hold her down: frequently we thought she would have been torn out of our arms. By her

looks and motions, we judged she saw him in a visible shape. She laid fast hold on Molly L—s and me, with inexpressible eagerness: And soon burst into a flood of tears, crying, “Lord, save or I perish. I *will* believe. Lord, give me power to believe, help my unbelief.” Afterwards she lay quiet for about fifteen minutes. I then asked, ‘Do you now believe Christ will save you? And have you a desire to pray to him?’ She answered, “I have a little desire, but I want power to believe.” We bid her keep asking for the power, and looking unto Jesus. I then gave out an hymn, and she earnestly sung with us those words,

‘ O Sun of Righteousness arise
With healing in thy wing!
To my diseas’d, my fainting soul,
Life and salvation bring.’

I now looked at my watch and told her, ‘It is half hour past two. This is the time when the Devil said, he would come for you.’ But, blessed be God, instead of a tormentor he sent a comforter. Jesus appeared to her soul, and rebuked the enemy: tho’ still some fear remained. But at three it was all gone, and she mightily rejoiced in the God of her salvation. It was a glorious fight. Her fierce countenance was changed, and she looked innocent as a child. And we all partook of the blessing. For Jesus filled our souls with a love which no tongue can express. We then offered up our joint praises to God, for his unspeakable mercies, and left her full of faith, and love, and joy, in God her Saviour.

Sunday 2, all this week I endeavoured to confirm those, who had been shaken, as to the important doctrine of Christian perfection, either by its wild defenders or wise opposers, who much availed themselves of that wildness. It must needs be that such offences will come. But *woe unto him by whom the offence cometh!*

Monday 10, I set out for Norwich, taking Hertford in my way, where I began preaching between
ten

ten and eleven. Those who expected disturbance were happily disappointed; for the whole congregation was quiet and attentive. I doubt not but much good may be done even here, if our brethren *live what we preach*.

In the evening I preached in the New Room at Bedford, where we at last see some fruit of our labour. Tuesday 11, I rode thro' miserable roads to Cambridge, and thence to Lakenheath. The next day I reached Norwich, and found much of the presence of God in the congregation, both this evening and the next day. On Friday evening I read to them all, the rules of the society, adding, 'Those that are resolved to keep these rules, may continue with us, and those only.' I then related what I had done, since I came to Norwich first, and what I *would do* for the time to come: particularly, that I would immediately put a stop to preaching, in the time of Church service. I added, 'For many years I have had more trouble with this society, than with half the societies in England put together. With God's help, I will try you one year longer. And I hope you will bring forth better fruit.'

Sunday 16, notwithstanding the notice I had given over and over, abundance of people came to the Tabernacle at two in the afternoon, the usual time of preaching. And many of these *lamb*s roared like lions. But it was no more than I expected. Monday 17, I found at Yarmouth, a little, loving, earnest company. In the evening, both the house and the yard, were pretty well filled with attentive hearers. Tuesday 18, I read over that surprising book, *The Life of Mr. William Lilly*. If he believed himself, as he really seems to have done, was ever man so deluded? Persuaded that Hermeli, the *Queen of the Fairies*, Micol Regina Pygmeorum and their fellows, were good angels! How amazing is this! And is it not still more amazing, that some of the greatest and most sensible men in the nation, should not only not scruple to employ him, but be his fast friends upon all occasions?

Wednesday

Wednesday 19, I returned to Norwich, and found the ferment a little abated. I was much pleased with the leaders in the evening, a company of steady, lively, zealous persons: And indeed with most of the society, with whom I have conversed, none of them seem to have lost ground since I was here last.

Sunday 23, I met the Society for the first time, immediately after the morning preaching. Afterwards I went to church, with a considerable number of the people, several of whom I suppose had not been within those walls for many years. I was glad to hear a plain, useful sermon, and especially for the sake of those, who if they had been offended at first, would hardly have come any more. In the evening God made bare his arm, and his word was sharp as a two-edged sword. Before I had concluded my sermon, the mob made a little disturbance. But let us only get the *lambs* in order, and I will quickly tame the *bears*.

Monday 24, I rode to Bury. Here the mob had for some time reigned Lords Paramount. But a strange gentleman from London, who was present one evening, when they were in high spirits, took them in hand, and prosecuted the matter so effectually, that they were quelled at once.

Tuesday 25, I rode to Colchester, and found a strange ferment in the Society, occasioned by the impudence of —, who had kindled a flame which he could not quench, and set every man's sword against his brother. I heard them all face to face, but to no purpose. They regarded neither scripture nor reason. But on Thursday evening, at the meeting of the society, God was intreated for them. The stony hearts were broken: anger, revenge, evil surmising fled away. The hearts of all were again united together, and his banner over us was love.

It may be of use to insert part of a letter, which I received about this time.

“ I was reading your notes on Heb. xii. awhile since, I was struck with your exposition of the ninth verse;
 “ Perhaps these expressions, *fathers of our flesh, and*
Father.

Father of spirits, intimate, that our earthly fathers are only the parents of our bodies, our souls not being derived from them, but rather created by the immediate power of God, and infused into the body from age to age." But meeting with a curious old book, which asserts a contrary doctrine, I hope, you will pardon my freedom in transcribing, and begging your thoughts upon it.

"That souls are not immediately infused by God, but mediately propagated by the parent, is proved, 1. from the divine rest, Gen. ii. 2. 'And he rested on the seventh day, from all the work which he had made:' 2. from the blessing mentioned, Gen. i. 28. 'And God blessed them, and said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply;' for this does not relate to a part, but to the whole of man: 3. from the generation of Seth, Gen. v. 3. 'And Adam—begat a son in his own likeness, after his image,' for this image principally consisted in the soul: 4. From the procreation of the soul from the parent mentioned, Gen. xvi. 26. 'All the souls—which came out of his loins:' 5. From the very consideration of sin; for they are infused, I. Either pure, and then, 1. they will either be free from original sin, the primary seat of which is the soul; and so God will be cruel, in condemning the soul for what it is not guilty of: or, 2. we must suppose the impure body to pollute the soul, which is absurd. Or II. they are infused impure, and in that case, God will be the cause of impurity, which is impossible. This is further proved from the doctrine of regeneration; for that which is regenerated, was also generated or begotten, but the whole man is regenerated, therefore the whole man is generated; compare, John iii. 6, 'That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit;' and Eph. iv. 23. 'And be renewed in the spirit of your mind.'

"That the human soul is propagated by the parents together with the body, is farther proved, 1. by the creation of Eve; whose soul is not said to have been breathed into her by God: 2. from the confession of David,

David, Psalm, li. 2. 'Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me;' which words cannot possibly relate to the body only: 3. From our redemption; what Christ did not assume, he did not redeem; if therefore, he did not assume his soul together with his body from the Virgin Mary, our souls are not redeemed by Christ, which is evidently false: 4. From similar expressions Job. x. 8. 'Thine hands have made and fashioned me;' and Psalm, cxxxix. 15, 'For thou hast possessed my reins, Thou hast covered me in my mother's womb;' where God is said to have formed us with his own hands, which yet is no otherwise done, than meditatedly by generation: 5. From the nature of the begetter and the begotten; they are of one species, but the man who begets consisting of a soul and body, and a body without a soul, are not of one species.

"Again, supposing the soul to be infused by the Deity, either first it will be free from sin, and so God himself will be accused as guilty of injustice in condemning a pure spirit, and infusing it into an impure body: or, 2. he will be accounted the author of the soul's pollution, by uniting it a pure spirit, to an impure body, in order that it should be polluted: 3. a double absurdity, will follow upon this supposition, viz. 1. the organical parts of man only will be slaves to sin. 2. the immortal spirit would be corrupted by the mortal body. 3. or, if the soul being thus infused, be polluted by sin, it will follow that God is expressly assigned to be the cause of sin, which is the highest blasphemy."

Friday 28, at the request of the little Society there, I rode round by Braintree. Here I met with one who was well acquainted with the Honourable Mr. H—. If he answers the character Mr. S— gives, he is one of the most amiable men in the world. O what keeps us apart? Why cannot we openly give each other the right-hand of fellowship.

Saturday 29, I returned to London. Sunday 30, I now for the first time, spoke to the Society freely concerning Mr. M., both with regard to his *injustice*
in

in the affair of Snowfields, and his almost unparalleled ingratitude to me. But I never expect one that is false to God, to be true to an human friend.

Wednesday, November 2, I spent an agreeable hour with old venerable Mr. P—. How striking is a man of sense, learning, and piety, when he has well-nigh finished his course, and yet retains all his faculties unimpaired? His grey hairs are indeed a crown of honour.

In this neighbourhood I learned the particulars of a remarkable occurrence. On Friday, August 19, a gentleman who was at Lisbon during the great earthquake, walking with his friend near Brighthelmstone in Suffex, and looking south-west towards the sea, cried out, "God grant the wind may rise! Otherwise we shall have an earthquake quickly. Just so the clouds whirled to and fro, and so the sky looked that day at Lisbon." Presently the wind did rise, and brought an impetuous storm of rain and large hail. Some of the hail-stones were larger than hen-eggs. It moved in a line about four miles broad, making strange havock, as it passed quite over the land, till it fell into the river, not far from Sheerness. And wherever it passed, it left an hot sulphurous steam, such as almost suffocated those it reached.

Thursday 3, I returned to London. Saturday 5, I spent some time with my old friend, J. G. Who but Count Z. could have separated such friends as we were? Shall we never unite again?

Sunday 13, I found much of the power of God in preaching, but far more at the Lord's table. At the same time, one who had been wandering from God for many years, and would fain have been with us, but could not, found that the Spirit of God was not hindered, or confined to one place. He found out the poor backslider, in his own house, and revealed Christ anew in his heart.

Tuesday 15, I visited Joseph Norbury, a good old soldier of Jesus Christ. I found him just on the wing for Paradise, having rattled in the throat for some time. But his speech was restored, when I came in,
and

and he mightily praised God for all his mercies. This was his last testimony of a Good Master. Soon after he fell asleep.

On Friday I finished visiting the classes, and observed that since February last, an hundred and seventy five persons, have been separated from us. An hundred and six left us, on Mr. M—'s account: few of them will return, till they are deeply humbled.

Here I stood, and looked back on the late occurrences. Before Thomas Walsli left England, God began that great work, which has continued ever since, without any considerable intermission. During the whole time, many have been convinced of sin, many justified, and many backsliders healed. But the peculiar work of this season has been, what St. Paul calls, "The perfecting of the saints." Many persons in London, in Bristol, in York, and in various parts both of England and Ireland, have experienced so deep and universal a change, as it had not before entered into their hearts to conceive. After a deep conviction of inbred sin, of their total fall from God, they have been so filled with faith and love, (and generally in a moment,) that sin vanished, and they found from that time, no pride, anger, desire, or unbelief. They could rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks. Now whether we call this the *destruction* or *suspension* of sin, it is a glorious work of God: such a work, as considering both the depth and extent of it, we never saw in these kingdoms before.

It is possible, some who spoke in this manner were mistaken: and it is certain, some have lost what they then received. A few (very few compared to the whole number) first gave way to enthusiasm, then to pride, next to prejudice and offence, and at last separated from their brethren. But altho' this laid a huge stumbling-block in the way, still the work of God went on. Nor has it ceased to this day in any of its branches. God still convinces, justifies, sanctifies. We have lost only the dross, the enthusiasm,

the prejudice and offence, The pure gold remains, faith working by love, and we have ground to believe, increases daily.

Monday 21, I buried the remains of Joseph Norbury, a faithful witness of Jesus Christ. For about three years he had humbly and boldly testified, that God had saved him from *all sin*. And his whole spirit and behaviour in life and death, made his testimony beyond exception. December 1, all the leisure hours I had in this, and the following months, during the time I was in London, I spent in reading over our works with the preachers, considering what objections had been made, and correcting whatever we judged wrong, either in the matter or expression.

Monday 5, I rode to Shoreham, and preached in the evening, to a more than usually serious company. The next evening they were considerably increased. The small-pox, just broke out in the town, has made many of them thoughtful. O let not the impression pass away as the morning dew!

Wednesday 7, I rode to Staplehurst, where Mr. Ch—n, who loves all that love Christ, received us gladly. At six the congregation gathered from many miles round, seemed just ripe for the gospel: so that (contrary to my custom in a new place) I spoke merely of “The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.” Thursday 8, in returning to London, I was thoroughly wet: but it did me no hurt at all.

Friday 16, I spent an agreeable hour, and not unprofitably, in conversation with my old friend John Gambold. O how gladly could I join heart and hand again? But! alas! *thy heart is not as my heart!*

Saturday 17, I dined at Dr. G.’s, as friendly and courteous as Dr. Doddridge himself. How amiable is courtesy joined with sincerity! Why should they ever be divided?

Wednesday 21, I took my leave of the Bull and Mouth, a barren, uncomfortable place, where much pains has been taken for several years; I fear to little purpose. Thursday 22, I spent a little time in a visit to Mr. M—, twenty years ago a zealous and

useful magistrate, now a picture of human nature in disgrace: feeble in body and mind; flow of speech and of understanding. Lord, let me not live to be useless!

Monday 26, I began preaching at a large commodious place in Bartholemew-close. I preached there again on Wednesday, and at both times with peculiar liberty of spirit. At every place this week, I endeavoured to prepare our brethren, for renewing their covenant with God.

Sunday, January 1, 1764, we met in the evening for that solemn purpose. I believe the number of those that met, was considerably larger than it was last year. And so was the blessing: truly *the consolations of God were not small with us*. Many were filled with peace and joy; many with holy fear, and several backsliders were healed.

On some of the following days, I visited the little societies near London. Thursday 12, I preached at Mitcham: and in the afternoon rode to Dorking. But the gentleman to whose house I was invited, seemed to have no desire I should preach. So that evening I had nothing to do. Friday 13, I went at noon into the street, and in a broad place, not far from the Market-place, proclaimed, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ." At first two or three little children, were the whole of my congregation. But it quickly increased, tho' the air was sharp, and the ground exceeding wet. And all behaved well but three or four grumbling men, who stood so far off, that they disturbed none but themselves.

I had purposed to preach there again in the morning: but a violent storm made it impracticable. So, after preaching at Mitcham in the way, I rode back to London.

Monday 16, I rode to High-Wycomb, and preached to a more numerous, and serious congregation, than ever I saw there before. Shall there be yet another day of visitation to this careless people?

A large number was present at five in the morning. But my face and gums were so swelled, I could hardly speak.

"speak. After I took horse, they grew worse and worse, till it began to rain. I was then persuaded to put on an oil-cloth hood, which (the wind being very high) kept rubbing continually on my cheek, till both pain and swelling were gone.

Between twelve and one we crossed Ensham Ferry. The water was like a sea on both sides. I asked the ferry-man, "Can we ride the causeway?" He said, "Yes, Sir, if you keep in the middle." But this was the difficulty, as the whole causeway was covered with water to a considerable depth. And this in many parts ran over the causeway with the swiftness and violence of a sluice. Once my mare lost both her fore feet, but she gave a spring, and recovered the causeway. Otherwise we must have taken a swim: for the water on either side was ten or twelve feet deep. However, after one or two plunges more, we got thro' and came safe to Witney.

The congregation in the evening, as well as the next day, was both large and deeply attentive. This is such a people as I have not seen: so remarkably diligent in business; and at the same time of so quiet a spirit, and so calm and civil in their behaviour.

Thursday 19, I rode thro' Oxford to Henley. The people here bear no resemblance to those of Witney. I found a wild staring congregation, many of them, void both of common sense and common decency. I spoke exceeding plain to them all, and reproved some of them sharply. Friday 20, I took (probably my final) leave of Henley, and returned to London.

Monday 23, I rode to Sundon, and preached in the evening, to a very quiet and very stupid people. How plain is it, that even to enlighten the understanding, is beyond the power of man? After all our preaching here, even those who have constantly attended, no more understand us, than if we had preached in Greek.

Thursday 26, returning from Bedford, I tried another way to reach them. I preached on, "Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched," and set before them the terrors of the Lord, in the

strongest manner I was able. It seemed to be the very thing they wanted. They not only listened with the deepest attention, but appeared to be more affected, than I had ever seen them, by any discourse whatever.

Wednesday, February 1, I buried the remains of William Hurd, a son of affliction for many years, continually struggling with inward and outward trials. But his end was peace.

Thursday 2, I preached again in the Foundery, which had been repairing for several weeks. It is not only firm and safe (whereas before the main timbers were quite decayed,) but clean and decent, and capable of receiving several hundreds more.

Sunday 5, I began Mr. Hartley's ingenious "Defence of the Mystic writers." But it does not satisfy me. I must still object, 1. To their *sentiments*. The chief of them do not appear to me, to have any conception of Church-Communion. Again, they slight not only works of piety, the ordinances of God, but even works of mercy. And yet most of them, yea, all that I have seen, hold justification by works. In general, they are *wise above what is written*, indulging themselves in many unscriptural speculations. I object, 2. To their *spirit*, that most of them are of a dark, shy, reserved, unsociable temper. And that they are apt to *despise* all who differ from them, as carnal, unenlightened men. I object, 3. To their whole *Phraseology*. It is both unscriptural, and affectedly mysterious, I say, *affectedly*. For this does not necessarily result from the nature of the things spoken of. St. John speaks as high, and as deep things as Jacob Behmen. Why then does not Jacob speak as plain as him?

Monday 6, I opened the New Chapel at Wapping, well-filled with deeply-attentive hearers. Thursday 16, I once more took a serious walk thro' the Tombs in Westminster-Abbey. What heaps of unmeaning stone and marble? But there was one tomb which shewed common sense: That beautiful figure of Mr. Nightingale, endeavouring to screen his lovely wife
from

from *death*. Here indeed the marble seems to *spe*ak, and the statues appear only not *alive*.

After taking Brentford, Deptford, Welling, and Seven-oaks, in my way, on Thursday 23, I rode to Sir Thomas I'Anson's, at New-bounds, two miles beyond Tunbridge, just quivering on the verge of life, helpless as a child, but (as it seems) greatly profited by this severe dispensation. The hall, stair-case and adjoining rooms, just contained the people in the evening. One poor backslider, whom providence had brought thither, was exceedingly wounded. I left her, resolved to set out once more, if haply God might heal her.

Friday 24, I returned to London. Wednesday 29, I heard Judith, an oratorio performed at the Lock. Some parts of it were exceeding fine. But there are two things in all modern pieces of music, which I could never reconcile to common sense. One, is singing the same words ten times over: The other, singing different words by different persons, at one and the same time. And this, in the most solemn addresses to God, whether by way of prayer or of thanksgiving. This can never be defended, by all the musicians in Europe, till reason is quite out of date.

Monday, March 12, I set out for Bristol. Friday 16, I met several serious Clergymen. I have long desired, that there might be an open, avowed union, between all who preach those fundamental truths, original sin, and justification by faith, producing inward and outward holiness. But all my endeavours have been hitherto ineffectual. God's time is not fully come.

Monday 19, I set out for the North. We reached Stroud about two in the afternoon. How many years were we beating the air in this place! One wrong-headed man pulling down all we could build up. But since he is gone, the word of God takes root, and the Society increases both in number and strength. Tuesday 20, at seven I preached in Painf-wick. For many years an honest, disputing man, greatly hindered the work of God here also, subvert-

ing the souls that were just setting out for heaven. But since God took him to himself, his word has free course, and many sinners are converted to him. We rode hence over the top of the bleak mountains to Stauley, where an earnest congregation was waiting. From Stanley to Evesham we were to go as we could, the lanes being scarce passable. However at length we got thro'. I never before saw so quiet a congregation in the Town-hall, nor yet so numerous. I designed afterwards to meet the Society at our room. But the people were so eager to hear, that I knew not how to keep them out. So we had a large congregation again. And again God gave us his blessing.

Wednesday 21, after riding about two hours and a half from Evesham, we stopped at a little village. We easily perceived, by the marks he had left, that the man of the house had been beating his wife. I took occasion from thence, to speak strongly to her, concerning the hand of God, and his design in all afflictions. It seemed to be a word in season. She appeared to be not only thankful, but deeply affected. We had an exceeding large congregation at Birmingham, in what was formerly the Play-house. Happy would it be, if all the Play-houses in the kingdom, were converted to so good an use. After service the mob gathered, and threw some dirt and stones, at those who were going out. But it is probable, they will soon be calmed, as some of them are in jail already. A few endeavoured to make a disturbance the next evening during the preaching. But it was lost labour: The congregation *would* not be diverted, from *taking earnest heed to the things that were spoken.*

Friday 23, I rode to Dudley, formerly a den of lions, but now as quiet as Bristol. They had just finished their Preaching-house, which was thoroughly filled: I saw no trifter; but many in tears.—Here I met with a remarkable account of a child, the substance of which was as follows:

“ John ”

“ John B—, about ten years old, was some time since taken ill. He often asked, ‘how it was to die?’ His sister told him, “Some children know God. And then they are not afraid to die.” He said, ‘What, children as little as *me*?’ She answered, “Your sister Patty did; and she was less than you:” At which he seemed to be much affected. Sunday was fortnight he took his bed, but was not able to sleep. Soon after he said, ‘We shall soon be with angels and arch-angels in heaven. What signifies this wicked world? Who would want to live here, that might live with Christ?’ The maid said, “I wish I was married to Christ.” He said, ‘Being married to Christ is coming to Christ, and keeping with him. All may come to him: I am happy, I am happy.’ His sister asked, “Do you love God?” He answered, ‘Yes, that I do.’ She asked, “And do you think God loves *you*?” He replied, ‘Yes, I know he does.’

“ The next evening, she said, “How are you, Jacky, when you are so happy?” He said, stroking his breast down with his hand, ‘Why like as if God was in me. O my sister, what an happy thing it was that I came to Dudley? I am quite happy, when I am saying my prayers. And when I think on God, I can almost see into heaven.’

“ Tuesday night last, she asked, “Are you afraid to die?” He said, ‘I have seen the time that I was. But now I am not a bit afraid of death, or hell, or judgment; For Christ is mine. I know Christ is my own.’ He says, “What would you have?” ‘I would get to heaven, I will get to heaven as soon as I can. And as well as I love you all, when I am once got to heaven, I would not come to you again for ten thousand worlds.’ Soon after, he said, ‘If God would let me do as the angels do, I would come and watch over you. I will, if God will let me: And when you are ready, I will come and fetch you to heaven, yea, if God would let me, I would fly all over the world, to fetch souls to heaven.’

“ He

“ He asked his cousin, ‘ If she had seen the king ? ’ And added, ‘ I have ; indeed, I have not seen king George, but I have seen a better king : For I have seen the king of heaven and earth.’ His health since that time, has been in some measure recovered. But he continues in the same spirit.”

Saturday 24, we came once more to our old flock at Wednesbury. The congregation differed from most that we have lately seen. It almost entirely consisted of such as had *repented*, if not also *believed the gospel*.

Sunday 25, at eight I preached in the room, tho’ it would by no means contain the congregation. But the North-east wind was so extremely sharp, that it was not practicable to preach abroad. At one it drove us likewise into the house at Darlaston, that is as many as it could contain. At five there was such a congregation at Wednesbury, as I have not seen since I left London. But I found my voice would have commanded twice the number, while I declared, “ The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart ; that is, the word of faith which we preach.”

Monday 26, I was desired to preach at Walsal. James Jones was alarmed at the motion, apprehending there would be much disturbance. However, I determined to make the trial. Coming into the house, I met with a token for good. A woman was telling her neighbour, why she came. “ I had a desire,” said she, “ to hear this man : yet I durst not, because I had heard so much ill of him. But this morning I dreamed, I was praying earnestly, and I heard a voice,” saying, ‘ See the eighth verse of the first chapter of St. John.’ “ I waked and got my Bible and read, ‘ He was not that light, but was sent to bear witness of that light.’ “ I got up and came away with all my heart.”

The house not being capable of containing the people, about seven I began preaching abroad. And there was no opposer, no, nor a trifier to be seen. All present were earnestly attentive. How is Walsal changed !

changed ! How has God either tamed the wild beasts, or chained them up !

In the afternoon I came to Ashby-de-la-Zouch. The house and yard contained the people tolerably well. I saw but one trifler among all, which I understood, was an attorney. Poor man ! If men *live* what I *preach*, the hope of his gain is lost.

Wednesday 27, we rode to Donnington, where a great multitude earnestly attended, while I explained and inforced, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Hence we rode to Derby. Mr. Dobinson believed it would be best for me to preach in the Market-place, as there seemed to be a general inclination in the town, even among people of fashion, to hear me. He had mentioned it to the Mayor, who said, "He did not apprehend, there would be the least disturbance. But if there should be any thing of the kind, he would take care to suppress it." A multitude of people were gathered at five, and were pretty quiet till I had named my text. Then *the beasts of the people* lifted up their voice, hollowing and shouting on every side. Finding it impossible to be heard, I walked softly away. An innumerable retinue followed me. But only a few pebble-stones were thrown, and no one hurt at all. Most of the rabble followed quiet to Mr. D's. house: but it seems, without any malice propense. For they stood stock still about an hour, and then quietly went away.

At seven I met the Society, with many others, who earnestly desired to be present. In the morning most of them came again, with as many more as we could well make room for. And indeed, they received the word gladly. God grant they may bring forth fruit !

Thursday 28, between eleven and twelve I preached at Alferton, twelve miles from Derby, and in the evening at Sheffield, to many more than could hear, on, "Now is the day of salvation." In the morning, I gave a hearing to several of the Society, who were extremely angry at each other. It surprised me,
to

to find what trifles they had stumbled at. But I hope the snare is broken.

In the evening while I was enlarging upon, "The righteousness of faith," the word of God was quick and powerful. Many felt it in their inmost souls: One backslider in particular, who was then restored to all she had lost, and the next morning believed she was *saved from sin*.

Friday 30, I met those who believed God has *redeemed them from all their sins*. They are about sixty in number. I could not learn, that any among them walk unworthy of their profession. Many watch over them for evil: but they overcome evil with good. I found nothing of self-conceit, stubbornness, impatience of contradiction, or London enthusiasm among them. They have better learned of him that was meek and lowly of heart, to *adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour*.

In the evening I preached in the New House at Rotherham, on the sure foundation, "Ye are saved thro' faith." It was a season of strong consolation to many. One who had been some time groaning for full redemption, now found power to believe, that God had fulfilled her desire, and set her heart at liberty.

Saturday 31, an odd circumstance occurred during the morning preaching. It was well, only serious people were present. An ass walked gravely in at the gate, came up to the door of the house, lifted up his head, and stood stock still, in a posture of deep attention. Might not *the dumb beast reprove* many, who have far less decency, and not much more understanding?

At noon I preached (the room being too small to contain the people,) in a yard near the bridge in Doncaster. The wind was high and exceeding sharp, and blew all the time on the side of my head. In the afternoon I was seized with a sore throat, almost as soon as I came to Epworth. However I preached, *ho* with some difficulty; but afterward I could hardly speak. Being better the next day, Sunday, April

April 1, I preached about one at Westwood-side; and soon after four, in the Market-place at Epworth, to a numerous congregation. At first indeed, but few could hear. But the more I spoke, the more my voice was strengthened, till toward the close, all my pain and weakness were gone, and all could hear distinctly.

Monday 2, I had a day of rest. Tuesday 3, I preached about nine at Scotter, a town six or seven miles east of Epworth, where a sudden flame is broke out, many being convinced of sin almost at once, and many justified. But there are many adversaries stirred up, by a bad man, who tells them, "There is no law for Methodists." Hence continual riots followed: till after awhile, an upright Magistrate took the cause in hand, and so managed both the rioters and him who set them at work, that they have been quiet as lambs ever since.

Hence we rode to Grimsby, once the most dead, now the most lively place in all the county. Here has been a large and swift increase both of the Society and hearers, so that the house, tho' galleries are added, is still too small. In the morning, Wednesday 4, I explained at large the nature of Christian perfection. Many who had doubted of it before, were fully satisfied. It remains only, to *experience* what we believe.

In the evening the Mayor, and all the gentry of the town were present. And so was the Lord in an uncommon manner. Some dropped down as dead, but after awhile rejoiced with joy unspeakable. One was carried away in violent fits. I went to her after the service. She was strongly convulsed from head to foot, and shrieked out in a dreadful manner. The unclean spirit did tear her indeed: but his reign was not long. In the morning both her soul and body were healed, and she acknowledged both the justice and mercy of God.

Thursday 5, about eleven, I preached at Elsham. The two persons, who are the most zealous and active here, are the steward and gardener of a gentleman,

man, whom the minister persuaded to turn them off unless they would leave *this way*. He gave them a week to consider of it: At the end of which they calmly answered, "Sir, we choose rather to want bread here, than to want *a drop of water* hereafter." He replied, "Then follow your own conscience, so you do my business as well as formerly."

Friday 6, I preached at Ferry at nine in the morning, and in the evening: And about noon in Sir N—H—'s Hall at Gainsboro'. Almost as soon as I began to speak, a cock began to crow over my head. But he was quickly dislodged. And the whole congregation, rich and poor, were quiet and attentive.

Sunday 8, I set out for Mifflerton, tho' the common road was impassable, being all under water. But we found a way to ride round. I preached at eight, and I saw not one inattentive hearer. In our return, my mare rushing violently thro' a gate, struck my heel against the gate post, and left me behind her in an instant, laid on my back at full length. She stood still, till I rose and mounted again; and neither of us was hurt at all.

Monday 9, I had designed to go by Authorp Ferry, and Winterton, to Hull. But we had not gone far, before the wind rose so, that we judged it would be impossible to pass the Trent at Authorp. So we turned back, and went by Ouston and Brigg. The rain beat vehemently upon us all the way. When we came to Brigg, despairing of being able to cross the Humber, we thought it best to turn aside to Barrow. When I was here last, the mob was exceeding rude and noisy. But all the people were now quiet and attentive. I was much pleased with their spirit and their behaviour, and could not be sorry for the storm.

Tuesday 10, the wind abating, we took boat at Barton, with two such brutes as I have seldom seen. Their blasphemy, and stupid, gross obscenity, were beyond all I ever heard. We first spoke to them mildly: but it had no effect. At length we were constrained to rebuke them sharply: and they kept themselves tolerably within bounds, till we landed at
Hull.

Hall. I preached at five, two hours sooner than was expected. By this means we had tolerable room for the greatest part of them that came. And I believe not many of them came in vain.

Wednesday 11, between eight and nine I began preaching at Beverley, in a room which is newly taken. It was filled from end to end, and that with serious hearers. Perhaps even these may know the day of their visitation. About one I began at Pocklington. Here likewise all were quiet, and listened with deep attention. When I came to York, at five in the afternoon, I was fresher than at seven in the morning. During the preaching, many were not a little comforted: and one old follower of Christ, more than seventy years of age, was now first enabled, to call him *Lord* by the Holy Ghost.

I found, that a most remarkable deadness had overspread this people, inasmuch that not one had received remission of sins, for several months last past. Then it is high time for us, to prophesy on these dry bones, that they may live. At this I more immediately pointed, in all my following discourses. And I have reason to believe, God spoke in his word: to him be all the glory!

Thursday 12, I spent an hour with John Manners, weak in body, but not in spirit. He is fairly worn out in a good service, and calmly waits till his change shall come.

Sunday 15, in the evening many even of the rich were present, and seriously attentive. But O! how hardly shall these enter into the kingdom! How hardly escape from *the desire of other things?*

Monday 16, I preached at Tollerton at one. The congregation was large and serious. Some were deeply affected, and wept much. Many received comfort. At six I began preaching in the street at Thirsk. The congregation was exceeding large. Just as I named my text, "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul;" a man on horse-back, who had stopped to see what was the matter, changed colour and trembled. Probably he

might have resolved to save his soul, had not his drunken companion dragged him away.

Tuesday 17, in consequence of repeated invitations, I rode to H—y. When I came Mr. C— was not at home; but his house-keeper faintly asking me, I went in. By the books lying in the window and on the table, I easily perceived how he came to be so cold now, who was so warm a year ago. Not one of ours, either verse or prose, was to be seen, but several of another kind. O that our brethren, were as zealous to make *Christians*, as they are to make *Calvinists*!

He came home before dinner, and soon convinced me, that *the Philistines* had been upon him. They had taken huge pains, to prejudice him against *me*, and so successfully, that he did not even ask me to preach. So I had thoughts of going on. But in the afternoon, he altered his purpose, and I preached in the evening to a large congregation. He seemed quite surprised, and was convinced *for the present*, that things had been misrepresented. But how long will the conviction last! Perhaps, till next summer.

Wednesday 18, I called upon another serious clergyman, vicar of a little town near Pickering. He immediately told me, How he had been received by warm men to *doubtful disputations*. He said, this had for a time much hurt his soul; but that now the snare was broken.

About one I preached at Snainton, eight or nine miles beyond Pickering, to a small but deeply serious congregation. When I came to Scarboro' tho' the wind was very high and very sharp, the multitude of people constrained me to preach abroad. And all, but a few noisy children, behaved remarkably well.

Thursday 19, the room was filled at five. And the congregation this evening was larger than the last. How is the face of things changed here within a year or two? The Society is increased four fold: most of them alive to God: and many *filled* with love. And all of them enjoy great quietness, instead of noise
and

and tumult, since God put it into the heart of an honest magistrate, to *still the madness of the people*.

I wrote a letter to-day, which after some time I sent to forty or fifty clergymen, with the little preface annex.

‘ REV. SIR,

‘ Near two years and a half ago, I wrote the following letter. You will please to observe, 1. That I propose no more therein, than is the bounden duty of every Christian: 2. That *you* may comply with this proposal, whether any other does or not. I myself have endeavoured so to do for many years, tho’ I have been almost alone therein, and altho’ many, the more earnestly I *talk of peace*, the more zealously *make themselves ready for battle*.

: I am, Rev. Sir, your affectionate brother,

JOHN WESLEY.’

‘ DEAR SIR,

‘ It has pleased God to give you both the will and the power, to do many things for his glory, (altho’ you are often ashamed you have done so little and wish you could do a thousand times more.) This induces me to mention to you, what has been upon my mind for many years: and what I am persuaded would be much for the glory of God, if it could once be effected. And I am in great hopes it will be, if you heartily undertake it, trusting in him alone.

‘ Some years since God began a great work in England: but the labourers were few. At first those few were of one heart: but it was not so long. First one fell off, then another and another, till no two of us were left together in the work, beside my brother and me. This prevented much good and occasioned much evil. It grieved our spirits and weakened our hands. It gave our common enemies huge occasion to blaspheme. It perplexed and puzzled many sincere Christians. It caused many to draw back to perdition. It grieved the holy Spirit of God.

‘ As labourers increased, disunion increased. Offences were multiplied. And instead of coming nearer to, they stood farther and farther off from each other:

till at length those who were not only brethren in Christ, but fellow-labourers in his gospel, had no more connexion or fellowship with each other, than Protestants have with Papists.

‘ But ought this to be? Ought not those, who are united to one common Head, and employed by Him in one common work, to be united to each other? I speak now of those labourers, who are ministers of the church of England. These are chiefly

Mr. Perronet, Romaine, Newton, Shirley:

Mr. Downing, Jesse, Adam:

Mr. Talbot, Riland, Stillingfleet, Fletcher:

Mr. Johnson, Baddily, Andrews, Jane:

Mr. Hart, Symes, Brown, Rouquet:

Mr. Sellon:

Mr. Venn, Richardson, Burnet, Furly, Crook &

Mr. Eastwood, Conyers, Bently, King:

Mr. Berridge, Hicks: G. W. J. W. C. W. John Richardson, Benjamin Colley.

Not excluding any other Clergyman, who agrees in these essentials,

I. Original sin,

II. Justification by faith,

III. Holiness of heart and life: Provided their life be answerable to their doctrine.

‘ But *what union would you desire among these?* Not an union in *opinions*. They might agree or disagree, touching absolute decrees on the one hand, and perfection on the other. Not an union in *expressions*. These may still speak of the *imputed righteousness*, and those, of the *merits of Christ*. Not an union, with regard to *outward order*. Some may still remain *quite regular*; some *quite irregular*; and some *partly regular* and *partly irregular*. But these things being as they are, as each is persuaded in his own mind, is it not a most desirable thing, that we should,

‘ 1. Remove hindrances out of the way? Not judge one another, not *despise* one another, not *envy* one another? Not be *displeased* at one another's gifts

gifts or success, even tho' greater than our own? Not wait for one another's halting, much less wish for it, or rejoice therein?

' Never speak disrespectfully, slightly, coldly, or unkindly of each other: Never repeat each other's faults, mistakes, or infirmities, much less listen for and gather them up: Never say or do any thing to hinder each other's usefulness, either directly or indirectly.

*' Is it not a most desirable thing, that we should
2. Love as brethren? Think well of, and honour one another? Wish all good, all grace, all gifts, all success, yea, greater than our own to each other? Expect God will answer our wish, rejoice in every appearance thereof, and praise him for it? Readily believe good of each other, as readily as we once believed evil?*

' Speak respectfully, honourably, kindly, of each other: Defend each other's character: Speak all the good we can of each other: Recommend one another where we have influence: Each help the other on in his work, and enlarge his influence by all the honest means we can.

' This is the union which I have long fought after. And is it not the duty of every one of us so to do? Would it not be far better for ourselves? A mean of promoting both our holiness and happiness? Would it not remove much guilt from those who have been faulty, in any of these instances? And much pain from those who have kept themselves pure? Would it not be far better for the people? Who suffer severely from the clashing, and contentions of their leaders? Which seldom fail to occasion many unprofitable, yea, hurtful disputes among them. Would it not be better even for the poor, blind world, robbing them of their sport, "O they cannot agree among themselves." Would it not be better for the whole work of God, which would then deepen and widen on every side?

' "But it will never be: It is utterly impossible." Certainly it is with men. Who imagines we can do this?

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this? That it can be effected by any *human power*. All *nature* is against it, every infirmity, every *wrong* power, temper and passion; love of honour and praise, of pre-eminence; anger, resentment, pride; long-contracted habit, and prejudice lurking in ten thousand forms, The *Devil* and all his angels are against it. For if this take place, how shall his kingdom stand? All the world, all that know not God are against it, tho' they may seem to favour it for a season. Let us settle this in our hearts, that we may be utterly cut off from all dependence on our own strength or wisdom.

‘But surely *with God all things are possible*. Therefore *all things are possible to him that believeth*. And this union is proposed only to them that believe, that *shew their faith by their works*.

When Mr. C— was objecting the impossibility of ever effecting such an union, I went up stairs, and after a little prayer, opened Kempis on these words, “*Expecta Dominum: Viriliter age: noli diffidere: Noli discedere, sed corpus & animam expone constanter pro gloria Dei.*”

I am, dear Sir, your affectionate servant,
Scarborough, April 19, 1764. J. W.

I received three letters in answer to this, (tho' not at the same time) part of which I gladly subjoin.

“DEAR SIR,

“I am not insensible of the happy consequences it might produce, if those who agree in preaching that capital doctrine, ‘By grace ye are saved thro’ faith,’ would maintain a free intercourse with each other;’ And if it could by any means be accomplished, it is doubtless an event most devoutly to be wished. It is what I always have shewn the greatest readiness to, and what I have laboured at, for these several years past, within my little sphere: And, tho’ my success hitherto, thro’ causes, which I will not pretend to assign, has by no means equalled my hopes; yet, I shall heartily rejoice, if at length it may please God, to make you the instrument of effecting so important a design. For my own part, I despise no man for his opinion; however, I may be
most

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most closely attached (as every one is) to those, whose judgment most nearly harmonizes with my own: And if I can bear any thing, it is contradiction; so long as I am allowed the common liberty of answering for myself, without being treated with reproach or scorn for any heterodox notions I may be supposed to maintain.

“ I shall very gladly go half way to London at any time, to give a meeting to a number of Ministers of any denomination, that may be brought together with this pious intention: And, I think, I may answer for Mr. Johnson's concurrence. Will you forgive me, if for once I presume to suggest, what (I apprehend) may be most conducive on such an occasion to our general profit and edification?

“ 1. Let one of the books of the New Testament be made choice of previous to our interview, for the subject of our conference when we meet, not with a view of displaying our critical talents on every word or verse that occurs; but of pointing out those things which necessarily enter into the plan of apostolical preaching. 2. Let every one settle this in his heart before-hand, to expect contradiction, at the same time resolving to bear it calmly for the Lord's sake: And seeing we naturally carry about us an accursed spirit of selfishness, pride, and impatience, that is ready to take fire at the most trivial offence: Let us make it a point before-hand, daily to lament this our wretchedness of disposition at the throne of grace, earnestly beseeching the Lord to prepare us all for our intended conference, by enduing us with the spirit of meekness, forbearance, humility, and love. 3. Let every one consent to renounce any favourite phrase, term, or mode of speech, that is not scriptural, if required so to do by those who dissent from him. Because whatever doctrine cannot maintain its ground, without the aid of humanly-invented words, is not of God.

“ I have unboresomed myself to you, in the frankest manner, with a view to promote that happy intercourse which you wish to establish: And if you imagine

agine it will answer any good purpose, you are welcome to shew this letter to any of the Ministers you have had in your eye, and to disclose to them largely all you know of,

“ Dear Sir, your affectionate friend and brother,
“ R. H.”

“ REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

“ I received your printed letter, and should rejoice to see the union proposed therein take place; but I must own I am an infidel concerning it. Daily experience convinces me more and more, that the zeal for opinions and charity, *Non bene conveniunt, nec iri una sede morantur*. It has well nigh destroyed all Christian love, zeal, and holiness, among us. I have met with greater trials from these bigots within this twelve-month, than I have met with from all other opposers for fifteen years. Many, that once would almost have plucked out their own eyes, and given them to me, are now ready to pluck out my eyes.

“ I really am tired of preaching to an ungrateful, gain-saying people. Pray for me, dear Sir, for my hands hang down exceedingly.

“ I am, your unworthy brother,
“ W. S.”

“ Shoreham.

“ MY REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER,

“ Your's of the 15th instant, gave me both pain and pleasure.

“ I was highly delighted with your ardent wishes and endeavours for promoting the *Spirit* of the Gospel among the *Preachers* and other *Professors* of it: but deeply concerned at the disappointment and opposition you have met with!

“ It has been always a *leading principle* with me, (and I pray God confirm and strengthen it more and more) to *love* all those *labourers of Christ*, who give proof by their *diligence*, their *holy* and *heavenly behaviour*, that they *love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity*; even tho' their *sentiments* in many things, should differ from mine.

“ And

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“ And therefore, tho’ it be *absurd* to expect an entire union of sentiments in all things :—Yet the endeavouring, by every Christian method, to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace,—is the indispensable duty of all Christians. Where this spiritual peace and union are not,—there faith working by love—is not : And where this divine faith is wanting,—there Christ is wanting ; there his Spirit is wanting ; and then, neither circumcision, nor uncircumcision will avail us any thing !

“ In this melancholy situation, whilst we are strangers to the divine fruits of the holy Spirit,—let our gifts and talents be what they may ;—let us speak with the tongues of men, and of angels ; we are yet nothing in the sight of God ! Nay, tho’ his Spirit should spread the gospel, by our Ministry, in the hearts of thousands ; yet our own souls will remain but a barren wilderness ! And Christ may say,—‘ I never knew you.’

“ How ought we therefore always to pray,—that the peace of God may ever rule in our hearts :—that we may be rooted and grounded in love ; and that we may constantly follow after the things, which make for peace ; and things wherewith one may edify another !

“ This is the gospel of Jesus Christ ! And may God impress it thoroughly upon the minds and hearts of all !—And may the poor despised flock grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ !

“ I am, Dear Sir, your’s most affectionately,
“ VIN. PERRONET.”

April 20, being *Good-friday*, we had a parting blessing at five. I then rode to Robinhood’s-bay, and about two preached in the Little Square. A poor madman, literally such, came up to me just as I began, and sat down quietly till I had done. At six I preached in the new house at Whitby, ill able to contain the congregation. Here God does still make bare his arm, and sinners are continually converted to him.

Saturday

✓ Saturday 21, I visited one who was ill in bed, and after having buried seven of her family in six months, had just heard, that the eighth, her beloved husband, was cast away at sea. I asked, 'Do not you fret at any of these things?' She said, with a lovely smile upon her pale cheek, "O no! How can I fret at any thing, which is the will of God? Let him take all besides: He has given me himself. I love, I praise him every moment." Let any that doubts of Christian perfection, look on such a spectacle as this! One in such circumstances rejoicing evermore, and continually giving thanks.

April 22, (Easterday) I preached in the room at five and at eight. There were such a number of Communicants at church, as it was supposed, had not been there these fifty years. In the evening I preached under the Cliff, for the sake of those who were not able to get up the hill. The skirts of the congregation could not hear, tho' my voice was clear and loud. But the bulk of them seemed both to hear and understand. How ripe for the gospel is this place?

Monday 23, after preaching at five, I met the select society, who seem all to have tasted of the same blessing. I then rode to Gilsboro', and about eleven preached in a meadow, to a large, and serious congregation: But not more serious than that in the street at Stokefly, to whom I declared in the afternoon, "Jesus Christ, made of God unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption." I was a little tired before I came to Hutton. But it was over, when I saw the huge congregation, among whom I found a greater blessing, than either at Stokefly or Gilsboro'. I then met the Society, gathered from all parts. Afterwards I met the Select Society. And when they were gone, I was just as fresh, as when I set out in the morning.

Tuesday 24, I preached about noon at Potto, and in the evening, in the New house at Yarm, by far the most elegant in England. A large congregation attended at five in the morning, and seemed to be just ripe for the exhortation, "Let us go on to perfection."

fection." I had indeed the satisfaction of finding most of the believers here, a thirst for full redemption.

In the evening I preached at Stockton. The rain was suspended, while I was enforcing those awful words, "Now God commandeth all men every where to repent." Friday 27, I was obliged to preach abroad at five; as also in Darlington at noon, and at Barnard-castle in the evening: where many hearts were bowed down before the Lord.

Saturday 28, I rode to Newcastle; here I received a short letter from John Johnson at York. "This evening about a quarter before seven, it pleased God to take to himself our dear brother John Manners, after a time of remarkable affliction, and as remarkable patience. He was clearly sensible to the last, as well as solidly happy, saying, 'The way is quite clear: my heart is at liberty.'"

Sunday 29, the ground being wet with heavy rain, I preached in the house both morning and evening. I soon found what spirit the people were of. No jar, no contention is here; but all are peaceably and lovingly striving together, for the hope of the gospel. And what can hurt the *Methodists*, so called, but the *Methodists*? Only let them not fight one another, let not brother lift up sword against brother, and *no weapon formed against them shall prosper*.

Monday 30, I received a letter from Cornwall, wherein were these words: "Yesterday, I preached to a large congregation at St. John's. The occasion was this. One of our friends came into Mr. Thomas's a few days since. After speaking a little upon business, he said, 'What need have we to watch?' Presently sitting down, he added, 'There is but one step between me and death,' and died."

Wednesday, May 2, I talked with M. L. a remarkable monument of divine mercy. She is about two and twenty, and has about six hundred pounds a year in her own hands. Some months since God spoke peace to her soul, while she was wrestling with him in private prayer. This was never entirely taken from her,

her, even while she was almost alone. But she was often dull and faint, till she broke thro' all hindrances, and joined heart and hand, with the children of God.

Tuesday 8, we rode over the wild moors to Wolsingham. It proved to be the fair-day. So I had hearers from all parts. In the evening I preached to the simple, loving, earnest people, at Barnard-castle. If all to whom we preach were of this spirit, what an harvest would ensue?

Wednesday 9, I was invited to breakfast by Mr. T— a neighbouring gentleman. I found we had been school-fellows at the Charterhouse: and he remembered me, tho' I had forgot him. I spent a very agreeable hour, with a serious, as well as sensible man.

About noon I preached to a large congregation in Teesdale, and to a still larger in Weardale in the evening. The next day, after preaching at Prudhoe and Nafferton, I returned to Newcastle.

Tuesday 15, I rode to South-Shields, and was persuaded to preach in the house. It was well I did, for about the middle of the sermon, there was a violent shower. But it was quite fair at six, while I preached in North-Shields, to a very large, and yet very serious congregation. How is the scene changed, since my brother preached here, when the people were ready to swallow him up? O what has God wrought in this land, within four and five and twenty years!

Friday 18, I received much satisfaction in conversing with the most honourable member of our Society, Henry Jackson, now in the ninety fifth or ninety sixth year of his age. He put me in mind of that venerable man, Mr. Elliot of New England: who frequently used to say to his friends, a few years before he went to God, "My memory is gone: my understanding is gone: but I think I have more love than ever."

Saturday 19, I preached to the poor Colliers at Placey, who are still a pattern to all the country. We
rode

rode home by a great house I had frequently heard of. The front is truly noble. In the house I saw nothing remarkable, but what was remarkably bad: such pictures as an honest Heathen would be ashamed, to receive under his roof: unless he designed his wife and daughters should be common prostitutes. And this is the high fashion! What an abundant proof of the *taste* of the present age?

Sunday 20, between eight and nine I preached at Gateshead, to a listening multitude. I believe their number was doubled at the Fell, about two in the afternoon. About five I preached to such another congregation, on the outside of Pandon-Gate. I know not that I ever before preached to three such congregations in one day: Such as obliged me to speak to the utmost extent of my voice, from the first word to the last. But it was all one. I was no more tired in the evening, than if I had sat still all day.

Monday 21, I took my leave of Newcastle, and about noon I preached in the Market-place at Morpeth. A few of the hearers were a little ludicrous at first; but their mirth was quickly spoiled. In the evening I preached in the Court-house at Alnwick, where I rested the next day. Wednesday 23, I rode over the sands to Holy-Island, once the famous see of a bishop; now the residence of a few poor families, who live chiefly by fishing. At one side of the town are the ruins of the Cathedral, with an adjoining Monastery. It appears to have been a lofty and elegant building, the middle isle being almost entire. I preached in what was once the Market-place, to almost all the inhabitants of the island, and distributed some little books among them, for which they were exceeding thankful. In the evening I preached at Berwick upon Tweed; the next evening at Dunbar: And on Friday 25, about ten at Haddington, in provost D's. yard, to a very elegant congregation. But I expect little good will be done here. For we begin at the wrong end. Religion must not go from the greatest to the least, or the power would appear to be of men.

In the evening I preached at Muffelboro', and the next, on the Calton-hill at Edinburgh. It being the time of the General-assembly, many of the Ministers were there. The wind was high and sharp, and blew away a few delicate ones. But most of the congregation did not stir till I had concluded.

Sunday 27, at seven I preached in the High-school yard, on the other side of the city. The morning was extremely cold. In the evening it blew a storm. However, having appointed to be on the Calton-hill, I began there, to an huge congregation. At first, the wind was a little troublesome; but I soon forgot it. And so did the people for an hour and half, in which I fully delivered my own soul.

Monday 28, I spent some hours at the General-assembly, composed of about an hundred and fifty Ministers. I was surprised to observe, 1. That *any* one was admitted, even lads, twelve or fourteen years old: 2. That the chief speakers were Lawyers, six or seven on one side only: 3. That a single question took up the whole time, which when I went away, seemed to be as far from a conclusion as ever, namely, "Shall Mr. Lindsay be removed to Kilmarnock parish or not?" The argument for it was, "He has a large family, and this living is twice as good as his own." The argument against it was, "The people are resolved not to hear him, and will leave the Kirk, if he comes." If then the real point in view had been (as their law directs,) "*Majus bonum Ecclesie*," instead of taking up five hours, the debate might have been determined in five minutes.

On Monday and Tuesday I spoke to the members of the Society severally. Thursday 31, I rode to Dundee, and about half an hour after six, preached on the side of a meadow near the town. Poor and rich attended. Indeed there is seldom fear of wanting a congregation in Scotland. But the misfortune is, *They know every thing. So they learn nothing.*

Friday, June 1, I rode to Brechin, where Mr. B— received me in the most friendly manner. In the afternoon, I preached on the side of an hill near the town,

town, where we soon forgot the cold. I trust, there will be not only a knowing, but a loving people in this place.

About seven Mr. B— was occasionally mentioning, what had lately occurred in the next parish. I thought it worth a farther enquiry, and therefore ordered our horses to be brought immediately. Mr. B— guided us to Mr. Oglevie's house, the Minister of the parish: Who informed us, "That a strange disorder had appeared in his parish, between thirty and forty years ago; but that nothing of the kind had been known there since, till some time in September last. A boy was then taken ill, and so continues still. In the end of January or beginning of February, many other children were taken, chiefly girls, and a few grown persons. They begin with an involuntary shaking of their hands and feet. Then their lips are convulsed; next their tongue, which seems to cleave to the roof of the mouth. Then the eyes are set, staring terribly, and the whole face variously distorted. Presently they start up, and jump ten, fifteen or twenty times together straight upward, two, three, or more feet from the ground. Then they start forward, and run with amazing swiftness, two, three, or five hundred yards. Frequently they run up like a cat, to the top of an house, and jump on the ridge of it, as on the ground. But wherever they are, they never fall, or miss their footing at all. After they have run and jumped for some time, they drop down as dead. When they come to themselves, they usually tell, when and where they shall be taken again: frequently, how often and where they shall jump, and to what places they shall run."

I asked, 'Are any of them near?' He said, "Yes; at those houses." We walked thither without delay. One of them was four years and a half old, the other about eighteen. The child, we found, had had three or four fits that day, running and jumping like the rest, and in particular, leaping many times from a high table to the ground, without the

least hurt. The young woman was the only person of them all, who used to keep her senses during the fit. In answer to many questions, she said, "I first feel a pain in my left foot, then in my head. Then my hands and feet shake, and I cannot speak. And quickly I begin to jump and run." While we were talking, she cried out, "O, I have a pain in my foot. It is in my hand. It is here, at the bending of my arm. O my head, my head." Immediately her arms were stretched out, and were as an iron bar: I could not bend one of her fingers: And her body was bent backward; the lower part remaining quite erect, while her back formed exactly a half circle, her head hanging even with her hips. I was going to catch her; but one said, "Sir, you may let her alone; for they never fall." But I defy all mankind to account for her not falling, when the trunk of her body hung in that manner.

In many circumstances this case goes far beyond the famous one mentioned by Boerhaave: Particularly in that: their telling before, when and how they should be taken again. Whoever can account for this upon natural principles, has my free leave. I cannot: I therefore believe, if this be in part a natural distemper, there is something preternatural too. Yet supposing this, I can easily conceive, Satan will so disguise his part therein, that we cannot precisely determine, which part of the disorder is natural, and which preternatural.

Saturday 2, I rode to Aberdeen and preached in the evening in the College-hall, and at seven in the morning. Sunday 3, at four in the afternoon, I preached to a crowded audience in the College-Kirk, at Old Aberdeen. At seven I preached in the College-close, at New Aberdeen. But the congregation was so exceeding large, that many were not able to hear. However many did hear; and I think, feel the application of *Thou art not far from the kingdom of God*.

We want nothing here but a larger house. And the foundation of one is laid already. It is true, we have
little

little money, and the Society is poor. But we know in whom we have believed.

Thursday 8, I rode over to Sir Archibald Grant's, twelve computed miles from Aberdeen. It is surprising to see, how the country between is improved even within these three years. On every side the wild, dreary Moors are ploughed up, and covered with rising corn. All the ground near Sir Archibald's in particular, is as well cultivated as most in England. About seven I preached. The Kirk was pretty well filled, tho' upon short notice. Certainly this is a nation *swift to hear*, and *slow to speak*, tho' not *slow to wrath*.

Mr. Grant, a gentleman from the county of Murray, came in soon after us: And understanding we were going north, desired we would call at the Grange-green in our way. In the morning, Friday 9, I rode to Old Meldrum, and preached in the Market-place at noon, to a large and serious congregation, among whom were the Minister and his wife. But I was more surprised to see a company of our friends from Aberdeen, several of whom had come on foot, twelve old Scotch miles, and intended to walk back thither the same day. In the afternoon we rode on to Bamff. I had designed to preach: but the stormy weather would not permit. We set out early on Saturday morning, and reached Nairn in the evening. Sunday 10, about eight we reached Inverness. I could not preach abroad, because of the rain, nor could I hear of any convenient room: So that I was afraid, my coming hither would be in vain, all ways seeming to be blocked up. At ten I went to the Kirk. After service, Mr. Frazer, one of the Ministers, invited us to dinner, and then to drink tea. As we were drinking tea, he asked, "At what hour I would please to preach?" I said, "At half hour past five. The High Kirk was filled in a very short time. And I have seldom found greater liberty of spirit. The other Minister came afterwards to our inn, and shewed the most cordial affection. Were it only

only for this day, I should not have regretted the riding an hundred miles.

Monday 11, a gentleman, who lives three miles from the town, invited me to his house, assuring me, the Minister of his parish would be glad, if I would make use of his Kirk. But time would not permit, as I had appointed to be at Aberdeen on Wednesday. All I could do was, to preach once more at Inverness. I think the church was fuller now than before. And I could not but observe the remarkable behaviour of the whole congregation after service. Neither man, woman, nor child spoke one word, all the way down the main street. Indeed the seriousness of the people is the less surprising, when it is considered, that for at least an hundred years, this town had such a succession of pious ministers, as very few in Great-Britain have known.

After Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, I think Inverness is the largest town I have seen in Scotland. The main streets are broad and straight; the houses, mostly old; but not very bad, nor very good. It stands in a pleasant and fruitful country, and has all things needful for life and godliness. The people in general speak remarkably good English, and are of a friendly, courteous behaviour.

About eleven we took horse. While we were dining at Nairn, the inn-keeper said, "Sir, the gentlemen of the town, have read the little book you gave me on Saturday, and would be glad if you would please to give them a Sermon." Upon my consenting, the bell was immediately rung, and the congregation was quickly in the Kirk. O what a difference is there between South and North-Britain! Every one here at least loves to hear the word of God. And none takes it into his head, to speak one uncivil word, to any for endeavouring to save their souls.

Doubting whether Mr. Grant was come home, Mr. Hershaw called at the Grange-green, near Forres, while I rode forward. But Mr. Grant soon called me back. I have seldom seen a more agreeable place.

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The house is an old Castle, which stands on a little hill, with a delightful prospect all four ways. And the hospitable master left nothing undone, to make it still more agreeable. He shewed us all his improvements, which are very considerable in every branch of husbandry. In his gardens many things were more forward, than at Aberdeen, yea or Newcastle. And how is it, that none but one Highland gentleman has discovered, that we have a tree in Britain, as easily raised as an ash, the wood of which is of full as fine a red as Mahogany! namely, the Liburnum. I defy any Mahogany to exceed the chairs which he has lately made of this.

Thursday 12, we rode thro' the pleasant and fertile county of Murray to Elgin. I never suspected before, that there was any such country as this, near an hundred and fifty miles beyond Edinburgh: A country, which is supposed to have generally six weeks more sunshine in a year, than any part of Great-Britain.

At Elgin are the ruins of a noble Cathedral, the largest that I remember to have seen in the kingdom. We rode thence to the Spey, the most rapid river next the Rhine, that I ever saw. Tho' the water was not breast-high to our horses, they could very hardly keep their feet. We dined at Keith, and rode on to Strathbogie, much improved by the linen manufacture. All the country from Fochaber to Strathbogie, has little houses scattered up and down. And not only the valleys, but the mountains themselves are improved with the utmost care. There want only more trees to make them more pleasant than most of the mountains in England. The whole family at our inn, eleven or twelve in number, gladly joined with us in prayer at night. Indeed so they did at every inn where we lodged. For among all the sins they have imported from England, the Scots have not yet learned, at least not the common people, to scoff at sacred things.

Wednesday 13, we reached Aberdeen about one. Between six and seven, both this evening and the next,

next, I preached in the Shell of the New House, and found it a time of much consolation. Friday 15, we set out early, and came to Dundee, just as the boat was going off. We designed to lodge at the house on the other side; but could not get either meat, drink, or good words. So we were constrained to ride on to Copar. After travelling near ninety miles, I found no weariness at all. Neither were our horses hurt. Thou, O Lord, dost save both man and beast!

Saturday 16, we had a ready passage at Kinghorn, and in the evening I preached on the Calton-hill, to a very large congregation. But a still larger assembled at seven on Sunday morning, in the High School-yard. Being afterwards informed, that the Lord's supper was to be administered in the West Kirk, I knew not what to do. But at length I judged it best to embrace the opportunity, tho' I did not admire the manner of Administration. After the usual morning service, the Minister enumerated several sorts of sinners, whom he forbade to approach. Two long tables were set on the sides of one Isle, covered with table-cloths. On each side of them a bench was placed for the people. Each table held four or five and thirty. Three ministers sat at the top, behind a cross-table; one of whom made a long exhortation, closed with the words of our Lord; and then breaking the bread, gave it to him who sat on each side of him. A piece of bread was then given to him who sat first on each of the four benches. He broke off a little piece, and gave the bread to the next: So it went on, the Deacons giving more when wanted. A cup was then given to the first person on each bench, and so by one to another. The Minister continued his exhortation, all the time they were receiving. Then four verses of the twenty second Psalm were sung, while new persons sat down at the tables. A second Minister then prayed, consecrated, and exhorted. I was informed the service usually lasted till five in the evening. How much more simple, as well as more solemn, is the service of the church of England?

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The evening congregation on the hill, was far the largest I have seen in the kingdom: And the most deeply affected. Many were in tears; more seemed cut to the heart. Surely this time will not soon be forgotten. Will it not appear in the annals of eternity?

Monday 18, I set out early, and reached Woller, about four in the afternoon. Some friends from Newcastle met me here, and took me in a chaise to Whittingham. Tuesday 19, after preaching about noon at Morpeth, we went on to Newcastle. The fire had not gone out since I was here. I felt it as soon as I began to speak: And so, it seems, did the whole congregation. At five in the morning the same spirit was in the midst of us, as well as at seven in the evening: But most of all at the Fell, while I was applying those words, "Believe and thou shalt be saved."

Thursday 21, leaving this house of God, I rode to Carlisle. The day was extremely sultry, so that I was faint and feverish in the evening. However, the next day I got well to Whitehaven.

What has continually hurt this poor people is offence. I found the Society now all in confusion, because a woman had "scolded with her neighbour," and another "stole a two-penny loaf." I talked largely with those, who had been most offended: And they stood reprov'd. Sunday 24, about seven I preached at the Gills, and the people flocked together from all quarters. The want of field-preaching has been one cause of deadness here. I do not find any great increase of the work of God without it. If ever this is laid aside, I expect the whole work will gradually die away.

Monday 25, I rode by Kestwick to Kendal. The clouds shaded us most of the way, and the wind was just in our face; otherwise we should scarce have been able to bear the heat. A few years since the fields here were white for the harvest. But the poor people have since been so harrassed, by Seceders, and disputers of every kind, that they are dry and dead

as stones. Yet I think some of them felt the power of God this evening. And can he not *out of these stones, raise up children unto Abraham?*

Tuesday 26, I preached abroad at five. And I believe not in vain. Between nine and ten we reached Black-Burton, where there was a general awakening, till the jars between Mr. Ingham and Mr. Allen laid the people asleep again. However, some are united again in a quiet, loving Society, zealous of good works. I preached about eleven. Thence we rode to Long-Preston, being still fanned by the wind, and (unless a few minutes now and then) shaded by the clouds. The congregation was exceeding serious. Hence I rode to Skipton, where sometime since, no *Methodist* preacher could appear. I preached in the evening near the bridge, without the least interruption. Nor did I find any weariness, after preaching four times, and riding fifty miles.

Wednesday 27, I rode to Otley. In the evening we had a large congregation, at the foot of the great mountain: after preaching in the morning, I examined those who believe they are saved from sin. They are a little increased in number since I met them last; and some of them much increased in love. This evening I preached at Guiseley, the next at Keighley, and on Saturday 30, at Bradford. This was a place of contention for many years. But since the contentious have quitted us, all is peace. Sunday, July 1, I preached at seven to a more numerous congregation, than I believe ever assembled there before. And all were serious as death. About one I preached at Birstal, on, "Now is the day of salvation." The people stood by thousands, covering both the plain, and the sides of the adjacent hill. It was a glorious opportunity. At five the congregation in Leeds was almost as large, but not so deeply affected.

Monday 2, I gave a fair hearing to two of our brethren, who had proved bankrupts. Such we immediately exclude from our Society, unless it plainly appears, not to be their own fault. Both these were
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in a prosperous way, till they fell into that wretched trade of Bill-broking, wherein no man continues long, without being wholly ruined. By this means, not being sufficiently accurate in their accounts, they ran back without being sensible of it. Yet it was quite clear, that J— R— is an honest man: I would *hope* the same concerning the other.

Tuesday 3, I was reflecting on an odd circumstance, which I cannot account for. I never relish a tune at first hearing, not till I have *almost* learnt to sing it. And as I learn it more perfectly, I gradually lose my relish for it. I observe something similar in poetry; yea, in all the objects of imagination. I seldom relish verses at first hearing; till I have heard them over and over, they give me no pleasure: And they give me next to none, when I have heard them a few times more, so as to be quite familiar. Just so a face or a picture, which does not strike me at first, becomes more pleasing, as I grow more acquainted with it. But only to a certain point: for when I am too much acquainted, it is no longer pleasing. O how imperfectly do we understand, even the machine which we carry about us!

Thursday 5, I had the comfort of leaving our brethren at Leeds, united in peace and love. About one I preached in a meadow at Wakefield. At first the sun was inconvenient. But it was not many minutes before that inconvenience was removed, by the clouds coming between. We had not only a larger, but a far more attentive congregation, than ever was seen here before. One indeed, a kind of gentleman, was walking away, with great unconcern, when I spoke aloud, “Does Gallio care for none of these things? But where will you go, with the wrath of God on your head, and the curse of God on your back?” He stopped short, stood still and went no farther, till the sermon was ended.

In the evening I preached on the top of the hill near Dewsbury, one of the pleasantest towns in England. The congregation was larger than ever before.

before. They filled the preaching-house at five in the morning.

I had purposed to take horse early, to avoid the heat; but was detained till between nine and ten. It was then warm enough, there being no wind, and the sun shining full in our face. However, before one we got to Heptonstall, where I preached in the shell of the New house. After service, one brought his daughter to me, who had been ill some months, just like those near Brechin. Her sister was so two years since, and when that recovered, this was taken. How often must even physicians acknowledge spiritual agents, did not *the nerves* help them out at a dead lift?

In the evening I preached at Halifax, where I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Venn, with whom in the morning, Saturday 7, I rode to Huddersfield, and preached between eleven and twelve: The church was pretty well filled, considering the short warning. At half hour after one we took horse. The sun shone burning hot, and the wind was in our back. But very soon the sky was overcast, and the wind changed and blew just in our face all the way to Manchester. It was with difficulty I preached in the evening, my voice being exceeding weak: As I had preached three times a day for ten days, and many of the times abroad.

Sunday 8, I rode to Stockport, and preached at one on a green at the end of the town. A few wild young men strove to make a disturbance. But none regarded them. At five I preached at Manchester, on, "One thing is needful," and I scarce knew how to leave off. At the meeting of the Society likewise, it pleased God to comfort us greatly. Monday 9, the Stewards from various parts gave a good account of the work of God among them, steadily increasing on every side. In the evening, curiosity brought to the house many *unbelievers*, in the proper sense, men who do not receive the Christian revelation. I preached on, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,"
and

and proved them sinners on their own principles. Some of the stout-hearted trembled. I hope, to more purpose than poor Felix did.

Wednesday 11, I gave all our brethren a solemn warning, not to *love the world, or the things of the world*. This is one way whereby Satan will surely endeavour, to overthrow the present work of God. Riches swiftly increase on many *Methodists*, so called: What but the mighty power of God, can hinder their *setting their hearts upon them*? And if so, the life of God vanishes away.

About seven I preached in the street at Bolton, to twice or thrice as many as the room would have contained. It was a calm, still evening, and the congregation was as quiet as the season, tho' composed of awakened and unawakened, Churchmen, Dissenters, and what not? As many as the house would well contain, were present again at five in the morning. About seven in the evening, the multitude of people constrained me to preach in the street, tho' it rained. But in a very short time, the rain stopped: And I strongly enforced our Lord's word, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth."

After Sermon, one was mentioning a person who according to his account, was disordered just like those in Scotland. In the morning Friday 13, her father brought her over. Soon after she fell into a fit: But it was plainly natural. I judged it to be of the Epileptic kind: When she fell into a second, I advised electrifying. The fit ceased by a very gentle shock. A third was removed in the same manner. And she was so well that her father found no difficulty in carrying her home behind him.

At ten I began to preach at Wigan, proverbially famous for all manner of wickedness. As I preached abroad, we expected some disturbance: but there was none at all. A few were wild at first; but in a little space, grew quiet and attentive. I did not find so civil a congregation as this, the first time I preached at Bolton.

To-day I wrote the following letter, which I desire may be seriously considered, by those to whom it belongs.

‘ DEAR SIR,

‘ There was one thing when I was with you, that gave me pain. You are not in the Society. But why not? Are there not sufficient arguments for it, to move any reasonable man? Do you not hereby make an open confession of Christ, of what you really believe to be *his* work, and of those whom you judge to be in a proper sense, *his* people and his messengers? By this means do not you encourage his people and strengthen the hands of his messengers? And is not this the way to enter into the Spirit, and share the blessing of a Christian community? Hereby likewise you may have the benefit of the advices and exhortations at the meeting of the Society: And also of provoking one another, at the private meetings, to love and to good works.

‘ The ordinary objections to such an union are of little weight with *you*. You are not afraid of the *expen*ce. You already give unto the Lord as much as you need do then. And you are not *ashamed* of the gospel of *Christ*, even in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. Perhaps you will say, “I am joined in *affection*.” True, but not to so good effect. This *joining half-way*, this being a friend to, but not a member of the Society, is by no means an open confession of the work and servants of God. Many go thus far who dare not go farther, who are ashamed to bear the reproach of an entire union. Either, *you* are ashamed, or you are not. If you are, break thro’ at once; if you are not, come into the light, and do what those well-meaning *cowards* dare not do. This imperfect union is not so *encouraging* to the people, not so *strengthening* to the preachers. Rather it is *weakening* their hands, hindering their work, and laying a *stumbling-block* in the way of others; for what can any man think, who knows you are so well acquainted with them, and yet do not join in their Society? What

What can we think, but that you know them *too well* to come any nearer to them; that you know that kind of union to be *useless*, if not *hurtful*. And yet by this very union is the whole (external) work of God upheld throughout the nation; besides all the spiritual good which accrues to each member. O delay no longer, for the sake of the work, for the sake of the world, for the sake of your brethren; join them inwardly and outwardly, heart and hand, for the sake of your own soul. There is something not easily explained in the *fellowship of the Spirit*, which we enjoy with a Society of living Christians. You have no need to give up your share therein, and in the various blessings that result from it. You have no need to exclude yourself from the benefit of the advice, and exhortations given from time to time. These are by no means to be despised, even supposing you have yourself more understanding than he that gives them. You need not lose the benefit of those prayers, which experience shews are attended with a peculiar blessing.

“But I do not care to meet a class: I find no good in it.” Suppose you find even a dislike, a loathing of it; may not this be natural or even diabolical? In spite of this, break thro’, make a fair trial. It is but a *Lion in the way*. Meet only six times, (with previous prayer) and see if it do not vanish away. But if it be a cross, still bear it for the sake of your brethren.

“But I want to gain my friends and relations.” If so, stand firm. If you give way, you hurt them, and they will press upon you the more. If you do not, you will probably gain them, otherwise you confirm both their wrong notions and wrong tempers. Because I love you I have spoken fully and freely; to know that I have not spoken in vain, will be a great satisfaction to

Your affectionate brother,
J. W.

In the evening I preached at Liverpool, and the next day, Sunday 15, the house was full enough. Many of the rich and fashionable were there, and behaved with decency. Indeed I have always ob-

served more courtesy and humanity at Liverpool, than at most sea-ports in England.

Monday 16, In the evening, the house was fuller, if possible, than the night before. I preached on the "One thing needful;" and the rich behaved as seriously as the poor. Only one young-gentlewoman, (I heard) laughed much. Poor thing! Doubtless she thought, "I laugh prettily."

Tuesday 17, I preached at Warrington. But what a change! No opposer, nor any trifier now! Every one heard as for life, while I explained and applied, "Why will ye die, O house of Israel?"

In the evening I preached in the little Square, adjoining to the Preaching-house at Chester. There were many wild, rude people, but they were quite out-numbered by those that were civil and attentive. And I believe some impression was made on the wildest. What can shake Satan's kingdom like *Field-preaching*?

Wednesday 18, I should have been glad of a day of rest. But notice had been given of my preaching at noon near Tatten-hall. The rain began almost as soon as we came in. So I could not preach abroad as I designed, but in a large commodious barn, where all that were present, seemed to receive the word of God with joy and reverence.

The congregation at Chester, in the evening was more numerous, and far more serious than the day before. There wants only a little more field-preaching here, and Chester would be as quiet as London.

Thursday 19, after preaching at Little-Leigh, I rode on to Macclesfield. Here I heard an agreeable account of Mrs. R—, who was in the Society at London from a child; but after she was married to a rich man, durst not own a poor, despised people. Last year she broke thro' and came to see me. A few words which I then spoke never left her, not even in the trying hour, during the illness which came a few months after: All her conversation was then in Heaven: till feeling her strength quite exhausted, she
said

said with a smile, "Death thou art welcome," and resigned her spirit.

I preached about seven to an huge multitude of attentive hearers. Friday 20, at noon we made the same shift at Congleton, as when I was here last. I stood in the window, having put as many women as it would contain into the house. The rest, with the men, stood below in the meadow, and many of the townsmen, wild enough. I have scarce found such enlargement of heart, since I came from Newcastle. The brutes resisted long, but were at length overcome, not above five or six - excepted. Surely *man* shall not long *have the upperhand*; God will get unto himself the victory.

It rained all the day, till seven in the evening, when I began preaching at Borslem. Even the poor potters here, are a more civilized people, than the *better sort*, so called at Congleton. A few stood with their hats on, but none spoke a word, or offered to make the least disturbance.

Saturday 21, I rode to Bilbrook, near Wolverhampton, and preached between two and three. Thence we went on to Madeley, an exceeding pleasant village encompassed with trees and hills. It was a great comfort to me, to converse once more with a Methodist of the old stamp, denying himself, taking up his cross, and resolved to be *altogether a Christian*.

Sunday 22, at ten Mr. Fletcher read prayers, and I preached on those words in the Gospel, "I am the good Shepherd, the good Shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep." The church would nothing near contain the congregation. But a window near the pulpit being taken down, those who could not come in, stood in the church-yard, and I believe all could hear. The congregation, they said, used to be much smaller, in the afternoon than in the morning. But I could not discern the least difference, either in number or seriousness.

I found employment enough for the intermediate hours, in praying with various companies, who hung about the house, insatiably hungering and thirsting

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after the good word. Mr. Grimshaw, at his first coming to Haworth, had not such a prospect as this: There are many adversaries indeed; but yet they cannot *shut the open and effectual door*.

Monday 23, the church was pretty well filled even at five, and many stood in the church-yard. In the evening I preached at Shrewsbury, to a large congregation, among whom were several men of fortune. I trust, tho' hitherto we seem to have been ploughing on the sand, there will at last be some fruit.

The next day I spent at Shrewsbury. Wednesday 25, I took horse a little after four, and about two preached in the Market-house at Llanidlos, two or three and forty miles from Shrewsbury. At three we rode forward thro' the mountains, to the Fountain-head. I was for lodging there; but Mr. B— being quite unwilling, we mounted again about seven. After having rode an hour, we found we were quite out of the way, having been wrong directed at setting out. We were then told, to ride over some grounds: but our path soon ended in the edge of a bog: However we got thro' to a little house, where an honest man instantly mounting his horse, galloped before us, up hill and down, till he brought us into a road, which he said led straight to Roes-fair. We rode on, till another met us and said, No, this is the way to Aberystwith. If you will go to Roes-fair, you must turn back, and ride down to yonder bridge. The master of a little house near the bridge, then directed us to the next village: Where we enquired again, (it being past nine) and were once more set exactly wrong. Having wandered an hour upon the mountains, thro' rocks, and bogs, and precipices, we with abundance of difficulty got back, to the little house near the bridge. It was vain to think of rest there, it being full of drunken, roaring miners: Beside that there was but one bed in the house, and neither grass, nor hay, nor corn to be had. So we hired one of them to walk with us to Roes-fair, tho' he was miserably drunk, till by falling all his length in a purling stream, he came tolerably to his senses.

Between

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Between eleven and twelve we came to the inn ; but neither here could we get any hay. When we were in bed, the good ostler and miner, thought good to mount our beasts. I believe, it was not long before we rose, that they put them into the stable. But the mule was cut in several places, and my mare was bleeding like a pig, from a wound behind, two inches deep, made, it seemed, by a stroke with a pitch-fork! What to do we could not tell, till I remembered, I had a letter for one Mr. Nathaniel Williams, whom upon enquiry, I found to live but a mile off. We walked thither, and found *an Israelite indeed*, who gladly received both man and beast:

After I had got a little rest, Mr. W. desired me to give an exhortation to a few of his neighbours. None was more struck therewith, than one of his own family, who before cared for none of these things. He sent a servant with us after dinner to Tregarren, from whence we had a plain road to Lampiter.

Friday 27, we rode thro' a lovely vale, and over pleasant and fruitful hills to Carmarthen. Thence after a short halt, we went on to Pembroke, and came before I was expected. So I rested that night, having not quite recovered my journey from Shrewsbury to Roes-fair.

Sunday 29, the minister of St. Mary's sent me word, He was very willing I should preach in his church: But before service began, the mayor sent to forbid it. So he preached a very useful sermon himself. The mayor's behaviour so disgusted many of the gentry, that they resolved to hear where they could. And accordingly flocked together in the evening, from all parts of the town. And perhaps the taking up this cross may profit them more, than my sermon in the church would have done.

Monday 30, I rode to Haverfordwest. But no notice had been given, nor did any in the town know of my coming. However after a short time I walked up toward the castle, and began singing an hymn. The people presently ran together from all quarters. They have curiosity at least. And some,
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I cannot doubt, were moved by a nobler principle. Were zealous and active labourers here, what an harvest might there be, even in this corner of the land!

We returned thro' heavy rain to Pembroke. Tuesday 31, we set out for Glamorganshire, and rode up and down steep and stony mountains, for about five hours, to Larn. Having procured a pretty ready passage there, we went on to Llanfuthan-ferry: Where we were in some danger of being swallowed up in the mud, before we could reach the water. Between one and two we reached Kidwelly, having been more than seven hours on horseback, in which time we could have rode round by Carmarthen, with more ease both to man and beast. I have therefore taken my leave of these ferries: Considering we save no time by crossing them, (not even when we have a ready passage) and so have all the trouble, danger, and expence, clear gains. I wonder therefore that any man of common sense, who had once made the experiment, should ever ride from Pembroke to Swansea, any other way than by Carmarthen.

An honest man at Kidwelly, told us, there was no difficulty in riding the sands. So we rode on. In ten minutes one overtook us, who used to guide persons over them. And it was well he did, or in all probability, we had been swallowed up. The whole sands are at least ten miles over, with many streams of quick-sands intermixed. But our guide was thoroughly acquainted with them, and with the road on the other side. By his help, between five and six; we came well tired to Oxwych in Gower.

Gower is a large tract of land, bounded by Brecknockshire on the north-east, the sea on the south-west, and rivers on the other sides. Here all the people talk English, and are in general, the most plain, loving people in Wales. It is therefore no wonder, that they receive the word with all readiness of heart.

Knowing they were scattered up and down, I had sent two persons on Sunday, that they might be there early

early on Monday, and so sent notice of my coming all over the country. But they came to Oxwyoh scarce a quarter of an hour before me, so that the poor people had no notice at all. Nor was there any to take us in; the person with whom the preacher used to lodge, being three miles out of town. After I had stayed a while in the street, (for there was no public house) a poor woman gave me house-room. Having had nothing since breakfast, I was very willing to eat or drink: but she simply told me, "She had nothing in the house but a dram of gin." However I afterwards procured a dish of tea at another house, and was much refreshed. About seven I preached to a little company, and again in the morning. They were all attention: so that even for the sake of this handful of people, I did not regret my labour.

Wednesday, August 1, It was with difficulty I reached Cowbridge, about one, where the congregation was waiting. I found they had had heavy rain great part of the day: but very little fell upon us. Nor do I remember, that from the beginning of March till now, we have been in more than one heavy shower of rain, either in England, Scotland, or Wales.

I preached in the evening at Llandaff, and on Thursday 2, in the town-hall at Cardiff. Saturday 4, we crossed at the New-Passage, and rode on to Bristol.

Sunday 5, I preached in Princes-street at eight, at two under the sycamore-tree at Kingwood, and at five near King's-square, in Bristol. How many thousands in this city, do see in this *their day, the things that belong to their peace!*

On Monday the 6th our Conference began: The great point I now laboured for was, a good understanding with all our brethren of the clergy, who are heartily engaged in propagating vital religion. Saturday 11, I took chaise early in the morning, and at night came safe to London.

Sunday

Sunday 12, in the afternoon I preached in Moorfields, on those comfortable words, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Thousands heard with calm and deep attention. This also hath God wrought!

Monday 13, I was again as fully employed as at the conference, in visiting classes from morning till night. Saturday 18, I preached for the first time in our New chapel at Snows-fields, on, "O how amiable are thy tabernacles, thou Lord of Hosts!"

Sunday 19, meeting with a pious and sensible man, who was born in the Isle of Skie, I said, "Tell me freely: Did you yourself ever know a *second-sighted* man?" He answered after a little pause, "I have known more than one or two." I said, "But were they not deceivers? How do you know they were really such?" He replied, "I have been in company with them, when they dropped down as dead. Coming to themselves, they looked utterly amazed and said, 'I have been in such a place, and I saw such and such persons, (perhaps fifty miles off,) die in such a manner. And when enquiry was made, I never could find, that they were mistaken in one circumstance.' But the reason why it is so hard for you to get any information concerning this is, those who have the *second-sight*, count it a great misfortune. And it is thought a scandal to their family."

Monday 20, I went to Canterbury, and opened our New Chapel, by preaching on, "One thing is needful." How is it, that many Protestants, even in England, do not know, That no other *consecration* of church or chapel is *allowed* much less *required* in England, than the performance of public worship therein? This is the only consecration of any church in Great Britain, which is *necessary*, or even *lawful*. It is true, Archbishop Laud composed a *Form of Consecration*: but it was never *allowed*, much less *established* in England. Let this be remembered by all who talk so idly, of preaching in *unconsecrated* places!

Wednesday

Wednesday 22, I had designed to return to London; but being importuned to pay a visit first to Sandwich, I went over, and preached about ten, to a dull, but attentive congregation. Immediately after service we set out for Dover. In the way we were on the point of being dashed in pieces: the chariot wheels running within two or three inches or less of the edge of a bank ten or twelve feet high. I preached in Dover at two, and returned time enough for the service at Canterbury. Thursday 23, I preached at Bethnal-Green, and in the evening at the Foundry.

Monday 27, I saw a pattern of patience, John Matthews, daily dying of a consumption; but in constant pain, weakness, weariness, and want of sleep, calmly giving himself up to God.

Sunday, September 2, after a toilsome, yet comfortable day, I set out in the machine, and on Monday evening came to Bristol, as fresh as I left London.

Monday 10, I rode to Shepton-Mallet, and preached at noon on, "One thing needful." Only one man, a common disturber, behaved amiss. I was constrained to rebuke him sharply. All the people turned their eyes upon him; and for once he was ashamed. In the evening I preached at Bayford, near Wincaunton, and at seven in the morning, Wednesday 12, I returned to Bristol, and at six in the evening preached on Redcliff-hill. Many were here who I suppose never heard me before. And attention sat on every face.

Thursday 13, I spent an hour in Lord B—'s gardens, or more properly woods. They are small to the late Duke of Kent's in Bedfordshire, and therefore not capable of so much variety: but for the size, it is not possible for any thing of the kind to be more agreeable. And the situation, on the top of an high hill, in one of the fruitfulest counties in England, gives them an advantage which even Stow gardens have not. Yet happiness is not in these shades! And if it were, yet

How

**How long? How soon will they upbraid
Their transitory master dead?**

Monday 17, about noon I preached at Bath. The day before Mr. Davis had preached abroad. One fruit of this was, the congregation was larger now than I remember it to have been these seven years. Thence I rode to Comb-Grove, an house built in a large grove, on the side of an high, steep hill. I found Mrs. W—the same still, with regard to her liveliness, but not her wildness; in this she was much altered. I preached at five to a small, serious congregation. And I believe few were sent empty away.

Two persons from London, who were at Bath for their health, had walked over to the preaching. Afterwards we all spent an hour in singing and serious conversation. The fire kindled more and more, till Mrs. W— asked, “If I would give her leave to pray?” Such a prayer I never heard before, it was perfectly an original: odd and unconnected, made up of disjointed fragments: and yet like a flame of fire. Every sentence went thro’ my heart, and I believe the heart of every one present. For many months I have found nothing like it. It was good for *me* to be here.

Tuesday 18, I preached again in the court yard at seven; and it was now, that one of the servants, who was in tears the night before, was thoroughly convinced that God had blotted out all her sins. About noon I preached to a large congregation at Freshford, on, “Now is the day of salvation.” A little before six, being determined to be no longer cooped up in the room at Bradford, I began in the main street, near the bridge. In a very short time a multitude of people ran together, and listened with all attention, till an impetuous shower drove part of them away. The rest would not stir till I concluded. I then gave notice of meeting the Society: but a crowd of people pressed in with them. Seeing their earnestness, I was unwilling to hinder: so we had quickly another large congregation. And I know
not

not if we have had such a season at Bradford, for twice seven years before.

Wednesday 19, at five we had such a congregation as does not usually meet here at that hour. At nine I preached again at Comb-Grove, and found again that God was there.

Is not this an instance of ten thousand, of God's chusing the foolish things of the world to confound the wise? Here is one that has not only a weak natural understanding, but an impetuosity of temper, bordering upon madness. And hence both her sentiments are confused, and her expressions odd and indigested. And yet notwithstanding this, more of the real power of God attends these uncouth expressions, than the sensible discourses of even good men, who have twenty times her understanding.

Thus I have many times known God attach his power to the words of extremely weak men. The humble overlooked the weakness of the men, and rejoiced in the power of God. But all his power is unacknowledged, unfelt by those, who stumble at the weakness of the instrument.

I reached Bristol time enough to preach in the evening upon Redcliff-hill. A malignant fever had lately broke out upon the very spot, which much increased the number and seriousness of the congregation.

Saturday 22, I was much refreshed by hearing the experience of Mary G—, once a determined enemy to the doctrine of perfection, opposing it with great eagerness and many reasons; but now an happy witness of it. During her hottest opposition, she never could rest in any known sin. And this at length made both pride and anger so exceeding bitter to her, that she could have no peace till she was fully delivered from them.

Sunday 23, I do not know whether we have had so large a congregation these twenty years as this evening, at the New Square. Surely the wise world will not impute this to novelty: unless because the grace of God is ever new.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, I visited the Societies in Somersetshire. On the following days I met the classes in Bristol, and narrowly enquired into the character and behaviour of each person: the rather because it had been strongly affirmed, That there were many disorderly walkers in the Society. I found one woman and one man, who, I am afraid, deserved that character. Let any one that is more clear sighted than me, find two more, and I will thank him.

Sunday 30, the whole Society met in the evening, and jointly renewed their covenant with God, in the form recommended by Mr. Richard Allen. And many felt that God was there. It was *a day of his power* not to be forgotten, a day both of godly sorrow and strong consolation.

Monday, October 1, I left Bristol with joy, having seen the fruit of my labour. At noon I preached at Comb-Grove, to a small congregation of earnest, simple people. I had designed to preach in the evening at Bradford, in the same place I did before; but Mr. R— at whose door I then stood, had now altered his mind. So I was constrained to preach in our own room, to (comparatively) an handful of people.

Tuesday 2, I breakfasted at the Devizes, with Mr. B—, a black Swan, an honest Lawyer! Hence we rode thro' a most intricate road to Pewsey. I found a neighbouring gentleman had been there, moving every stone, to prevent my preaching. I was informed, his first design was, to raise a mob. Then he would have had the Church-wardens interpose. Whether they intended it or no, I cannot tell; but they neither did nor said any thing. The congregation filled a great part of the church, and were all deeply attentive. Surely good will be done in this place, if it be not prevented by a mixture of various doctrines. Wednesday 3, I rode to Salisbury, and going slowly forward, on Saturday 6, I came to London.

Sunday 7, I preached in the morning at Snows-elds, and afterwards at West-Street. We had a
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glorious

glorious opportunity at the Lord's Supper. The rocks were broken in pieces. At five I preached in Moor-fields to an huge multitude, on, "Ye are saved thro' faith." A little before twelve I took the Machine for Norwich. Monday 8, we dined at Bury, where a gentlewoman came into the coach, with whom I spent most of the afternoon in close conversation and singing praises to God.

Tuesday 9, I was desired to meet Mr. B— and we had a good deal of conversation together. He seems to be a person of middling sense, but a most unpleasant address. I would hope, he has some little experience of religion; but it does not appear to advantage, as he is extremely hot, impetuous, overbearing, and impatient of contradiction. He hooked me unawares into a little dispute; but I cut it short as soon as possible, knowing neither was likely to convince the other. So we met and parted in peace.

Wednesday 10, I went to Yarmouth, where the earnest congregation was gathered at short warning. Thursday 11, I was desired to go to Leostoffe in Suffolk, nine miles south-east of Yarmouth. The use of a large place had been offered, which would contain abundance of people. But when I was come, Mr. Romain had changed his mind. So I preached in the open air. A wilder congregation I have not seen; but the bridle was in their teeth. All attended, and a considerable part seemed to understand something of what was spoken. Nor did any behave uncivilly when I had done: and I believe a few did not lose their labour.

It was easy in the evening to observe the different spirit of the congregation at Yarmouth. Almost all seemed to feel the power of God, and many were *filled with consolation*.

Friday 11, I returned to Norwich, and enquired into the state of the Society. I have seen no people in all England or Ireland so changeable as this. This Society in 1755, consisted of eighty-three members: Two years after of an hundred and thirty-four: In 1758 it was shrunk to an hundred and ten. In March

1759 we took the Tabernacle; and within a month the Society was increased to above seven hundred and sixty. But nearly five hundred of these had formerly been with James Wheatly, and having been scattered abroad, now ran together, they hardly knew why. Few of them were thoroughly awakened, most, deeply ignorant, all *bullocks unaccustomed to the yoke*, having never had any rule or order among them, but every man doing what was right in his own eyes. It was not therefore strange, that the next year, only five hundred and seven of these were left. In 1761 they were farther reduced, namely, to four hundred and twelve. I cannot tell how it was, that in 1762 they were increased again to six hundred and thirty. But the moon soon changed, so that in 1763 they were shrunk to three hundred and ten. This large reduction was owing to the with-drawing the Sacrament, to which they had been accustomed from the time the Tabernacle was built. They are now sunk to an hundred and seventy four. And now probably the tide will turn again.

Sunday 14, at seven I clearly and strongly described the height and depth of Christian Holiness. And (what is strange) I could not afterward find, that any one person was offended. At ten we had a congregation indeed; I trust all of one heart. I went, as usual, to the Cathedral in the afternoon, and heard a sound practical sermon. About five our great congregation met, and (what had seldom been known) very quietly. We were equally quiet at the meeting of the Society, which met now for the first time on a Sunday evening. So has God stilled the madness of the people. Are not the hearts of all men in his hand?

Monday 15, at the request of many, I had given notice of a Watch-night. We had but an indifferent prelude: Between six and seven, the mob gathered in great numbers, made an huge noise, and began to throw large stones against the outward doors. But they had put themselves out of breath before eight, so that when the service begun, they were all gone.

Tuesday

Tuesday 16, In the evening the whole congregation seemed not a little moved, while I was enforcing those solemn words, "He died for all, that they who live might not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him that died for them and rose again." The same was observable, and that in an higher and higher degree, the two following evenings. If I could stay here a month, I think there would be a Society little inferior to that at Bristol. But it must not be: They who will bear sound doctrine *only from me*, must still believe a lie.

Saturday 20, my horses meeting me at Burntwood, I rode on to Laton-Stone, and preached to a serious congregation, on, "I will: be thou clean." The following week I made a little tour thro' part of Kent and Suffex, where some of our brethren swiftly increase in goods. Do they increase in grace too? If not, let them take care that their money do not perish with them.

Sunday, November 4, I proposed to the leaders, the assisting the Society for the reformation of manners, with regard to their heavy debt. One of them asked, "Ought we not to pay our own debt first?" After some consultations, it was agreed to attempt it. The general debt of the Society in London, occasioned chiefly by repairing the Foundery, and chapels; and by building at Wapping and Snows-fields, was about nine hundred pounds. This I laid before the Society in the evening, and desired them all to set their shoulders to the work, either by a present contribution, or by subscribing what they could pay, on the first of January, February or March.

Monday 5, my scraps of time this week I employed in setting down my present *Thoughts upon a single Life*, which indeed are just the same they have been these thirty years. And the same they must be, unless I give up my Bible.

Thursday 8, at ten and (and so every morning) I met the preachers that were in town, and read over with them the "Survey of the wisdom of God in the creation." Many pupils I had at the University;

and I took some pains with them. But to what effect? What is become of them now? How many of them think either of their tutor or their God? But, blessed be God, I have had some pupils since, who will reward me for my labour. Now *I live: for ye stand fast in the Lord.*

Monday 12, I retired to Hoxton, to answer what was personal in the letters ascribed to Mr. Hervey. How amazing is the power of prejudice! Were it not for this, every one who knew him and me, would have cried out with indignation, "Whatever Mr. W. was, none can commend or excuse Mr. H. Such bitterness he ought not to have shewn, to his most cruel enemy. How much less to the guide of his youth? To one he owns to have been his "Father and his friend?"

Monday 19, and the other afternoons of this week, I took up my cross, and went in person, to the principal persons in our Society, in every part of the town. By this means within six days near six hundred pounds were subscribed toward the public debt. And what was done, was done with the utmost cheerfulness. I remember but one exception. Only one gentleman squeezed out ten shillings, as so many drops of blood.

Saturday, December 1, M. B. gave me a farther account of their affairs at Laton-Stone. It is exactly *Pietas Hallensis* in miniature. What it will be, does not yet appear.

Tuesday 4, I made a little excursion to Colchester. Saturday 8, I saw one who many years ago, was a *minister of God to us for good*, in repressing the madness of the people, Sir John Gonson, who was near fifty years a magistrate, and has lived more than ninety. He is majestic in decay: Having few wrinkles, and not stooping at all, tho' just dropping into the grave, having no strength, and little memory or understanding. Well might that good man, Bishop Stratford pray, "Lord, let me not live to be useless!" And he had his desire: He was struck with the palsy
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in the evening, praised God all night, and died in the morning.

Monday 10, and the three following days, I visited Canterbury, Dover, and Sandwich, and returned to London on Friday 14. In the machine I read Mr. Baxter's book upon apparitions. It contains several well-attested accounts. But there are some which I cannot subscribe to. How hard is it, to keep the middle way! Not to believe *too little*, or *too much*!

Sunday 16, I buried Mrs. Prior, housekeeper to Mr. P— who told me, "On ——— night, just at one I rung, and said to my man coming in, 'Mrs. Prior is dead. She just now came into my room, and walked round my bed.' About two, the nurse came, and told me, she was dead. I asked, at what time she died? And was answered, 'just at one o'clock.'"

Thursday 27, I preached and administered the Sacrament at the New Chapel in Snows-fields. How well does God order all things! By losing the former chapel we have gained both a better house and a larger congregation.

Friday 28, between two and three in the morning, I was sent for to John Matthews. For some months he had frequently said, "I have no more doubt of being in heaven, than if I was there already." A little before we came, one asked, "How do you do now." He answered,

"The Lord protects, for ever near."

When I came in, he was perfectly sensible, but too weak to speak. Just at three I began to pray. I had scarce prayed two minutes, when without any struggle, or sigh, or groan, he fell asleep.

A man of so faultless a behaviour, I have hardly ever been acquainted with. During twenty years, I do not remember his doing or saying any thing, which I would wish to have unsaid or undone.

Monday 31, I thought it would be worth while, to make an odd experiment. Remembering how surprisingly fond of music, the Lion at Edinburgh was, I determined to try, whether this was the case with all animals of the same kind. I accordingly went to
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the tower with one who plays on the German flute. He began playing, near four or five lions. Only one of these (the rest not seeming to regard it at all) rose up, came to the front of his den, and seemed to be all attention. Mean time a tyger in the same den started up, leaped over the lion's back, turned and ran under his belly, leaped over him again, and so to and fro incessantly. Can we account for this by any principle of Mechanism? Can we account for it at all?

Tuesday, January 1, 1765, this week I wrote an answer to a warm letter, published in the London Magazine, the author whereof is much displeased, that I presume to doubt of the modern astronomy. I cannot help it. Nay, the more I consider, the more my doubts increase. So that at present I doubt, whether any man on earth knows either the distance or magnitude, I will not say, of a fixed star, of Saturn, or Jupiter: yea, of the sun or moon.

Sunday 6, the whole Society met in the evening. The service lasted from five till near nine. And I do not remember so solemn a season, since the first time we joined in renewing our covenant with God.

Monday 7, in the evening I preached at High-Wycombe: and on Tuesday 8, at Witney. The congregation here, tho' of late standing, may be a pattern to all England. When the service was ended, no one spoke, either in the evenings or mornings. All went silently out of the house and yard. Nay, when I followed a large part of them, I did not hear any open their lips, till they came to their own houses. Thursday 10, I preached again at Wycombe, and on Friday returned to London.

Saturday 12, I rode to Mr. D—'s, at Ovington in Essex, about six and fifty miles from the Foundery. Sunday 13, notwithstanding the rain, the church was pretty well filled. And all gave earnest heed, while I opened and applied those words in the second lesson, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Titbury

Titbury church is considerably larger than this : accordingly the congregation was much larger than that in the morning. But I did not see one careless or inattentive person. All seemed resolved, to *seek the Lord while he may be found*. At seven in the evening I preached again, to a small company in Mr. D—'s house, on, "Fellowship with the Father and the Son." Tuesday 15, I returned to London.

Sunday 20, I looked over Mr. R—'s strange book on *the life of faith*. I thought, nothing could ever exceed Mr. Ingham's : but really, this does : altho' they differ not an hair's breadth from each other : any more than Mr. Sandiman.

I employed all my leisure hours this week in revising my letters and papers. Abundance of them I committed to the flames. Perhaps some of the rest may see the light when I am gone.

Friday 31, I was considering, how it was, that so many who were once filled with love, are now weak and faint. And the case is plain : the invariable rule of God's proceedings is, *From him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath*. Hence it is impossible that any should *retain* what they receive, without *improving* it. Add to this, that the more we have received, the more of care and labour is required, the more watchfulness and prayer, the more circumspection and earnestness in all manner of conversation. Is it any wonder then, that they who forget this, should soon lose what they had received ? Nay, who were *taught* to forget it ? Not to watch ! Not to pray—under pretence of *praying always*.

Wednesday 13, I heard Ruth, an oratorio, performed at Mr. Madan's chapel. The sense was admirable throughout ; and much of the poetry not contemptible. This joined with exquisite music might possibly make an impression, even upon rich and honourable sinners.

Monday 18, I set out for Norwich, and spent a few days there with more comfort than I had ever done before. The congregations were not only more numerous than ever, but abundantly more serious.

And

And the Society appeared to be more settled, and more loving to each other. Monday 25, in my way to Yarmouth I read Dr. Watts, on "the improvement of the understanding." He has many just and useful observations, mixed with some that are not just, and with more that are of little use, besides that they are trite and obvious. I preached at seven in a preaching-house built for the General Baptists; one of the most elegant buildings I have seen: which was well filled both this, and the following evening, with serious and attentive hearers. There now seems to be a general call to this town: surely some will hear the voice that raises the dead. We returned to Norwich on Wednesday, and left it on Thursday morning, in a wonderful day of frost and snow, and sleet and wind. However we reached Lakenheath in the afternoon. Considering the weather, there was a large congregation. Mr. I— read prayers and I preached, with great liberty of spirit, on, "What is a man profited, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Friday, March 1, I read prayers and preached at seven in the morning. It was noon before we could procure a post-chaise. We then pushed on, tho' the snow lay deep on the ground, to the great inn at Hockerill, the dearest house I ever was at. So fare it well. In the morning we went on to London.

Sunday 10, I made a collection in our congregation for the poor weavers who are out of employment. It amounted to about forty pounds. In the evening our own Society met, and contributed fourteen pounds more, to relieve a few of their own distressed members.

Monday 11, I took horse with Mr. Pennington for Bristol. In two or three hours my mare fell lame, without any discernible cause; and in an hour or two after, the beast he rode was taken ill, and grew worse and worse, till she dropped down and died. So I was glad to go into a machine which was driving by; and the next evening I reached Bristol.

Monday

Monday 18, I rode to Stroud, and in the evening preached in the New House. But a considerable part of the congregation were obliged to stand without. Toward the close of the sermon, a young man dropped down and vehemently cried to God. This occasioned a little hurry at first: but it was soon over, and all was quiet as before.

After supper I was speaking a little, when a young gentleman cried out, "I am damned." and fell to the ground. A second did so quickly after, and was much convulsed, and yet quite sensible. We joined in prayer, but had not time (it growing late) to wrestle with God for their full deliverance.

Tuesday 19, we rode to Worcester, and had the pleasure of spending an hour with Mr. R—, a sensible, candid man. But who is proof against prejudice? Especially when those who labour to infuse it, converse with him daily, and those who strive to remove it, not two hours in a year.

We came to Birmingham in the evening, and had a comfortable season with the great congregation. Wednesday 20, M. L. took me in a Post-chaise to Derby, where the New House was thoroughly filled: And the people behaved in a quite different manner, from what they did when I was here last. Thursday 21, we went on, tho' with much difficulty, being often ready to stick fast, to Sheffield. The house here is full twice as large as it was. And so is the congregation. The little differences which had been for some time among the people, were now easily adjusted. And I left them all united in love, and resolved to strengthen each other's hands.

Saturday 23, we took horse in a furious wind, which was ready to bear us away. About ten I preached at Bradwell, in the High-Peak, where notwithstanding the storm, abundance of people were got together. I had now an opportunity of enquiring, concerning Mr. B—y. He did run well; till one offence after another swallowed him up. But he scarce enjoyed himself after. First his oldest daughter was snatched away. Then his only son: then himself.

self. And only two or three of that large family now remain.

Sunday 24, at seven I preached at Manchester, on, "I beseech you, suffer the word of exhortation," and observed, that the exhortation which is particularly difficult to suffer, is that to accept of salvation *now*, and *now* to improve that whole grace of God. The evening congregation was far larger than the house could contain, and all seemed to have the hearing ear.

Tuesday 26, it rained all the way to Little Leigh: but from thence we had a pleasant ride to Chester.

As several ships were ready to sail from Park-gate, I waited here two days. But the wind continuing foul, on Friday 29, I crossed over to Liverpool. I was surprised at the evening congregations, particularly on Sunday. The house, even with the addition of three new galleries, would not near contain the congregation: And I never before observed the word to take such effect upon them. So that I was not sorry, the wind continued in the same point, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. Only it shifted a little on Wednesday morning: on which some impatient captains sailed immediately. But in a few hours it came full west again: So that they were glad to get well lack.

Thursday, April 4, I rode to Bolton, and not being expected, was the more welcome. The house was filled in the evening, and the hearts of many filled with joy and peace in believing. April 5, being Good-Friday, Mr. Johnson preached at five: I preached at twelve and at six. What a blessed calm has God at length given to this poor, shattered Society. For many years the men of bitter and contentious spirits, were harraffing them continually. But they are now sunk into quiet, formal Presbyterians: And those they have left, enjoy God and one another.

Saturday 6, I returned to Liverpool: And on Wednesday 10, the wind continuing west, I set out northward, and in the evening, found a friend's house,
James

James Edmondson's, near Garstang. Thursday 11, we rode on to Francis Gilbert's, at Kendal, where there is now a real work of God. The genuine gospel now takes root, and sinners are converted to God.

Saturday 13, we rode thro' much wind and rain to Barnard-castle. In the evening I preached in the New Preaching-house, (not opened before) and at eight in the morning. I would have preached abroad on Sunday evening: But the weather drove us into the house. And God was there, both to invite sinners, and to comfort believers.

Afterwards I spent an hour with those, who once believed they were saved from sin. I found here, as at London, about a third part, who held fast their confidence. The rest had suffered loss, more or less, and two or three were shorn of all their strength.

Monday 15, I rode on to Newcastle, where I was quite unexpected. I found, both the hearers, the society, and the believers, are increased since I was here last. And several more, believe they are saved from sin. Mean time Satan has not been idle. Two were following George Bell step by step, as to the "not needing self-examination," the "not being taught by man," and most of his other unscriptural extravagancies: But as they appeared to be still of an advisable spirit, for the present at least, the snare was broken.

Thursday 18, I went to Durham with Miss Lewen, and spent an hour with her father. He behaved with the utmost civility: Said, I had done his daughter more good, than all the physicians could do: And he should be exceeding glad, if she would go to London again, at the approach of winter. At three I preached to the poor colliers in Gateshead Fell. How do these shame the colliers of Kingswood? Flocking from all parts on the week-days as well as Sundays; such a thirst have they after the good word!

Friday 19, I had a little time with that venerable monument of the grace of God, Henry Jackson.

He is just dropping into the grave, being now quite bed-ridden, but praising God with every breath.

Monday 22, two of our friends took me in a post-chaise to Alnwick. But the road was so intolerably bad, that we did not reach it till past twelve. I began preaching immediately, and then hastened away. On Berwick Moor we were ready to stick fast again. And it was past seven before I reached the town, where I found notice had been given of my preaching. Hearing the congregation waited for me, I went to the town-hall, and began without delay. About one in the morning we had a violent storm of thunder and lightning. The house being full of dragoons, M. L. and M. D. were constrained to lodge in the same room with our landlady, who being waked by the storm, and thoroughly terrified, began praying aloud. M. D. laid hold on the opportunity, to speak very closely to her. The words seemed to sink into her heart. Who knows, but they may bring forth fruit?

Tuesday 23, I preached at Dunbar about noon, and in the evening at Edinburgh. My coming was quite seasonable, (tho' unexpected) as those bad letters, published in the name of Mr. Hervey, and reprinted here by Mr. John Erskine, had made a great deal of noise. Wednesday 24, I preached at four in the afternoon on the ground where we have laid the foundation of our house. Friday 26, about noon I preached at Muffelborough, where are a few living souls still. In the evening we had another blessed opportunity at Edinburgh, and I took a solemn leave of the people. Yet how I should be able to ride, I knew not. At Newcastle I had observed a small swelling, less than a pea; but in six days it was as large as a pullet's egg, and exceeding hard. On Thursday it broke. I feared riding would not agree with this, especially on a hard trotting horse. However, trusting God, I set out early on Saturday morning; before I reached Glasgow, it was much decreased: And in two or three days more it was quite gone. If it was a boil, it was such a one as I never

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heard of. For it was never fore first or last, nor ever gave me any pain.

This evening I preached in the hall of the hospital : The next day, morning and afternoon, in the yard. So much of the form of religion is here still, as is scarce to be found in any town in England. There was once the power too. And shall it not be again ? Surely the time is at hand.

Monday 29, I rode with James Kershaw thro' a fruitful country, to Killmarnock, and thence to Air. After a short bait at Maybole in the afternoon, we went on to Girvane, a little town on the sea-shore. Tuesday 30, we rode over high and steep mountains, between Ballintrae and Strangrawer : Where we met with as good entertainment of every kind, as if we had been in the heart of England.

We reached Port-patrick about three o'clock, and were immediately surrounded with men offering to carry us over the water. But the wind was full in our teeth, I determined to wait till morning, and then go forward or backward, as God should please.

Wednesday, May 1, the wind was quite fair : So as soon as the tide served, I went on board. It seemed strange to cross the sea in an open boat : especially when the waves ran high. I was a little sick, till I fell asleep. In five hours and a half we reached Donaghadee. But my mare could not land, till five hours after : So that I did not reach Newtown till past eight.

I spent the next day here, endeavouring to lift up the hands of a poor, scattered, dejected people. In the evening I preached on the Green ; tho' it was exceeding cold, none of the congregation seemed to regard it. And a few of them do *remember from whence they are fallen, and resolve to do the first works.*

Friday 3, I rode on to Lisburn, and in the evening preached in the Market-house. The wind was as keen as in December : Yet a large congregation attended. I then met what was left of the Society : And the spirit of many that were faint revived.

Saturday 4, I preached in the room at five, which had been discontinued for three years. And this alone would account for the scattering of the people, and the deadness of them that remained. In the evening I preached in the Linen-hall, so called, a large square, with piazza's on three sides of it. And so deep an attention I never saw in the people of Lisburn before.

Sunday 5, for the sake of the country people, I delayed the morning preaching till half an hour past nine. At eleven the church service began, and we had an useful sermon on, "Follow peace with all men and holiness." At five I preached in the Linen-hall again, to a numerous congregation, on, "Yea, doubtless and I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord."

Monday 6, I rode to Newry, and in the evening preached in the Market-house on, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths peace." The whole congregation seemed affected, this as well as the next evening: Indeed more than I had seen them for some years. Hence, Wednesday 8, I rode to Terryhugan, and found much of the power of God among that plain, simple-hearted people. Here Mr. Ryan overtook me, and led me to Clanmain, where we had, as usual, a lively, earnest congregation: Most of whom, (except those that came from far) were present again at five in the morning. About eleven I preached at the Grange, a small village, about five miles from Clanmain. Friday 10, I took Mr. Ryan with me, and set out for Londonderry. When we had rode about twelve miles, a road turned short to the left: But having no direction to turn, we went straight forward, till a woman running after us, (taking one of us, I know not why, for a doctor) told us the case of her poor husband, who, she said, had kept his bed for seven weeks. After riding half an hour, we found we were out of our way, and rode back again. By this means we went by the house where the man lay. When I alighted and went in, I quickly saw, that he needed some-
thing

thing more than I had prescribed before. Who knows but our losing the way may be the mean of saving the poor man's life?

In the afternoon, after riding thro' a fruitful country, (one mountain only excepted) we came to Omagh, the shire town of the county of Tyrone. We found a good inn; but were not glad, when we heard there was to be dancing that night, in the room under us. But in awhile, the dancers removed to the Shire-hall. So we slept in peace.

Saturday 11, having no direction to any one in Derry, I was musing what to do, and wishing some one would meet me, and challenge me, tho' I knew not how it could be, as I never had been there before, nor knew any one in the town. When we drew near it, a gentleman on horseback stopped, asked me my name, and shewed me where the preacher lodged. In the afternoon he accommodated me with a convenient lodging at his own house. So one Mr. Knox is taken away, and another given me in his stead.

At seven I preached in the Linen-hall, (a square so called) to the largest congregation I have seen in the north of Ireland. The waters spread as *wide* here as they did at Athlone. God grant they may be as *deep*!

Sunday 12, at eight I preached there again, to an equal number of people. About eleven Mr. Knox went with me to church, and led me to a pew, where I was placed next the mayor. What is this? What have I to do with honour? Lord, let me always *fear* not *desire* it.

The afternoon-service was not over, till about half an hour past six. At seven I preached to near all the inhabitants of the city. I think, there was scarce one who did not feel that God was there. So general an impression upon a congregation, I have hardly seen in any place.

Monday 13, and the following days I had leisure to go on with the Notes on the Old Testament. But I wondered more at the situation I was in, in the midst

of rich and honourable men! While this lasts it is well. And it will be well too, when any or all of them change their countenance :

“ And wonder at the strange man’s face,
As one they ne’er had known.”

Tuesday 14, I wrote the following letter to a friend :

‘ DEAR SIR, Londonderry, May 14, 1765.

‘ Your manner of writing needs no excuse. I hope you will always write in the same manner. Love is the *plainest* thing in the world : I know this dictates what you write : and then what need of ceremony ?

‘ You have admirably well expressed what I mean by an opinion, contradistinguished from an essential doctrine. Whatever is “compatible with love to Christ and a work of grace,” I term an *opinion*. And certainly the holding particular election and final perseverance is compatible with these. “Yet what fundamental errors” (you ask) have you opposed with *half that fervency* as you have these opinions.” I have printed near fifty sermons, and only one of these opposes them at all. I preach about eight hundred sermons in a year, and taking one year with another for twenty years past, I have not preached eight sermons in a year upon the subject. But, “how many of your best preachers have been *thrust out* because they dissented from you in these particulars?” Not one, best or worst ; good or bad ; was ever *thrust out* on this account. There has not been a single instance of this kind. Two or three, (but far from *the best* of our preachers) voluntarily left us, after they had embraced those opinions. But it was of their own mere motion. And two I should have expelled for immoral behaviour : but they withdrew, and *pretended* “they did not hold our doctrine.” Set a mark therefore on him that told you that tale, and let his word for the future go for nothing.

‘ Is a man a believer in Jesus Christ, and is his life suitable to his profession?” Are not only the
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main,

main, but the *sole* enquiries I make in order to his admission into our Society. If he is a dissenter, he may be a dissenter still: but if he is a churchman, I advise him to continue so: and that for many reasons, some of which are mentioned in the tract upon that subject.

‘ I think on justification just as I have done any time these seven and twenty years; and just as Mr. Calvin does. In this respect, I do not differ from him an hair’s breadth.

‘ But the main point between you and me is perfection, “ This, you say, has no prevalence in these parts. Otherwise I should think it my duty to oppose it with my whole strength: not as an *opinion*, but as a dangerous mistake, which appears to be subversive of the very foundation of Christian experience, and which has in fact given occasion to the most grievous offences.”

‘ Just so my brother and I reasoned thirty years ago, “ as thinking it our duty to oppose *predestination* with our whole strength: not as an *opinion*, but as a dangerous mistake, which appears to be subversive of the very foundation of Christian experience, and which has in fact given occasion to the most grievous offences.”

‘ That it has given occasion to such offences I know; I can name time, place and persons. But still another fact stares me in the face. Mr. H— and Mr. N— hold this, and yet I believe these have real Christian experience. But if so, this is only an *opinion*: it is not subversive, (here is clear proof to the contrary) of the very foundation of Christian experience. It is “ compatible with love to Christ, and a genuine work of grace.” Yea, many hold it, at whose feet I desire to be found in the day of the Lord Jesus. If then I “ oppose this with my whole strength,” I am a mere bigot still. I leave you in your calm and retired moments to make the application.

‘ “ But how came this opinion into my mind ? ” I will tell you with all simplicity. In 1725, I met
with

with Bishop Taylor's *Rule of holy Living and Dying*. I was struck particularly with the chapter upon *intention*, and felt a fixed intention *to give myself up to God*. In this I was much confirmed soon after by the *Christian Pattern*, and longed to *give God all my heart*. This is just what I mean by *perfection* now. I sought after it from that hour.

' In 1727, I read Mr. Law's *Christian Perfection, and Serious Call*, and more explicitly resolved to be *all devoted to God*, in body, soul, and spirit: In 1730, I began to be *homo unius libri*; to study (comparatively) no book but the Bible. I then saw in a stronger light than ever before, that only *one thing is needful*, even *faith that worketh, by the love of God and man*, all inward and outward holiness, and I groaned to love God with *all my heart*, and to serve him with *all my strength*.

' January 1, 1733, I preached the sermon on the "Circumcision of the heart;" which contains *all* that I now teach concerning salvation from *all sin*, and loving God with an *undivided heart*. In the same year I printed (the first time I ventured to print any thing) for the use of my pupils "a Collection of Forms of Prayer." And in this I spoke explicitly of giving *the whole heart, and the whole life to God*. This was then, as it is now, my idea of perfection, tho' I should have started at *the word*.

' In 1735, I preached my farewell sermon at Epworth in Lincolnshire. In this likewise I spoke with the utmost clearness of having *one design, one desire, one love*, and of pursuing the *one end* of our life, in all our words and actions.

' In January, 1738, I expressed my desire in these words:

' O grant that nothing in my soul
 May dwell, but thy *pure love alone*!
 O may thy love *possess me whole*,
 My Joy, my Treasure, and my Crown.
 Strange flames far from my heart remove!
 My *every act, word, thought*, be love.

' And

‘ And I am still persuaded, this is what the Lord Jesus hath bought for me with his own blood.

‘ Now whether you desire and expect this blessing or not, is it not an astonishing thing, that you or any man living should be disgusted at *me* for expecting it? And that they should persuade one another that this hope is “subversive of the very foundations of Christian experience.” Why then, whoever retains it cannot possibly have any Christian experience at all! Then my brother, Mr. Fletcher, and I, and twenty thousand more, who *seem* both to fear and to love God, are in reality children of the Devil, and in the road to eternal damnation!

‘ In God’s Name I entreat you, make me sensible of this. Shew me by plain, strong reasons, what dishonour this hope does to Christ, wherein it opposes justification by faith, or any fundamental truth of religion. But do not wrest, and wiredraw, and colour my words, as Mr. Hervey, (or Cudworth) has done, in such a manner, that when I look in that glass, I do not know my own face! “Shall I call you (says Mr. Hervey) my father or my friend? For you have been both to *me*.” So I was, and you have as well requited me! It is well my reward is with the Most High.

‘ Wishing all happiness to you and yours, I am,
dear Sir, your affectionate brother and servant,

‘ JOHN WESLEY.’

On Wednesday and Thursday I spoke severally to the members of the Society. I found (just as I expected) that the work of God here is exceeding shallow. Yet while so many flock to hear, one cannot doubt, but God will cut some of them to the heart.

Sunday 19, Mr. S—, one of the Curates, preached an excellent sermon, on “receiving the Holy Ghost.” I afterwards accepted his invitation to dinner, and found a well-natured, sensible man, and one well-acquainted with every branch of learning, which we had occasion to touch upon. At seven I preached

on,

on, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." And truly the people of this place, will *hear sound doctrine*. Wednesday 22, I exhorted the little Society, to avoid sloth, prodigality and fluttishness, and on the contrary, to be patterns of diligence, frugality, and cleanliness,

Thursday 23, lighting on a volume of Mr. Seed's sermons, I was utterly surpris'd. Where did this man lie hid, that I never heard of him, all the time I was at Oxford? His language is pure in the highest degree: his apprehension clear, his judgment strong. And for true, manly wit, and exquisite turns of thought, I know not if this century has produced his equal.

Saturday 25, both in the morning and evening, I spoke as closely and sharply as I could. But yet I cannot find the way to wound the people. They are neither offended, nor convinced.

Ever since I came hither, I have been amazed at the honesty which runs thro' this city. None scruples to leave his house open all day, and the door only on the latch at night. Such a thing as *theft* is scarce heard of at Derry: No one has the least suspicion of it. No wonder, therefore, that the inhabitants never suspect themselves to be *sinners*. O what pity that *honesty* should be a bar to salvation! Yet so it is, if a man put it in the place of Christ.

Having a remarkable Anecdote put into my hands, which some will probably be pleas'd to see, I may insert it here, as well as elsewhere. It is a conversation between my father's father, (taken down in short-hand by himself) and the then Bishop of Bristol. I may be excus'd, if it appears more remarkable to me, than it will do to an unconcerned person.

Bishop. What is your name?

Wesley. John Wesley.

B. There are many great matters charged upon you.

W. May it please your lordship, Mr. Horlock was at my house on Tuesday last, and acquainted me that it was your lordship's desire I should come to you: On that account I am here to wait on you.

B. By whom were you ordained? Or are you ordained?

W. I am sent to preach the gospel.

B. By whom were you sent?

W. By a church of Jesus Christ.

B. What church is that?

W. The church of Christ at Melcomb.

B. That factious and heretical church!

W. May it please you, Sir, I know no faction or heresy that church is guilty of.

B. No! Did not you preach such things as tend to faction and heresy?

W. I am not conscious to myself of any such preaching.

B. I am informed by sufficient men, gentlemen of honour of this county, viz. Sir Gerrard Napper, Mr. Freak, and Mr. Tregonnel, of your doings. What say you?

W. Those honoured gentlemen I have been with; who being by others misinformed, proceeded with some heat against me.

B. There are oaths of several honest men, and shall we take your word for it, that all is but misinformation?

W. There was no oath given or taken. Besides, if it be enough to accuse, who shall be innocent?—I can appeal to the determination of the great *Day of Judgment*, that the large catalogue of matters laid to me, are either things invented or mistaken.

B. Did not you ride with your sword, in the time of the *Committee of Safety*, and engage with them?

W. Whatever imprudences in civil matters you may be informed I am guilty of, I shall crave leave to acquaint your lordship, that his Majesty having pardoned them fully, I shall wave any other answer.

B. In what a manner did the church you speak of send you to preach? At this rate every body might preach.

W. Not every one. Every body has not preaching gifts and preaching graces. Besides that is not all I have to offer to your lordship to justify my preaching.

B. If

B. If you preach it must be according to order, the order of the *Church of England*, upon ordination.

W. What does your lordship mean by ordination?

B. Do not you know what I mean?

W. If you mean that sending spoken of Rom. x. I had it.

B. I mean that; What mission had you?

W. I had a mission from God and man.

B. You must have it according to law, and the order of the *Church of England*.

W. I am not satisfied in my spirit therein.

B. Not satisfied in your spirit! You have more new coined phrases than ever were heard of! You mean your conscience, do you not?

W. Spirit is no new phrase. We read of being sanctified in *Soul, Body, and Spirit*.

B. By Spirit there we are to understand the upper region of the *Soul*.

W. Some think we are to take it for the *Conscience*: But if your lordship like it not so, then I say, I am not satisfied in conscience, as touching the ordination you speak of.

B. Conscience argues science; science supposes judgment, and judgment reason. What reason have you that you will not be thus ordained?

W. I came not this day to dispute with your lordship; my own inability would forbid me so to do.

B. No, no; but give me your reason.

W. I am not called to office; and therefore cannot be ordained.

B. Why have you then preached all this while?

W. I was called to the *work* of the ministry; tho' not the *office*. There is as we believe, *Vocatio ad opus, & ad munus*.

B. Why may you not have the office of the ministry?

W. May it please your lordship, because they are not a people who are fit subjects for me to exercise office work among them.

B. You mean a *gathered church*: But we must have no gathered churches in England; and you will see

see it so. For there must be a unity without divisions among us: And there can be no unity without *Uniformity*.—Well then we must send you to your church, that they may dispose of you, if you were ordained by them.

W. I have been informed by my cousin Pitfield and others concerning your lordship, that you have a disposition inclined against morosity. However you may be prepossessed by some bitter enemies to my person; yet, there are others, who can and will give you another character of me. Mr. Gliffon hath done it. And Sir Francis Tulford desired me to present his service to you, and being my hearer is ready to acquaint you concerning me.

B. I asked Sir Francis Tulford whether the presentation to Whitchurch was his: Whose is it? He told me it was not his.

W. There was none presented to it these sixty years. Mr. Walton lived there. At his departure the people desired me to preach to them, and when there was a way of settlement appointed, I was by the trustees appointed, and by the triers approved.

B. They would approve any, who would come to them and close with them. I know they approved those who could not read twelve lines of English.

W. All that they did I know not: but I was examined touching gifts and graces.

B. I question not your gifts, Mr. Wesley, I will do you any good I can: but you will not long be suffered to preach, unless you will do it according to order.

W. I shall submit to any trial you shall please to make. I shall present your Lordship with a confession of my faith, or take what other way you please to insist on.

B. No, we are not come to that yet.

W. I shall desire those severals laid together, which I look on as justifying my preaching.

1. I was devoted to the service from mine infancy.
2. I was educated in order thereto at school, and in the University of Oxford.

XIII.

L.

B. What

B. What age are you ?

W. Twenty-five.

B. No, sure, you are not.

W. 3. As a son of the prophets, after I had taken my degrees, I preached in the country; being approved of by judicious able Christians, Ministers, and others.

4. It pleased God to seal my labour with success, in the apparent conversion of many souls.

B. Yea, that is it may be, to your way.

W. Yea, to the power of godliness, from ignorance and profaneness. If it please your Lordship, to lay down any evidences of godliness, agreeing with scripture, and that are not found in those persons intended, I am content to be discharged the ministry. I will stand or fall on the issue thereof.

B. You talk of the power of godliness; such as you fancy.

W. Yea, to the reality of religion. Let us appeal to any common place book for evidences of graces, and they are found in and upon them.

B. How many are there of them ?

W. I number not the people.

B. Where are they ?

W. Wherever I have been called to preach. At Radpole, Melcomb, Turnwood, Witchurch, and at sea. I shall add another ingredient of my mission.

5. When the church saw the presence of God going along with me, they did, by fasting and prayer, in a day set apart for that end, seek an abundant blessing on my endeavours.

B. A particular church ?

W. Yes, my Lord, I am not ashamed to own myself a member of one.

B. Why you may mistake the Apostle's intent. They went about to convert Heathens. You have no warrant for your particular churches.

W. We have a plain, full, and sufficient rule for gospel worship in the *New Testament*, recorded in the *Acts of the Apostles*, and in the *Epistles*.

B. We have not.

W. The practice of the Apostles is a standing rule in those cases which were not extraordinary.

B. Not their practice, but their precepts.

W. Both precepts and practice. Our duty is not delivered to us in scripture only by precepts, but precedents, by promises, by threatnings mixed. We are to follow them as they followed Christ.

B. But the Apostle said, "This speak I, not the Lord:" that is by revelation.

W. Some interpret that place, "This speak I now by revelation from the Lord," not the Lord in that text before instanced concerning divorces. May it please your Lordship, we believe that "cultus not institutus est indebitus."

B. It is false.

W. The second commandment speaks the same; "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image."

B. That is, forms of your own invention.

W. Bishop Andrews taking notice of "non facis tibi," satisfied me that we may not worship God, but as commanded.

B. Well then, you will justify your preaching, will you, without ordination according to law?

W. All these things, laid together, are satisfactory to me, for my procedure therein.

B. They are not enough.

W. There has been more written in proof of preaching of gifted persons, with such approbation, than has been answered yet by any one.

B. Have you any thing more to say to me, Mr. Wesley?

W. Nothing: your Lordship sent for me.

B. I am glad to hear this from your mouth, you will stand to your principles, you say?

W. I intend it thro' the grace of God; and to be faithful to the King's majesty however you deal with me.

B. I will not meddle with you.

W. Farewel to you, Sir.

B. Farewel, good Mr. Wesley.

Conclusion of the Thirteenth Journal.

